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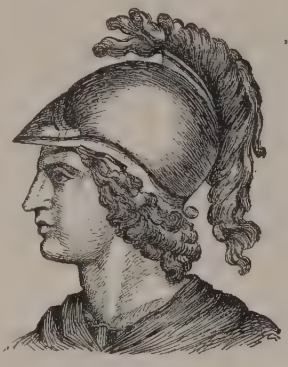
POLYBIUS

(204–122 B. C.)

BY B. PERRIN

POLYBIUS of Megalopolis in Arcadia must rank as the third Greek historian, Herodotus and Thucydides being first and second. He was also an eminent soldier, statesman, and diplomat. He took the most active part in the conduct of the great Achæan League from 181 B. C. to 168 B. C., as his father Lycortas had done before him, and as Philopœmen had done before Lycortas. By inheritance and by actual experience, Polybius was better qualified than any one else to tell of the great era of Greek federation, and he is our chief authority for this period. When Greek federation also yielded to the irresistible advance of the Roman power, Polybius had such an altogether exceptional experience that he was justified in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the best of his countrymen, in allying himself prominently with the Roman power. This exceptional experience was an enforced residence at Rome for seventeen years. During these seventeen years he won his way into public esteem, and enjoyed intimate, even affectionate intercourse with some of the most influential Romans of the age, such as Æmilius Paulus, and Scipio Africanus the Younger. He lived in the house of the former, as the instructor of his sons Fabius and Scipio. He stood by the latter's side at the final destruction of Carthage in 147–6 B. C. One year later he returned to his native country, which in his absence and against his advice had rashly revolted from Rome. His influence with prominent Romans mitigated somewhat the horrors of the sack of Corinth by Mummius. His last political task was one intrusted to him by the Roman conquerors. It was that of reconciling his conquered countrymen to their defeat, and to the Roman rule. He accomplished this delicate task in such a way as to retain the confidence of the Romans without forfeiting the gratitude of the Greeks. This closed his active career.



POLYBIUS

It had especially qualified him to write of four great subjects with a knowledge absolutely unsurpassed. These four great subjects were: The Achæan League, or Hellenic Federations; The Roman Power of the Second Century B. C.; The Roman Conquest of Carthage; The Roman Conquest of Greece. He devoted the rest of his life to the composition of the history which finally included these four themes, and died at the good old age of eighty-two.

His experience in public life is unique in many ways, as is also the history which is his imperishable monument. It was a marvelous combination of events which enabled a leading Greek to become practically a leading Roman, without hearing from either side the charge of treachery. But Polybius was compelled to go to Rome, and only the force and dignity of his character prevented his seventeen years of exile from being what they were to his fellow exiles, a prolonged imprisonment. As adviser and officer of the Achæan League, which included at last all Peloponnesus, the policy of Polybius was to conform loyally to all actual agreements of the League with Rome, but yet to maintain the dignity of the League, and to guard jealously all the independence and power still left it. Polybius, that is, was a Nationalist. But there was a party of Romanizers in the Achæan League. These were willing, for the sake of private gain, to further a more rapid advance of Roman interests, a more speedy absorption of Greece by the Roman Empire. The political situation was not unlike that of the previous century, when Demosthenes fought a losing fight for Hellenic as opposed to Macedonian nationalism. Polybius had a sturdier and more philosophical nature than Demosthenes, and his antagonists were not so disinterested as was Phocion, the greatest opponent of Demosthenes. But in other respects the political situations were similar. Rome is merely to be substituted for Macedon, and Macedon is to be ranged along with Athens and Sparta as a subject power. For in 168 Rome had conquered Macedon; and soon after, ten Roman commissioners had appeared in Achaia to establish more firmly there the Roman power. They went as far as they could go without actual conquest, aided by the Romanizing party in the League. One thousand of the most influential Achæans of the Nationalist party were arrested and deported to Italy, to be tried there for their lives.

Polybius was of course one of these. His companions were never brought to trial, but distributed about for imprisonment in the small towns of Italy. After seventeen years of deferred justice, the three hundred surviving exiles were contemptuously sent home by the Roman Senate. Cato, brutal even in his mercy, had said that "the only question that remained was whether the undertakers of Italy or of Greece were to have the burying of them." But Polybius had

obtained permission to reside during those long years at Rome, doubtless through the influence of Æmilius Paulus, who, as proconsul of Macedonia, had disbelieved the charges brought against the exiles. Polybius even entered the family of the greatest Roman of his age, and became the teacher, counselor, and beloved friend of his greater son Scipio Africanus the Younger. His seventeen years of exile brought him, therefore, unsurpassed opportunities to become acquainted with the Roman State. He was free from perplexing political turmoil, free also from all the restraints of a prisoner. The highest circles of Roman society were open to him, and the liberality of Scipio enabled him to devote himself to historical studies.

So when his exile also was closed by decree of the Senate, he was specially qualified to take the part of mediator between Rome and his own distracted country. Fervor of loyalty, romantic patriotism, might have led him to a forlorn-hope attempt to stay the advance of Roman power. But Polybius had neither fervor nor romance. He was eminently practical by nature, a Roman by temperament rather than a Greek; and his long residence in Rome, among the chief Romans, had only emphasized his natural tendencies. He seems to have been especially gifted and trained by Providence to be an acceptable guide for the Eastern world in its transition from Greek to Roman sway.

The history of Polybius was in forty books. Of these only the first five have come down to us intact. Of the rest we have more or less generous fragments. But the plan of the whole is clear. The main part, Books iii.–xxx., covers the events of those wonderful fifty-three years, 220–168 B. C., during which the Romans subdued the world. "Can any one," he asks at the outset, "be so indifferent or idle as not to care to know by what means, and under what kind of polity, almost the whole inhabited world was conquered and brought under the dominion of the single city of Rome, and that too within a period of not quite fifty-three years?" This was an event, as Polybius thought, for which the past afforded no precedent, and to which the future could show no parallel. Books i. and ii. are introductory to this main body of the work, giving a sketch of the earlier history of Rome, and of contemporary events in Greece and Asia. The last ten books gave a history of the manner in which Rome exercised her vast power, until Carthage was annihilated and the Achæan league finally shattered,—the history of the years 168–146.

Polybius had the highest possible standard of the calling and duties of the historian. The true historian, he says, will be a man of action, versed in political and military affairs. He will not confine himself to the study of documents and monuments merely, although he will not neglect these. He will study carefully and in person the

topography of the actions he describes. He will ask questions of as many people as possible who were connected in any way with the events or places which he is describing, and he will believe those most worthy of credit, and show critical sagacity in judging all their reports. He will be a man of dignity and good sense. When he resolves to retaliate upon a personal enemy, he will think first, not what that enemy deserves, but what it is becoming in himself to do to that enemy, what his self-respect will allow him to say of that enemy.

Two aims distinguish his history from that of all his predecessors: first its comprehensiveness, second its philosophical nature. He aims to give a general view of the events of the civilized world within the limits of the period chosen for treatment, and he aims to trace events to their causes, and show why things happened, as well as what happened. And what catastrophic events fall within the limits which he sets for himself! The devastations of Hannibal, the annihilation of Carthage, the sack of Corinth! Surely in matter his work can never fail to interest. His spirit also is eminently truthful and sincere. He labors to be impartial, and succeeds far better than most of his predecessors. Only in method and form is he disappointing. As he had no romance or fervor, so he had no grace. His literary style is absolutely tedious. He carries to the utmost extreme that revolt against mere grace of form and style which had been instituted, not without some justification, by Thucydides as against Herodotus. But he has not the severe control of Thucydides in his very severity. His sense of proportion is false,—or wanting entirely. He is inclined to be unjust toward his predecessors. He devotes a whole book, for instance, to a laborious and repetitious attack upon Timæus, the historian of Sicily. Besides this, he is forever preaching and moralizing. To sum up, he treats a grand period capably but tediously.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the great critic of the Augustan age, said that Polybius so neglected the graces of style that no one was patient enough to read his works through to the end. And one of the best modern estimates of the historian—that of Strachan-Davidson in Abbott's 'Hellenica'—begins thus: "No ancient writer of equal interest and importance finds fewer readers than Polybius." No better example of painstaking, conscientious, but wearisome fidelity, as compared with brilliant, graceful, artistic invention, can be found than the accounts of the Hannibalic wars as given by Polybius and Livy. For the ultimate facts we go of course to Polybius. But for the indescribable charm which brings tears to the eyes of the poor Latin tutor in the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' we go to Livy.

The best and most accessible text of Polybius is that of Hultsch (Berlin, Weidmann, Vols. i. and ii., 1888, 1892; Vols. iii., iv., 1870, 1872). The best English translation — and a very good one too, with admirable introduction — is that of E. S. Shuckburgh (2 vols., Macmillan & Co., 1889.

SCOPE OF POLYBIUS'S HISTORY

From the 'Histories' of Polybius

WE SHALL best show how vast and marvelous our subject is, by comparing the most famous empires which preceded, and which have been the favorite themes of historians, and measuring them with the superior greatness of Rome. There are but three that deserve even to be so compared and measured, and they are the following. The Persians for a certain length of time were possessed of a great empire and dominion. But every time they ventured beyond the limits of Asia, they found not only their empire but their own existence in danger. The Lacedæmonians, after contending many generations for supremacy in Greece, held it without dispute for barely twelve years when they did get it. The Macedonians obtained dominion in Europe from the lands bordering on the Adriatic to the Danube, — which after all is but a small fraction of this continent, — and by the destruction of the Persian empire they afterwards added to that the dominion of Asia. And yet, though they had the credit of having made themselves masters of a larger number of countries and States than any people had ever done, they still left the greater half of the inhabited world in the hands of others. They never so much as thought of attempting Sicily, Sardinia, or Libya; and as to Europe, to speak the plain truth, they never even knew of the most warlike tribes of the West. The Roman conquest, on the other hand, was not partial. Nearly the whole inhabited world was reduced by them to obedience; and they left behind them an empire not to be paralleled in the past or rivaled in the future. Students will gain from my narrative a clearer view of the whole story, and of the numerous and important advantages offered by such exact record of events.

There is this analogy between the plan of my history and the marvelous spirit of the age with which I have to deal. Just as Fortune made almost all the affairs of the world incline in one direction, and forced them to converge upon one and the same point, so it is my task as a historian to put before my readers a compendious view of the part played by Fortune in bringing about the general catastrophe. It was this peculiarity which originally challenged my attention, and determined me on undertaking this work. And combined with this was the fact that no other writer of our time has undertaken a general history. Had any one done so, my ambition in this direction would have been much diminished. But in point of fact, I notice that by far the greater number of historians concern themselves with isolated wars and the incidents that accompany them; while as to a general and comprehensive scheme of events,—their date, origin, and catastrophe,—no one as far as I know has undertaken to examine it.

I thought it therefore distinctly my duty neither to pass by myself, nor allow any one else to pass by, without full study, a characteristic specimen of the dealings of Fortune, at once brilliant and instructive in the highest degree. For fruitful as Fortune is in change, and constantly as she is producing dramas in the life of men, yet never assuredly before this did she work such a marvel, or act such a drama, as that which we have witnessed. And of this we cannot obtain a comprehensive view from writers of mere episodes. It would be as absurd to expect to do so, as for a man to imagine that he has learnt the shape of the whole world, its entire arrangement and order, because he has visited one after the other the most famous cities in it; or perhaps merely examined them in separate pictures. That would be indeed absurd; and it has always seemed to me that men who are persuaded that they get a competent view of universal from episodical history, are very like persons who should see the limbs of some body, which had once been living and beautiful, scattered and remote; and should imagine that to be quite as good as actually beholding the activity and beauty of the living creature itself. But if some one could there and then reconstruct the animal once more, in the perfection of its beauty and the charm of its vitality, and could display it to the same people, they would beyond doubt confess that they had been far

from conceiving the truth, and had been little better than dreamers. For indeed some idea of a whole may be got from a part, but an accurate knowledge and clear comprehension cannot. Wherefore we must conclude that episodical history contributes exceedingly little to the familiar knowledge and secure grasp of universal history: while it is only by the combination and comparison of the separate parts of the whole,— by observing their likeness and their difference,— that a man can attain his object; can obtain a view at once clear and complete, and thus secure both the profit and the delight of history.

POLYBIUS AND THE SCIPIOS

From the 'Histories'

I WISH to carry out fully, for the sake of students, what was left as a mere promise in my previous book. I promised then that I would relate the origin and manner of the rise and unusually early glory of Scipio's reputation in Rome; and also how it came about that Polybius became so attached to and intimate with him, that the fame of their friendship and constant companionship was not merely confined to Italy and Greece, but became known to more remote nations also. We have already shown that the acquaintance began in a loan of some books and the conversation about them. But as the intimacy went on, and the Achæan *détenus* were being distributed among the various cities, Fabius and Scipio, the sons of Lucius Æmilius Paulus, exerted all their influence with the prætor that Polybius might be allowed to remain in Rome. This was granted; and the intimacy was becoming more and more close, when the following incident occurred:—

One day, when they were all three coming out of the house of Fabius, it happened that Fabius left them to go to the Forum, and that Polybius went in another direction with Scipio. As they were walking along, Scipio said, in a quiet and subdued voice, and with the blood mounting to his cheeks: "Why is it, Polybius, that though I and my brother eat at the same table, you address all your conversation and all your questions and explanations to him, and pass me over altogether? Of course you too have the same opinion of me as I hear the rest of the city has. For I am considered by everybody, I hear, to be a mild effete

person, and far removed from the true Roman character and ways, because I don't care for pleading in the law courts. And they say that the family I come of requires a different kind of representative, and not the sort that I am. That is what annoys me most."

Polybius was taken aback by the opening words of the young man's speech (for he was only just eighteen), and said, "In heaven's name, Scipio, don't say such things, or take into your head such an idea. It is not from any want of appreciation of you, or any intention of slighting you, that I have acted as I have done: far from it! It is merely that, your brother being the elder, I begin and end my remarks with him, and address my explanations and counsels to him, in the belief that you share the same opinions. However, I am delighted to hear you say now that you appear to yourself to be somewhat less spirited than is becoming to members of your family; for you show by this that you have a really high spirit, and I should gladly devote myself to helping you to speak or act in any way worthy of your ancestors. As for learning, to which I see you and your brother devoting yourselves at present with so much earnestness and zeal, you will find plenty of people to help you both; for I see that a large number of such learned men from Greece are finding their way into Rome at the present time. But as to the points which you say are just now vexing you, I think you will not find any one more fitted to support and assist you than myself."

While Polybius was still speaking, the young man seized his right hand with both of his own, and pressing it warmly, said, "Oh that I might see the day on which you would devote your first attention to me, and join your life with mine. From that moment I shall think myself worthy both of my family and my ancestors." Polybius was partly delighted at the sight of the young man's enthusiasm and affection, and partly embarrassed by the thought of the high position of his family and the wealth of its members. However, from the hour of this mutual confidence the youth never left the side of Polybius, but regarded his society as his first and dearest object.

From that time forward they continually gave each other practical proof of an affection which recalled the relationship of father and son, or of kinsmen of the same blood.

THE FALL OF CORINTH

From the 'Histories'

THE incidents of the capture of Corinth were melancholy. The soldiers cared nothing for the works of art and the consecrated statues. I saw with my own eyes, pictures thrown on the ground and soldiers playing dice on them.

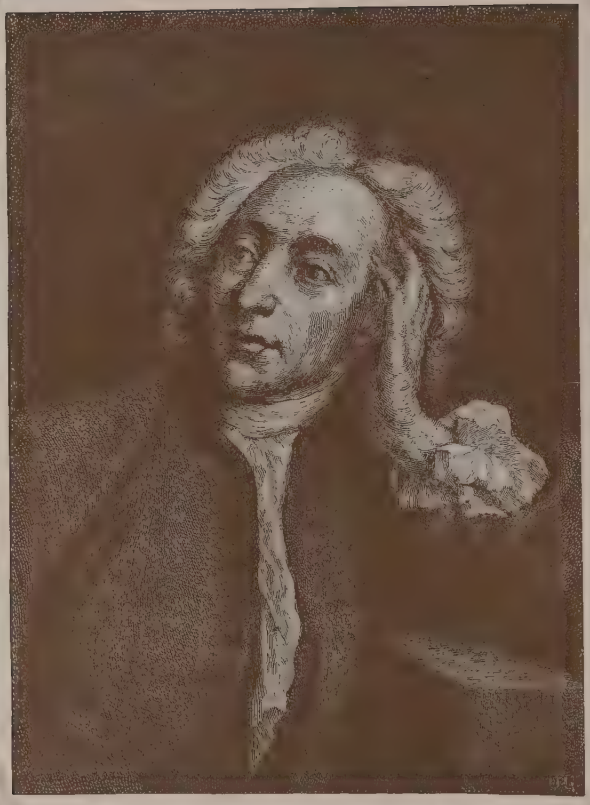
Owing to the popular reverence for the memory of Philopœmen, they did not take down the statues of him in the various cities. So true is it, as it seems to me, that every genuine act of virtue produces in the mind of those who benefit by it an affection which it is difficult to efface. . . .

There were many statues of Philopœmen, and many erections in his honor, voted by the several cities; and a Roman, at the time of the disaster which befell Greece at Corinth, wished to abolish them all, and to formally indict him, laying an information against him, as though he were still alive, as an enemy and ill-wisher to Rome. But after a discussion, in which Polybius spoke against this sycophant, neither Mummius nor the commissioners would consent to abolish the honors of an illustrious man. . . .

Polybius, in an elaborate speech, conceived in the spirit of what has just been said, maintained the cause of Philopœmen. His arguments were that "this man had indeed been frequently at variance with the Romans on the matter of their injunctions, but he only maintained his opposition so far as to inform and persuade them on points in dispute; and even that he did not do without serious cause. He gave a genuine proof of his loyal policy and gratitude by a test as it were of fire, in the periods of the wars with Philip and Antiochus. For, possessing at those times the greatest influence of any one in Greece, from his personal power as well as that of the Achæans, he preserved his friendship for Rome with the most absolute fidelity; having joined in the vote of the Achæans in virtue of which, four months before the Romans crossed from Italy, they levied a war from their own territory upon Antiochus and the Ætolians, when nearly all the other Greeks had become estranged from the Roman friendship." Having listened to this speech, and approved of the speaker's view, the ten commissioners granted that the complimentary erections to Philopœmen in the several cities

should be allowed to remain. Acting on this pretext, Polybius begged of the consul the statues of Achæus, Aratus, and Philopœmen, though they had already been transported to Acarnania from the Peloponnesus: in gratitude for which action, people set up a marble statue of Polybius himself. . . .

After the settlement made by the ten commissioners in Achaia, they directed the quæstor, who was to superintend the selling of Diæus's property, to allow Polybius to select anything he chose from the goods and present it to him as a free gift, and to sell the rest to the highest bidders. But so far from accepting any such present, Polybius urged his friends not to covet anything whatever of the goods sold by the quæstor anywhere; — for he was going a round of the cities, and selling the property of all those who had been partisans of Diæus, as well as of those who had been condemned, except such as left children or parents. Some of these friends did not take his advice; but those who did follow it earned a most excellent reputation among their fellow-citizens.



ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688–1744)

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

ALEXANDER POPE, the foremost English poet of the eighteenth century, was born in Lombard Street, London, on May 21st, 1688, and died at Twickenham, May 30th, 1744. In our literature he is the earliest man of letters pure and simple. With that pursuit previous writers had mingled other avocations, if indeed literature itself had not been with them an avocation amid the distraction of other pursuits. Chaucer was a soldier and a diplomatist. Spenser was a government official. Shakespeare was an actor, besides being connected with the management of the company of which he was a member. Milton was an eager and earnest participant in the fierce religious and political strife of his time. Even Dryden held a position in the civil service. But Pope was never anything else than a man of letters. That career he had chosen from the first; and to it he remained faithful to the last.

It was mainly due to choice; partly it was a result of necessity. He was the son of a linen-draper who was a Roman Catholic; and Pope, though almost a latitudinarian in matters of religion, stood stanchly to the end by the faith of his parents. His creed accordingly shut him out of all the posts of profit and sinecures with which it was then not uncommon to reward literary merit. Even had it been otherwise, it is not likely that he would have been turned aside from his choice by the attraction of any other pursuit. In his case the Muse cannot be said to have been ungrateful. To him in a most unusual sense poetry was its own exceeding great reward. It lifted him to a station such as no man of letters before his time had ever attained, and few have attained since,—and this too in spite of obstacles that it might seem would have put an effectual bar in the way of success. A member of a proscribed religious body, with no advantages of birth and fortune, with every disadvantage of personal appearance, he raised himself by the sheer force of genius to a position of equality with the highest of the land. Unplaced, untitled, he became the companion and friend of nobles and ministers of State, without in a single instance sacrificing his personal self-respect, or appearing even to his bitterest foes in the light of a dependent upon the favor of the great.

In one way this extraordinary success was due to good fortune. Pope saw the beginning of the end of the system of patronage, and was to profit more than any one else by the method of publication by subscription — which to some extent took its place in the transition that was going on to the system of publication now in force. Before his time authors generally relied for their support, not on the sale of their works, but upon the gifts received from the wealthy and powerful. To them they dedicated their productions, usually in terms of fulsome eulogy; from them they received a reward varying with the feelings and character of the bestower. The extravagant praise given to ordinary men in these dedications by Pope's great predecessor has cast something of a stain upon the reputation of Dryden; though all that can be justly said against him was that in the general daubing which every patron at that time received, his was the hand that laid on the plaster with most skill and most effectiveness. But Pope was reduced to no such sad necessity. The publication by subscription of his translation of the Iliad, completed when he was but little over thirty years old, with the subsequent translation of the Odyssey, brought out in a similar way, made him pecuniarily independent. He was never forced in consequence to resort for his subsistence to any of those shifts and mean devices — as they appear at least from the modern point of view — to which many of his most eminent contemporaries betook themselves either from choice or from necessity. Not merely his example, but also his precepts, tended to bring the whole system of patronage into disrepute. All these feelings about the early adverse conditions which had surrounded him, and the success with which he had triumphed over them, came to his mind when late in life — it was in the year 1737 — he brought out his imitation of the second epistle of the second book of Horace. In these following lines, possessed of special biographic interest, he recalled the disabilities under which he and his parents had suffered, and expressed his joy in the right he had earned to boast that Homer had made him independent of the favor of the powerful: —

«Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus's son.
Besides, my father taught me from a lad
The better art to know the good from bad
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove):
But knottier points we knew not half so well
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists failed,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevailed.

For right hereditary taxed and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me the Muses helped to undergo it:
Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble rather than repose.
Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turned ten thousand verses, now stands still?»

In many respects Pope's life was peculiarly uneventful in the usually uneventful life of an author. His father quitted his business while the son was still a child, and took up his residence at Binfield in Berkshire, on the northern border of Windsor Forest. From that place he went in 1716 to Chiswick. In October of the following year he died. Early in 1718 Pope left Chiswick, and removed with his mother to Twickenham, about twelve miles from the centre of the city of London proper. There he leased a house surrounded with five acres on the banks of the Thames. On the adornment and improvement of these grounds he spent henceforth time, thought, and money. Through them ran the highway from Hampton Court to London, and the two portions of his property were connected by a tunnel under the road. This underground passage, styled a grotto, possessed a spring; and was adorned with shells, corals, crystals, and in general with an assortment of natural curiosities, to which Dr. Johnson in his life of the poet applies the name of «fossil bodies.» This grotto became noted; and references to it are by no means unfrequent in the literature of the day. Twickenham remained henceforth Pope's home, and his residence in it made it even during his lifetime classic ground. From that place he ruled with almost undisputed sway over English letters, making and unmaking reputations by the praise or blame he bestowed in a single line.

Pope had almost from his infancy been devoted to literature. He never really knew what it was to be a boy. His health, always delicate, would not have endured the close confinement and hard application of any rigid system of training. As he was a Catholic, he could not have attended a public school had he so wished. That deprivation was to him however no misfortune. Sickly and deformed, precocious and sensitive, he would have been little at home in that

brutal boy-world, which spares the feelings of no comrade on the ground of personal or mental defects. Accordingly he was thrown from his earliest years upon the society of books and of his elders. Taught mainly by private tutors and schoolmasters more or less incapable, his education was mainly of a desultory character; and for the best part of it he was indebted to himself. For his purposes it was probably none the worse on that account. Living a secluded life in the country, he early manifested all the tastes and aspirations of the born man of letters. While yet a mere boy he made translations into verse, he wrote an epic, he wrote a tragedy; and long before he reached his majority, he had displayed powers which attracted the attention of men prominent in the social and literary world.

His active career as a man of letters began with the publication of his 'Pastorals.' These appeared in 1709 in the sixth volume of Tonson's Miscellany. Never was there a kind of literature more unreal and conventional than that to which they belonged, though our ancestors persuaded themselves, or affected to believe, that it was a return to the simplicity of nature. The poetical pieces of the character then written are the most artificial products of an artificial age. At their best no inhabitant of either city or country ever talked or felt in real life as did those who are represented as bearing a part in their dialogue; at their worst they were so expressionless as to resemble much more the bleating of sheep than the song of shepherds. Yet they had been made a fashion. Those of Pope were received with great contemporary applause, which, so far as the melody of the numbers was concerned, was fully deserved. Following these on not altogether dissimilar lines was the descriptive poem 'Windsor Forest,' which came out in 1712. At a later period Pope apparently learned to despise the taste which had inspired these productions. «Who could take offense,» he said, referring to them,

«While pure description took the place of sense?»

A far more worthy and substantial success was achieved by the 'Essay on Criticism,' which appeared in 1711. Pope was but twenty-three years old at the time of its publication. The production, however, is a remarkable one in many ways. The rules and maxims are indeed little more than commonplaces; but the skill with which they are expressed makes this poem, considering its character and the youth of its writer, one of the most signal illustrations of precocity which our literature furnishes. In it in particular occur a number of those pointed lines which have contributed to render Pope, with the single exception of Shakespeare, the most frequently quoted author in our speech. To «snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,»

and «Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,» are perhaps the most familiar of the numerous sayings, which, occurring originally in this poem, are now heard from the lips of everybody. But these, as has been indicated, are far from being the only ones; while the following comparison of the increasing difficulties that invariably wait upon effort to reach the highest place has always been justly admired:—

«So pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky;
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.»

The greatest success, however, of Pope's early career was his mock-heroic poem of the 'Rape of the Lock.' This appeared in its original form in 1712, but its present much enlarged form belongs to 1714. The poem stands by itself in our literature. There is none like it; and it may not be too much to say that in no literature is there anything of the kind equaling it. The productions already mentioned, with the 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady' and the epistle of 'Eloïsa to Abélard,' constitute the most important contributions that Pope made to English literature before he had completed his version of the Iliad. They stand largely distinct in spirit and in matter from the work of his later years. Some of them address the emotional side of our nature, as contrasted with the appeal to the purely intellectual side which is the distinguishing note of everything written after the publication of the translation of the Odyssey. To use his own words, he thenceforward

«Stooped to truth, and moralized his song»;

though this is a line which expresses his own belief rather than his actual performance. These early productions brought him general reputation, and the personal friendship of men eminent in the world of society and of letters. The good opinion of all was confirmed by the publication of his translation of the Iliad, the first installment of which was published in 1715, and the last as late as 1720.

It was this work which at that time established Pope's reputation and fortune on a secure basis. To some extent it was necessity that led him to undertake it, rather than strong desire or special qualification. His father's fortune, whatever it was, had been reduced by investments that turned out unfortunately. His own original work had been paid for on a scale which the pettiest author of the present

age would deem beggarly. For the 'Rape of the Lock,' for instance, in its first form, he had received but seven pounds; for the additions to it, nearly tripling its length, fifteen pounds was the sum paid. But the publication of the translation of the Iliad netted him over five thousand pounds; and the subsequent translation of the Odyssey, after paying his fellow-workers, Brome and Fenton, added to this amount the further sum of three thousand pounds. Henceforth he was pecuniarily independent. Even far greater was the accession to his literary reputation. The translation of the Iliad, when completed, placed him at the undisputed headship of English men of letters then living. The subsequent fortunes of his version may be thought to justify the enthusiasm with which it was received. There had been three other translations of Homer before his own; those that have followed, or are to follow, are as the sands of the sea for number. Yet during the whole period that has elapsed since its publication, Pope's version has never ceased to hold its place. Other translations may more accurately reflect the spirit of the original; other translations may be more faithful to the sense: the one executed by him has the supreme distinction of being readable.

The publication of his version of the two Homeric epics was followed by his edition of the works of Shakespeare. This came out in 1725. It was a task Pope had no business to undertake; for his time was too precious to be spent in text-correction and annotation, and he had neither the leisure nor the taste to engage in that minute and painstaking research which makes such correction or annotation of real and permanent value. The edition was a general disappointment. In the year after its appearance Theobald (or Tibbald, as the name is sometimes spelled) brought out a critical treatise with the not altogether conciliatory title of 'Shakspear restored; or a Specimen of The Many Errors committed as well as unamended by Mr. Pope in his late edition of this Poet.' Yet in spite of these somewhat suggestive words, the reviewer expressed a good deal of respect for the poet, though it was for him as a poet and not as a commentator. Even in the latter capacity, he cannot fairly be deemed to have exceeded the legitimate province of that criticism which is always held to justify an exultant yell over a real or fancied blunder made by another scholar. But the comparative moderation of Theobald did him no good. Of all the irritable race of authors, Pope was the one least disposed to forget or forgive. This particular treatise was the occasion of his bringing out, what he had long had in mind, an attack on the whole body of minor authors, with whose venomous but vigorous mediocrity his own sensitiveness had brought him into conflict. Accordingly in 1728 appeared the 'Dunciad,' in three books, with Theobald for hero as the supreme dunce.

It shows the influence of a man of genius both over contemporaries and posterity, that the reputation of Theobald has never recovered from the effects of this blow. He was undoubtedly a very ordinary poet, and as a critic the best that can be said of him is that he was as poor as the average members of that fraternity. But as an editor there had been none before to compare with him, and there have been very few since, amid the countless number who have attacked the text of the great dramatist. His edition of Shakespeare, which came out in 1733, effectually put Pope's in the shade then, and has been ever since the storehouse upon which later commentators have drawn for their readings, even while engaged in depreciating the man to whom they owe the corrections they have adopted. For Theobald was on the whole one of the acutest as well as one of the most painstaking of textual critics. Yet in consequence of Pope's attack he was held up at the time as one of the dullest of mortals, and is often termed so now by men who are duller than he ever conceived of any one's being. One of the last acts of Pope's life was to dethrone him from the position to which he had been raised. The proceeding was eminently characteristic of the poet. His publication of the fourth book of the 'Dunciad' in 1742 led to a pamphlet, in the shape of a letter addressed to him, by Colley Cibber. So stung was he by the laureate's attack that he recast the whole 'Dunciad' in 1743, with the fourth book added; and in place of Theobald put his later antagonist, whose qualities and attainments were almost exactly the reverse of those of his original hero.

The publication of the 'Dunciad' marks the turning-point in Pope's literary career. Henceforth his writings were of a philosophical cast, like the 'Essay on Man,' which came out in four parts from 1732 to 1734; or semi-philosophical and semi-satirical, as in the 'Moral Essays'; or mainly satirical, as in the 'Imitations of Horace.' These imitations were wonderful exhibitions of ingenuity and skill. Pope took particular satires and epistles of the Latin poet, and cleverly applied to contemporary characters and to modern times and conditions the sentiments expressed by his model. In the composition of them his peculiar powers shone out at their best. One or two of these pieces are in a measure autobiographical. An offshoot of the 'Imitations' — the 'Prologue to the Satires,' printed below — is especially marked by this characteristic, and on the whole is the most striking of all. It labors at present, as indeed all satirical work must eventually labor, under the general ignorance that has come to prevail about facts and persons once widely known; and the sting that once caused keen pain to the victim and keener delight to contemporaries, is now not appreciated by the mass of even educated readers. Still the point and venom are there; and so long as fuller

knowledge is accessible, change of time or circumstance can never destroy the pungency and force of the lines, however much they may impair belief in the justice of the attack. The picture, for instance, of Addison under the name of Atticus, found in this prologue, may be as grossly unfair as his partisans maintain; but while letters live, that cruel characterization will never be dissociated from his memory, and will always suggest doubt even when it does not carry conviction.

The greatness of Addison has made this portrait familiar, and its references easily understood. There are in Pope's works plenty of similar passages, almost if not quite as powerful in their way; but the subtle irony of personalities, that once made them widely read and keenly enjoyed, now falls unheeded, save by the few who have taken the pains to become fully acquainted with the minor characters and events of the time. The satirist, in truth, must always sacrifice to some extent the future to the present. If Pope himself appreciated the fact, he must have felt that for the coming loss he was receiving some compensation in the actual terror he inspired. About the extent of that there can be no question. He was dreaded as no author before or since has been dreaded, and he exulted in the consciousness of the power he wielded. "Yes, I am proud," he said in the 'Epilogue to the Satires,'—

> "—I must be proud, to see
> Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
> Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
> Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

It was an obvious answer to all this,—and Pope did not fail to have his attention called to it,—that a somewhat similar statement could be made about a mad dog. Nor at the time could the possession of this power conduce to a really enviable reputation, outside of the comparatively limited circle with which he was closely connected, and which naturally shared in his sentiments and prejudices. During his life it is plain that suspicions were entertained, even by many most disposed to admire him, that he was not as attractive in his character as he was in his writings. In spite of the respect paid to its sting, a hornet is not a creature to which any popular sympathy clings. This feeling about him has increased since the devious course he often pursued has been in these later times completely exposed.

The character of Pope is indeed the most peculiar and puzzling of that of any author of our literature. His impatience under attack was excessive; and when his hostility was once aroused, the virulence of his dislike or hatred seemed thenceforth never to experience abatement. Occasionally too he expressed himself with a ferocity

that bore a close resemblance to malignity. The violence of his language, indeed, not unfrequently impaired the effectiveness of his invective. It certainly sometimes exceeded the bounds of decency and sense. The terms in which he came to speak of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to whom he had once professed something more than friendship, were simply unpardonable, no matter what the real or fancied injury he may have suffered. There is something to be said in palliation of his course, in fact something in the case of certain persons which approaches justification. The age was a coarse one; and literary combatants used towards each other the coarsest language. Pope himself had early been subjected to contumely out of all proportion to the provocation he had given. By Dennis in his remarks upon the 'Essay on Criticism' he had been styled a "humpbacked toad." Comments upon his personal deformities—and such were not infrequent—he took deeply to heart; and these he not only never forgave, he took care to repay in kind the abuse of which he had been made the object. But on every side he was thin-skinned. It was his abnormal sensitiveness to criticism that led to the long war he carried on with the petty writers of the time, whom he classed together under the general name of dunces. The contest was only saved from being wholly ignoble by the marvelous ability he brought to the work of waging it. But outside of any pretexts furnished by the action of his opponents, he loved personalities for their own sake. "Touch me," he wrote, "and no minister so sore." He adds:—

> "Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
> Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
> Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
> And the sad burthen of some merry song."

The most singular thing about his character was, that while in his controversies he was at times moved by some of the meanest passions that can stir the heart, he sincerely regarded himself as actuated by the purest and loftiest motives. It was, to use his own words, the strong antipathy of good to bad, that led him to attack those who had incurred his dislike, either on social, or political, or literary grounds. It is needless to add that in his opinion those who had incurred his dislike were invariably contemptible and vile. In this matter he may or may not have imposed upon others; but there is little reason to doubt that he imposed upon himself. No one was ever more under the influence of that pleasing self-flattery which tempts a man to give to his ill-nature the name of virtuous indignation. According to his own account he was engaged in a holy war against vice, in whatever station of life it presented itself. Nor is

this all. He himself was, if anything, more fond of the reputation of being a good than a great man; and in order to secure the name of it, stood constantly ready to sacrifice the thing. His life was largely made up of a series of strategic devices to persuade the public that he was by nature incapable of the very acts he was engaged in perpetrating. If these things contributed to the benefit of his reputation with his contemporaries, they have damaged him irretrievably with posterity, now that his devious tracks have been fully explored.

This characteristic was most fully exemplified in his epistolary correspondence,—both in its matter and the means he took to secure its publication. His letters are not really letters; they are rather little essays, short and somewhat tedious moral discourses. In fact, Pope, when he wrote prose, wrote with his left hand. The difference between it and his verse is everywhere plainly marked, but nowhere more so than in the correspondence, which was brought out under his own supervision. Never were letters more artificial. They are particularly distinguished for the lofty moral sentiments they contain. The impression they give of him is of a man animated by the most exalted feelings that belong to humanity. Yet we know now that they were never written as they were published. The correspondence he carried on in his youth with Wycherley was so altered that the parts the two writers played were completely reversed; and until a recent period all biographers and literary historians have been deceived by the mutilations of the originals then made. It was even worse in the subsequent publication of his correspondence. He had recalled the letters he wrote; and when time had made it safe, he brought them out with dates changed, with contents dismembered, and addressed to eminent persons then dead who had never had the pleasure of receiving them while living. The elaborate scheme he planned and carried out so as to appear in the light of being forced for his own protection to publish this correspondence, reads like the plot of a cheap and particularly villainous melodrama. For us the effect of all these elaborate devices has been rendered absolutely nugatory by the accidental discovery, in the middle of this century, of transcripts of the original letters made before they were returned.

It is the barest act of justice to Pope to state that there was much in his surroundings to explain these peculiarities in his proceedings, though it is impossible to condone them. His family professed a persecuted religion; and in the anti-Catholic reaction that followed the expulsion of James II., their situation must often have been disagreeable. The boy was necessarily brought up in that atmosphere of evasion and intrigue by which the weak strive to protect themselves from the strong, seeking to secure by trickery what could not be wrested from law. It was not a school to encourage the development

of openness and manliness. Indirection to those thus nurtured tends to become a second nature. Besides this, there were bodily defects which probably exerted an influence of their own upon the poet's nature. His life was, as he himself said, a long disease; and his personal appearance was such that his enemies delighted to call him a monster. Deformity of the body sometimes reacts upon the character; and Pope seems to have been one to whom this principle in a measure applies. On the other hand, there is a good deal to be said in his favor. In many respects he was an example to even good men. Never was there a more pious and devoted son. He constantly interested himself in behalf of the unfortunate who had gained his sympathy or had engaged his respect. Furthermore, he early secured the esteem of a number of persons whose friendship was always an honor and was sometimes fame; and there must have been much in his character to inspire respect and affection, or he could not have earned a regard which was never given lightly, and would have been withdrawn had there not existed qualities to retain it.

From Pope the man it is much more satisfactory to turn to Pope the writer. The first thing that here arrests the attention is the estimate in which he was held by his own generation. No poet of any previous period in English literature ever attained like success, perhaps no poet of any period. The critical attitude of the nineteenth century is so different from the attitude of the eighteenth, that so far from the former being able to sympathize with the sentiments of the latter, it is hardly able to understand them. The view taken of Pope by his contemporaries and immediate successors is something ordinarily incomprehensible to the modern man. In their eyes he was not merely a great poet; there was no greater English poet. Some were disposed to reckon him the greatest. He was our English Homer, not merely because he translated him, but because he stood in the same lofty relation to English poetry that Homer did to Greek. While there were some who denied, and a few who scoffed at, this enrollment, theirs was not the prevailing opinion. That was expressed by Dr. Johnson in his comment on the delay which took place in the publication of the second volume of Joseph Warton's 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.' The first had appeared in 1756. In this, Warton had maintained that Pope did not stand at the head of his profession; that he was indeed superior to all other men in the kind of poetry in which he excelled, but that that in which he excelled was not poetry of the highest kind. Heresy of this sort was not palatable; at any rate, for some reason the second volume was not published until 1782. When Boswell in 1763 asked Johnson why Warton did not bring out the continuation, the latter gave as the probable reason that the delay was due to the writer's

disappointment at his inability to persuade the world to be of his opinion in regard to Pope.

Certainly no English author, with the possible exception of Chaucer, so profoundly influenced the men of his own generation and of those immediately succeeding. No author so impressed his peculiarities of style and diction upon his followers. There is scarcely a poet of the eighteenth century, outside of one or two of the first class, in whose writings the imitation of Pope, conscious or unconscious, cannot be found upon every page. Most of these authors have now sunk into oblivion, or are known only to the special student; but their number was legion, and several of them had in their day a good deal of repute. It was comparatively easy to catch Pope's manner, or rather mannerisms,—the careful balancing of the two divisions of the line, the antithesis of clause and of meaning, the almost monotonous melody of the measure: but what was not easy to any, and to most was impossible, was to impart to the verse the vigor which attracted to it attention, and the point which riveted it in the memory; the curious felicity of expression which gave to the obvious the aspect of the striking; and more than all, the occasional loftiness of sentiment and diction which lifted the numbers from the region of artifice, where so many of them belonged, into the atmosphere of creative art.

As there was no justification for Pope's title to supremacy among English poets, the reaction against the unreasonable claims set up in his behalf brought him in the course of time into undeserved depreciation. The revolt against his methods and style, which began in the latter half of the last century, led to an undervaluation of his achievement as undue as had been the exaggerated estimate previously taken. So far from his being deemed the greatest of English poets, it became a matter of dispute whether he was a poet at all. The literary tournament as to his merits and defects that went on in the first quarter of the present century, in which Bowles, Byron, and Campbell took part, is the most celebrated, though by no means the only one, of the controversies started by the discussion as to his position. The wits of Blackwood's Magazine felicitated themselves in consequence with the thought that there was one subject for critical disquisition that could never be exhausted. This inestimable treasure was the question as to whether Pope was a poet. It would assuredly be a very arbitrary and narrow definition of the word that would reject him from the class. Still there is no doubt that the reaction was, at one time at least, powerful enough to cause him to be widely depreciated. Derogatory opinion of his work is indeed still frequently expressed by men who have clearly not gone through that preliminary preparation for judging his writings which consists in reading

them; and who often in condemning him resort to the very phrases he originated, to express their own scanty ideas.

But no writer continues to remain a classic to successive generations without having very substantial claims to the position he has achieved. Over a large number of men Pope will always exercise a peculiar attraction. These are those to whom the poetry of the understanding is dear, as contrasted with the poetry of high spiritual intuitions. Within this limited and lower field Pope is uniformly excellent, and in many ways unsurpassed. Take him in respect to the matter of diction. Not even Milton himself was his superior in the extraordinary technical skill with which the manner is made to correspond to the matter. His ability in this line was exhibited in his very first work of importance,—the 'Essay on Criticism,' written while he was a mere boy. The passage may serve for an illustration, where he exemplifies the faults he censures in his remarks upon poetical numbers. The monotony of constantly recurring open vowels, the insertion of expletives to fill out the verse, the use of feeble words, and the employment of the Alexandrine, are not only pointed out, but are exhibited, in the following lines:—

> «These equal syllables alone require,
> Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
> While expletives their feeble aid do join,
> And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. . . .
> A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
> That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.»

But the correspondence of sound to sense is even more skillfully shown in the passage immediately following, in the same poem, in which the line moves slowly or rapidly, harshly or smoothly, in accordance with the idea sought to be conveyed:—

> «'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense,—
> The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
> Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
> And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
> But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
> The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar:
> When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
> The line too labors, and the words move slow;
> Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
> Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.»

Again, in the effect wrought by the apt use of antithesis, Pope has no superior; it may not be amiss to say he never had a rival. The description of Addison as Atticus, already referred to, and that of Lord Hervey under the title of Sporus, both occurring in the 'Prologue to the Satires,' are conspicuous instances of his ability in the

use of this rhetorical device. Still, the most brilliant illustrations of his skill in this particular are to be found in the 'Rape of the Lock.' Here the anticlimax often lends its aid to the effect; but in many passages the latter is in no way dependent upon the former. Has, indeed, a finer tribute ever been paid to the universal attraction of a beautiful woman than in the following antithetical lines, which celebrate the heroine of the poem as she appeared upon the Thames?

> «On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
> Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
> Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
> Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
> Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
> Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
> Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
> And like the sun, they shine on all alike.
> Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
> Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.»

It is easy now to decry Pope; but where in any poet have more exquisite compliments been put into so few words? To examples of a similar character though of different subject — and such are numerous — we must add the power of pointed expression, which has converted so large a number of his lines into the cheap currency of common quotation; furthermore, the constant recurrence of witty observation in its most condensed form, — such, for illustration, as can be seen in the latter half of a couplet like the following, describing a gossiping conversation: —

> «A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
> At every word a reputation dies.»

Such passages will easily explain the attraction Pope has to men of keen intellectual aptitudes, and to periods in which men of this character abound. He is never likely to be a favorite of those individuals to whom poetry is mainly a source of spiritual comfort, or of spiritual exaltation. But there are all sorts of tastes in the world; and in the ever-changing revolution of literary fashions, Pope will always be sure of a high place, varying in importance with the feelings prevalent at the time, though it is hardly possible that he will ever regain the position he held in the eighteenth century.

Thomas R. Lounsbury.

FROM THE 'ESSAY ON CRITICISM'

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is th' offense
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose:
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches,—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share:
Both must alike from heaven derive their light,—
These born to judge as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill coloring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools;
In search of wit these lose their common-sense,
And then turn critics in their own defense;
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or a eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write. . . .

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride,—the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful pride.

For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits swelled with wind;
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense:
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,—
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear:
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors must the less commit,—
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays;
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice. . . .

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,—
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still, The style is excellent;
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,—
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court. . . .
But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees";
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep";
Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

. . . . . .

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense:
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

. . . . . .

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;

They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men. . . .
The vulgar thus through imitation err,
As oft the learned by being singular:
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damned for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress used,—
This hour she's idolized, the next abused;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. . . .
Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy:
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please:
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavored well:
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus's lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!

Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost!
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine. . . .
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true:
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding, truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved. . . .
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad abandoned critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learnèd lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's 'Fables' down to Durfey's 'Tales.'
With him most authors steal their works, or buy:
Garth did not write his own 'Dispensary.'
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;
Nay, showed his faults, but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

THE GAME OF CARDS

From 'The Rape of the Lock'

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court:
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes:
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;

Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand;
And particolored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skillful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears:
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed;
The rest his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
And mowed down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroidered King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye:

The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered State)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive Queen;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected and too soon elate.
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed forever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide;
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus's injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:

So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear:
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought:
As, on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again).
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine"
(The victor cried): "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!"

What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!

Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

FROM THE 'ESSAY ON MAN'

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never Is, but always To Be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way:
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence:
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,—
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust,—
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.
Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No" ('tis replied), "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws:
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?" why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature, to these without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned:
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state:
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason: man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?

Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?
Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass,—
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier,
Forever separate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied:
What thin partitions sense from thought divide;
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?
See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. — On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;

Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole:
The least confusion but in one,—not all
That system only, but the whole, must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!
What if the foot ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul:
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent:
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;

Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear,—Whatever is, is right. . . .

Order is Heaven's first law: and, this confest,
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common-sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defense or who defend,
In him who is or him who finds a friend;
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possest
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope and these in fear:
Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse. . . .

Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good. . . .

The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell:
If Calvin feel heaven's blessing or its rod,
This cries there is, and that there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest;
Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blessed? who chained his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?
"But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit: 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"
Add health and power, and every earthly thing.
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?" . . .
Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part,—there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,—
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
"What differ more" (you cry) "than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend,—a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunello.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings;
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the Flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
"Where but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes;
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,—
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat:
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates,—that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath;
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death;
Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown
The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends:
To all beside as much an empty shade,
A Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resigned
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. . . .

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below;"

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blessed in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequaled if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain;
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed.

FROM THE 'EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT'

WHY did I write? What sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink,—my parents' or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed.
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise;
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read;
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.

Soft were my numbers: who could take offense,
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill:
I wished the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret:
I never answered,—I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad,—
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretense,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,—
Even such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry, I excused them too:
Well might they rage—I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind.
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,—
This, who can gratify? for who can *guess?*
The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He who, still wanting though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
And he who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bade *translate,*
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus* were he? . . .
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.
But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace,
Insults fallen worth or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet, absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honor, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at canons what was never there;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction, lie:
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus† tremble— A. What! that thing of silk?
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

*Addison.

†Lord Hervey.

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies:
His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshiper nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman nor ambition's tool,
Not proud nor servile;—be one poet's praise,
That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralized his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit or fearing to be hit;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
The libeled person and the pictured shape;

Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear;—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the *last!*

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state:
Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling scribbler or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear or lose his own.
Of gentle blood (part shed in honor's cause,
While yet in Britain honor had applause)
Each parent sprung— A. What fortune, pray?—P. Their own,
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innoxious through his age.
Nor courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant and without a groan.
Oh, grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a Queen.
A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right; the rest belongs to Heaven.

THE GODDESS OF DULLNESS IS ADDRESSED ON EDUCATION

From the 'Dunciad'

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present their first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beavered brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood and mother's tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled: Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place;
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus:—"Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province; words we teach alone.
When reason, doubtful like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,—
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit and double chain on chain;
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er designed,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall;
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Wyndham every Muse gave o'er;
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!

How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reached the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that masterpiece of man."
"Oh" (cried the Goddess) "for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a grammar school!
For sure, if Dullness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
Oh! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king,—
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall or reign:
May you, may Cam and Isis, preach it long!—
'The right divine of kings to govern wrong.'"
Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.
Each stanch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dashed through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them marched that awful Aristarch:
Plowed was his front with many a deep remark;
His hat, which never vailed to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bowed the rest; He, kingly, did but nod:
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.

Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better,—
Author of something yet more great than letter;
While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply;
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hashed before,
Or chewed by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit;
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

"Ah, think not, mistress! more true dullness lies
In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity, without a Νους.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoiled the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labors till it clouds itself all o'er.

"What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid every science, run through every school? . . .

We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse;
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce;
Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off and get out the man."

THE TRIUMPH OF DULLNESS

Closing Lines of the 'Dunciad'

IN VAIN, in vain,—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls; the Muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus's eyes, by Hermes's wand opprest,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest:
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defense,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confined
To know but this,—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,—
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,—
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round;

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not:
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise,
All nature's incense rise!

ODE: THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL

A pleasing form; a firm yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resigned:
Honor unchanged, a principle profest,
Fixed to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Filled with the sense of Age, the fire of Youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was; who now from earth removed,
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

MESSIAH

A Sacred Eclogue in Imitation of Virgil's 'Pollio'

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more;—O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The Ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descend the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,—
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See, spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!—
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Savior comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day;
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms,—
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idumè's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

(1802–1839)

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED was born in London, in 1802. His father was an eminent barrister, and the son was sent to Eton at the age of twelve. He remained at Eton till his twentieth year; and while an upper-class man was instrumental, in collaboration with Walter Blunt and Henry Nelson Coleridge, in founding the Etonian, which under his management had more claims to be considered literature than any other undergraduate magazine ever published. From Eton he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. At the university he was the friend of Macaulay and Austin, and was distinguished both for brilliant scholarship and for skill in versification. He took his degree in 1825, and having prepared himself for the law, he was admitted to the bar in 1829. While at the university he was the principal contributor to Knight's Quarterly, and his verse appeared in periodicals with considerable regularity during his life. He seemed eminently fitted for English political life, and obtained a seat in Parliament in 1830; but unfortunately lost his health from pulmonary troubles, and died in 1839 at the age of thirty-seven.

WINTHROP M. PRAED

Shakespeare is not more unmistakably the first dramatist than Praed is the first writer of society verse. It is true that he did not write anything of the flawless accuracy and dainty precision of form of Austin Dobson's 'Avis,' nor anything quite as gay and *insouciant* as 'La Marquise'; but Dobson is too much of a littérateur and a lover of eighteenth-century bric-a-brac, to be regarded primarily as a writer of *vers de société*. The subject-matter of this sub-department of poetry grows out of the superficial social relations among persons of leisure and culture. In form it should be light and unconsciously graceful, and in tone good-humored and well-bred; its satire not rising much above pleasantry, and its morality kindly rather than righteous. It is more germane to the Celtic than to the Germanic side of our compound national spirit, and has more affinity with the

urbane, sententious Horace than with any of the great originals of our national literature; though the frank paganism of the Roman must be tempered with a delicate flavor of chivalric gallantry. The cavalier poets Suckling and Lovelace display in their verse some of the spirit of this *genre*. Pope's 'Rape of the Lock' is too affected and artificial to come precisely into the category. Prior's charming verses 'To Chloe' have the true tone of careless persiflage; but the eighteenth century was as a rule too formal and academic for this dainty exotic. Praed's verse embodies that good-humored interest in trifles, that necessity of never being insistent or tiresome or officious, that gracious submergement of the personal for the entertainment of others, and the well-bred ease of expression, which is the note of good society. If it be objected that these characteristics, with the exception of the first, are never found in "good society," it may be answered that they can be found nowhere else, for they make society good. "Good society," like everything else, has its ideal, by which we define it, as we define Christianity by something which it does not practically reach. This ideal is embodied in the verse of Praed.

Few men have ever been more careless of literary reputation than he, and it was not till after his death that any collection of his verse was made. In fact, no comprehensive edition of his work was published in England till 1864, though several had appeared in the United States. Thirty years ago it would not have been considered good form to cultivate literary notoriety in the modern manner; and Praed was precisely the opposite of what is conveyed in that expressive word of English slang, "cad." He wrote one poem, 'The Red Fisherman,' which for imaginative force, and a certain element of poetic vision, is distinguished from the rest; but 'Every-day Characters,' 'Private Theatricals,' 'School and Schoolfellows,' 'A Letter of Advice,' 'Our Ball,' 'My Partner,' and 'My Little Cousins,'—and the list might be extended,—are as good of their kind as anything can be. There is the apparent spontaneity, the correspondence between form and sentiment, and the fine workmanship, which are so rare and so satisfying. No one, not even the Brownings, excelled Praed in the easy use of the trochaic or feminine rhyme. His rhymes and even his puns seem inevitable, as if the language had been constructed for that very purpose.

Praed is an artist in light verse: and art is a realization of the excellent; perfection is an absolute matter. The subject of the epic may be weightier than that of light verse, but the beauty of the short verse may be not inferior to the beauty of the great poem, and it is much more easily apprehended. The beauty of the humming-bird is not less than the beauty of the eagle; and besides, the humming-

bird is darting about the vines of the porch, and the eagle is on the top of a mountain or up in the clouds, where it is not easy to get at him. Light verse like Praed's is art; for the function of art is to charm as well as to elevate. When the Muse drops the great questions, and discourses about every-day matters, she does not become the gossip nor the newspaper reporter. She does not lay aside her delicate tact nor her keen vision: her words are still literature; the literature of a class, perhaps, but still aiming at the ideal representation of a mood, and reaching excellence as often as the greater literature of humanity. The heroic, the philosophic, the devotedly Christian are *motifs* beyond the aim of light verse, but it is not on that account hostile to them. In reaching perfection of form as Praed did, he put light verse in sympathy with nature, which finishes little things; and in so doing is following a great principle, which makes beauty universal, and therefore divine.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE

«Rien n'est changé, mes amis.»—CHARLES X.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter;
The Old Year went with mourning by—
The New came dancing after!
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle;
Mutes to wait on the funeral state;
Pages to pour the wine:
A requiem for Twenty-Eight,
And a health to Twenty-Nine!

Alas for human happiness!
Alas for human sorrow!
Our yesterday is nothingness,
What else will be our morrow?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses;
Still cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses;
While sages prate and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine:

And the world, as it rolled through Twenty-Eight,
Must roll through Twenty-Nine.

Some king will come, in Heaven's good time,
To the tomb his father came to;
Some thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to;
Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her;
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine:
And much where we were in Twenty-Eight,
We shall be in Twenty-Nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the Rent,
And Kenyon to sink the Nation;
And Sheil will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association;
And the thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-chancellors merry;
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
And throats in the County Kerry;
And writers of weight will speculate
On the Cabinet's design:
And just what it did in Twenty-Eight
It will do in Twenty-Nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
And the God of Cups his orgies;
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's;
And mendicants will sup like kings,
And lords will swear like lackeys;
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes;
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
In a dialect all divine,—
Alas! they married in Twenty-Eight,
They will part in Twenty-Nine.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older;

How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of Friendship colder;
But still I shall be what I have been,
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
And fond of talking treason;
I shall buckle my skate, and leap my gate,
And throw and write my line:
And the woman I worshiped in Twenty-Eight
I shall worship in Twenty-Nine.

THE VICAR

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveler up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
"Our master knows you — you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow:
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—

If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveler was to blame,
And not the vicarage, nor the vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror:
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished truth, or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome or from Athanasius;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords—and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking;

And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage;
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learnt the Rule of Three,
Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus;*
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! In vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
"*Hic jacet* GVLIELMVS BROWN,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru."

THE BELLE OF THE BALL

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;
Years, years ago, while all my joys
Were in my fowling-piece and filly,—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball;
There, when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star,
And when she danced—O heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white,
Her voice was exquisitely tender,
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows:
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,
Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,
Of daggers or of dancing bears,
Of battles or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle,—
If these bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
My mother laughed,—I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frowned;—but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,
And mortgages and great relations,
And India bonds and tithes and rents,—
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

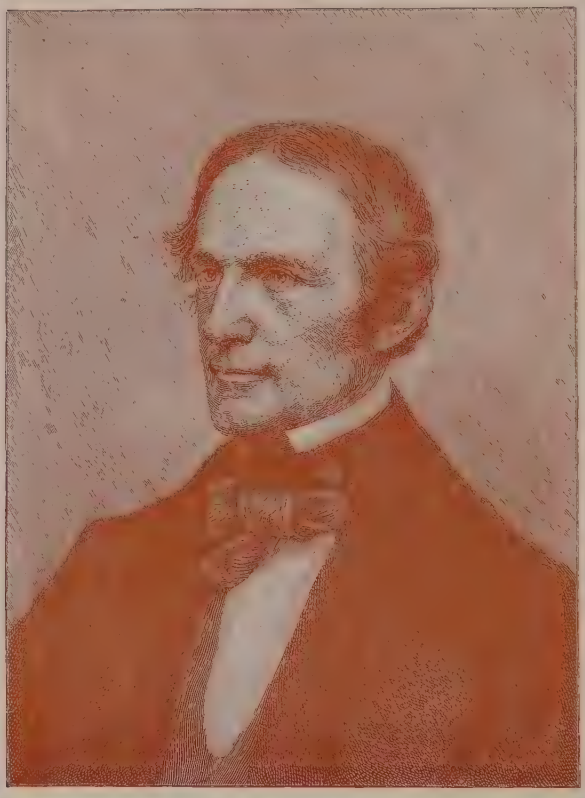
She sketched—the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized—I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Handel—it was grand,
She made the Catalina jealous;
She touched the organ—I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

And she was flattered, worshiped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laughed—and every heart was glad
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned—and every look was sad
As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one,
Her heart had thought of for a minute
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely molded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves:
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And 'Fly not Yet' upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows — and then we parted.

We parted — months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh,
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mrs. — Something — Rogers.



W. H. PRESCOTT.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

(1796–1859)

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE

PRESCOTT had been at work on his 'Ferdinand and Isabella' about four years when he adopted the plan that distinguishes all his histories. To this he was led by his confidence in Mably, author of 'Étude de l'Histoire,' of whom he made this record:—"I like particularly his notion of the necessity of giving an interest as well as utility to history, by letting events tend to some obvious point or moral; in short, by paying such attention to the development of events tending to this leading result as one would in the construction of a romance or a drama." All the world knows the success of the plan: Prescott is read as freely as the great novelists and dramatists. A critical, rather than a creative, age has charged him with being more interesting than accurate. This is the old charge against Herodotus, and against Thucydides; it is the charge made against Prescott's great English contemporary, Macaulay. What critic of either of these has won an equal place in literature? It would be gratifying, though difficult, to explain why an interesting history provokes suspicion. Each generation revises the record. Learned specialists who venture to become critics, condemn an entire work because of a fault in relating an episode. The story of Philip the Second has been retold by one whose genius Prescott recognized and encouraged, just as his own had been recognized and encouraged by Washington Irving. The Spanish-American story has been retold by Sir Arthur Helps, by Markham, and by John Fiske.

A history is variously judged. One reader estimates it by its authorities; another by its style. Of literary virtues, style is the first to be cultivated and the last to be formed.

"With regard to the style of this work," wrote Prescott of his 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' seven years after its completion, "I will only remark that most of the defects, such as they are, may be comprehended in the words *trop soigné*. At least they may be traced to this source. The only rule is, to write with freedom and nature, even with homeliness of expression occasionally, and with alternation of long and short sentences; for such variety is essential to harmony. But after all, it is not the construction of the sentence, but

the tone of the coloring, which produces the effect. If the sentiment is warm, lively, forcible, the reader will be carried along without much heed to the arrangement of the periods, which differs exceedingly in different standard writers. Put life into the narrative, if you would have it take. Elaborate and artificial fastidiousness in the form of expression is highly detrimental to this. A book may be made up of perfect sentences and yet the general impression be very imperfect. In fine, be engrossed with the thought and not with the fashion of expressing it.»

His plan and his style harmonize, and are principal causes of the popularity of his books. There is another cause: the fortunes of the men and women whose lives are depicted on his pages become of personal interest to the reader. Emerson would call this making history subjective,—«doing away with this wild, savage, and preposterous Then or There, and introducing in its place the Here and the Now;» banishing the *not-me* and supplying the *me*. All this Prescott has done. Children are lost in his 'Mexico' and 'Peru' even more quickly than in Shakespeare or Scott. The dramatist is suddenly philosophical; the novelist now and then technical: but the historian takes them straight on from embarkation through shipwreck, battle, siege, conquest, and retreat, and all as real as the sights in the street. Here is a miracle like that Bunyan wrought, and even a greater; for it is the rare miracle of reality. Few are the historians who let us forget that their page is a paraphrase; their story, second-hand; their battles, sieges, and fortunes, only words.

Prescott's life, like his books, was a development of events tending to a leading result. Yet this result was due to an accident while at Harvard, a junior in his seventeenth year. A piece of bread thoughtlessly thrown at random by a fellow student instantly destroyed the sight of one eye. The other speedily became affected, and he was never again able to use it, except at rare intervals and for a short time. Till the day of his death, forty-seven years after the accident, he suffered almost constantly. His life, without warning, became a strict construction of the law of compensation. He belonged to a distinguished family. His grandfather was that Captain Prescott who commanded at Bunker Hill. His father was an eminent lawyer, among whose closer friends were John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster. His mother, from whom he inherited a large share of his hopeful temperament and generous affection, was a woman possessed of the qualities of Abigail Adams. He had wealth; he had rare physical beauty. The mental man was complete. He lacked only that which he had lost by accident. He completed his college course; spent some time in search of relief in Europe, and returned to Salem, his home and his native place. At twenty-four he married; at twenty-six he decided on a literary life. Other men had eyes. Could he

not accomplish, though slowly, as much as others less persevering? From the day of his decision his life followed a programme. It was method. His will made real what his wealth, his powers, made possible. But all followed resolutions, many of which a strong love of ease made almost useless. First he must prepare for work, then choose. He began a critical, exhaustive study of the English language and literature. Like studies of the French, the Italian, the Spanish, followed. He employed capable readers; and at twenty-eight, with many misgivings respecting his own powers, planned a history of Ferdinand and Isabella. Ten years of labor followed, and the three volumes were published at Christmas, 1837. They were printed at the Cambridge press at his own expense, a method he adhered to for all his books.

He was long in doubt whether to publish the history. His father's judgment decided his own. Bentley brought it out in England after it had been declined by two publishers. Its reception was an event in English literature, and time has not yet set aside the original verdict. He had found his work: Spain, new and old, at the height of its power. In 1839 he began reading for his 'Conquest of Mexico.' Four years later it was published. It had an unparalleled reception. Five thousand copies were sold in America in four months. This was only the beginning of a popularity which has been renewed by successive generations of readers. No history more perfectly illustrates the harmony of subject and style.

Early in 1844 he "broke ground," as he says, on Peru. In twelve months its 'Conquest' was written. It was nearly two years in press, and issued in 1847. Though most quickly done of his works, it sustained his reputation. Editions in French, German, Dutch, and Spanish, almost immediately appeared. No American book had before been so received. The 'Conquest of Peru' closed his contribution to American history. He was in his fifty-first year, and the most famed American scholar. The mantle of Irving had fallen upon him. His friendships were world-wide, and among the great scholars of the age. Through these he was largely enabled to collect his vast mass of material. As Sismondi wrote him, he had attained rich sources interdicted to European scholars. No other man, certainly no other historian of his day, possessed and used such resources. His library contained the best from the archives of Europe, usually in copy; often the original. In the summer of 1849 he began reading for his history of Philip the Second. Frequent and afflicting interruptions, that would have vanquished a less resolute mind, beset him. Age was creeping on. Domestic sorrow bowed his spirit. In 1850, after many urgent requests, he visited England. His reception remained unique in the annals of society for thirty years. The England he knew was like that England that received James Russell Lowell in

after years. The first volume of 'Philip' was completed in 1852; the second in 1854, when the two were published; and the third in 1858. A fourth was begun, but was carried no further than brief notes at the time of his sudden death at sixty-three.

Prescott never visited the scenes of his histories. For over forty years — his literary life — he divided his time between his three homes, all near his birthplace: the summer at Nahant; the autumn at Pepperell; the winter and spring in Boston, — for some years at the house on Bedford Street, but after 1845 at the Beacon Street home. Here was his great library, and here he died. His infirmity forbade travel. With his mind's eye he saw Mexico, Peru, and other regions in the vast Spanish empire, — all from the vantage-ground of his own library. Of his fidelity to his authorities no doubt has ever been hinted. He believed in foot-notes, and he spread his vouchers before the world. In later years some critics have doubted the value of his authorities, especially for the 'Mexico' and the 'Peru.' If they erred he erred. If they, for their own purposes, read European civilization into the institutions of the Aztecs, Prescott had no means of correcting their vision. He faithfully followed the canons of history, and trusted the evidence brought forward by the actors themselves. What he saw in their records, — duly corrected one by the other, — was that panorama of the New World which was spread before the eyes of Europe by its conquerors, and which the Old World believed, and still believes, true. No historian is responsible for not using undiscovered evidence. Prescott wrote from the archives of Europe, just as others have written before and after him, confident of the accuracy of their evidence. If he moved his Aztec world on too high a plane of civilization, he moved it by authority. Since his death, the world has turned traveler; men of critical skill have explored Mexico and Peru, and each has produced his pamphlet. A mass of ethnological and archæological knowledge has been collected, much of which corrects the angle of Spanish vision of the sixteenth century. But all this is from the American side. Prescott wrote his 'Mexico' and 'Peru' from the European side — of the time of Isabella, Charles, and Philip. If one cares to know how the Old World first understood the New, he will read Prescott. If he wishes to know how the New World of to-day interprets that New World of four centuries ago, he will read Markham and Fiske. Prescott's beautiful character is reflected in his style, and in his fidelity to his authorities. Archæology and ethnology may correct some of his descriptions; but as literature, his four histories will undoubtedly be read with pleasure as long as the English remains a living language.

Francis Newton Thorpe

«THE MELANCHOLY NIGHT»

From the 'Conquest of Mexico'

THERE was no longer any question as to the expediency of evacuating the capital. The only doubt was as to the time of doing so, and the route. The Spanish commander called a council of officers to deliberate on these matters. It was his purpose to retreat on Tlascala, and in that capital to decide, according to circumstances, on his future operations. After some discussion, they agreed on the causeway of Tlacopan as the avenue by which to leave the city. It would indeed take them back by a circuitous route, considerably longer than either of those by which they had approached the capital. But for that reason it would be less likely to be guarded, as least suspected; and the causeway itself, being shorter than either of the other entrances, would sooner place the army in comparative security on the main land.

There was some difference of opinion in respect to the hour of departure. The daytime, it was argued by some, would be preferable, since it would enable them to see the nature and extent of their danger, and to provide against it. Darkness would be much more likely to embarrass their own movements than those of the enemy, who were familiar with the ground. A thousand impediments would occur in the night, which might prevent their acting in concert, or obeying, or even ascertaining, the orders of the commander. But on the other hand, it was urged that the night presented many obvious advantages in dealing with a foe who rarely carried his hostilities beyond the day. The late active operations of the Spaniards had thrown the Mexicans off their guard, and it was improbable they would anticipate so speedy a departure of their enemies. With celerity and caution they might succeed, therefore, in making their escape from the town, possibly over the causeway, before their retreat should be discovered; and could they once get beyond that pass of peril, they felt little apprehension for the rest.

These views were fortified, it is said, by the counsels of a soldier named Botello, who professed the mysterious science of judicial astrology. He had gained credit with the army by some predictions which had been verified by the events,—those lucky hits which make chance pass for calculation with the credulous

multitude. This man recommended to his countrymen by all means to evacuate the place in the night, as the hour most propitious to them, although he should perish in it. The event proved the astrologer better acquainted with his own horoscope than with that of others. It is possible Botello's predictions had some weight in determining the opinion of Cortés. Superstition was the feature of the age; and the Spanish general, as we have seen, had a full measure of its bigotry. Seasons of gloom, moreover, dispose the mind to a ready acquiescence in the marvelous. It is, however, quite as probable that he made use of the astrologer's opinion, finding it coincided with his own, to influence that of his men, and inspire them with higher confidence. At all events, it was decided to abandon the city that very night.

The general's first care was to provide for the safe transportation of the treasure. Many of the common soldiers had converted their share of the prize, as we have seen, into gold chains, collars, or other ornaments, which they easily carried about their persons. But the royal fifth, together with that of Cortés himself, and much of the rich booty of the principal cavaliers, had been converted into bars and wedges of solid gold, and deposited in one of the strong apartments of the palace. Cortés delivered the share belonging to the Crown to the royal officers; assigning them one of the strongest horses, and a guard of Castilian soldiers, to transport it. Still, much of the treasure, belonging both to the Crown and to individuals, was necessarily abandoned, from the want of adequate means of conveyance. The metal lay scattered in shining heaps along the floor, exciting the cupidity of the soldiers. "Take what you will of it," said Cortés to his men. "Better you should have it than these Mexican hounds. But be careful not to overload yourselves. He travels safest in the dark night who travels lightest." His own more wary followers took heed to his counsel,—helping themselves to a few articles of least bulk, though it might be of greatest value. But the troops of Narvaez, pining for riches of which they had heard so much and hitherto seen so little, showed no such discretion. To them it seemed as if the very mines of Mexico were turned up before them; and rushing on the treacherous spoil, they greedily loaded themselves with as much of it, not merely as they could accommodate about their persons, but as they could stow away in wallets, boxes, or any other means of conveyance at their disposal.

Cortés next arranged the order of march. The van, composed of two hundred Spanish foot, he placed under the command of the valiant Gonzalo de Sandoval, supported by Diego de Ordaz, Francisco de Lujo, and about twenty other cavaliers. The rear-guard, constituting the strength of the infantry, was intrusted to Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon. The general himself took charge of the "battle," or centre, in which went the baggage, some of the heavy guns,—most of which, however, remained in the rear,—the treasure, and the prisoners. These consisted of a son and two daughters of Montezuma, Cacama the deposed lord of Tezcuco, and several other nobles, whom Cortés retained as important pledges in his future negotiations with the enemy. The Tlascalans were distributed pretty equally among the three divisions; and Cortés had under his immediate command a hundred picked soldiers, his own veterans most attached to his service, who, with Cristóval de Olid, Francisco de Morla, Alonso de Avila, and two or three other cavaliers, formed a select corps, to act wherever occasion might require.

The general had already superintended the construction of a portable bridge to be laid over the open canals in the causeway. This was given in charge to an officer named Magarino, with forty soldiers under his orders, all pledged to defend the passage to the last extremity. The bridge was to be taken up when the entire army had crossed one of the breaches, and transported to the next. There were three of these openings in the causeway, and most fortunate would it have been for the expedition if the foresight of the commander had provided the same number of bridges. But the labor would have been great, and time was short.

At midnight the troops were under arms, in readiness for the march. Mass was performed by Father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty through the awful perils of the night. The gates were thrown open; and on the first of July, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage.

The night was cloudy; and a drizzling rain, which fell without intermission, added to the obscurity. The great square before the palace was deserted, as indeed it had been since the fall of Montezuma. Steadily, and as noiselessly as possible, the Spaniards held their way along the great street of Tlacopan, which so

lately had resounded with the tumult of battle. All was now hushed in silence; and they were only reminded of the past by the occasional presence of some solitary corpse, or a dark heap of the slain, which too plainly told where the strife had been hottest. As they passed along the lanes and alleys which opened into the great street, or looked down the canals, whose polished surface gleamed with a sort of ebon lustre through the obscurity of night, they easily fancied that they discerned the shadowy forms of their foe lurking in ambush and ready to spring on them. But it was only fancy; and the city slept undisturbed even by the prolonged echoes of the tramp of the horses and the hoarse rumbling of the artillery and baggage trains. At length a lighter space beyond the dusky line of buildings showed the van of the army that it was emerging on the open causeway. They might well have congratulated themselves on having thus escaped the dangers of an assault in the city itself, and that a brief time would place them in comparative safety on the opposite shore. But the Mexicans were not all asleep.

As the Spaniards drew near the spot where the street opened on the causeway, and were preparing to lay the portable bridge across the uncovered breach which now met their eyes, several Indian sentinels who had been stationed at this, as at the other approaches to the city, took the alarm and fled, rousing their countrymen by their cries. The priests, keeping their night-watch on the summit of the *teocallis*, instantly caught the tidings and sounded their shells, while the huge drum in the desolate temple of the war-god sent forth those solemn tones, which, heard only in seasons of calamity, vibrated through every corner of the capital. The Spaniards saw that no time was to be lost. The bridge was brought forward and fitted with all possible expedition. Sandoval was the first to try its strength; and riding across, was followed by his little body of chivalry,—his infantry and Tlascalan allies, who formed the first division of the army. Then came Cortés and his squadrons, with the baggage, ammunition wagons, and a part of the artillery. But before they had time to defile across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard, like that of a mighty forest agitated by the winds. It grew louder and louder, while on the dark waters of the lake was heard a plashing noise, as of many oars. Then came a few stones and arrows striking at random among the hurrying troops. They fell every moment faster and more furious,

till they thickened into a terrible tempest; while the very heavens were rent with the yells and war-cries of myriads of combatants, who seemed all at once to be swarming over land and lake!

The Spaniards pushed steadily on through this arrowy sleet; though the barbarians, dashing their canoes against the sides of the causeway, clambered up and broke in upon their ranks. But the Christians, anxious only to make their escape, declined all combat except for self-preservation. The cavaliers, spurring forward their steeds, shook off their assailants and rode over their prostrate bodies; while the men on foot, with their good swords or the butts of their pieces, drove them headlong again down the sides of the dike.

But the advance of several thousand men, marching probably on a front of not more than fifteen or twenty abreast, necessarily required much time; and the leading files had already reached the second breach in the causeway before those in the rear had entirely traversed the first. Here they halted, as they had no means of effecting a passage; smarting all the while under unintermitting volleys from the enemy, who were clustered thick on the waters around this second opening. Sorely distressed, the vanguard sent repeated messages to the rear to demand the portable bridge. At length the last of the army had crossed; and Margarino and his sturdy followers endeavored to raise the ponderous framework. But it stuck fast in the sides of the dike. In vain they strained every nerve. The weight of so many men and horses, and above all of the heavy artillery, had wedged the timbers so firmly in the stones and earth that it was beyond their power to dislodge them. Still they labored amidst a torrent of missiles, until, many of them slain, and all wounded, they were obliged to abandon the attempt.

The tidings soon spread from man to man; and no sooner was their dreadful import comprehended than a cry of despair arose, which for a moment drowned all the noise of conflict. All means of retreat were cut off. Scarcely hope was left. The only hope was in such desperate exertions as each could make for himself. Order and subordination were at an end. Intense danger produced intense selfishness. Each thought only of his own life. Pressing forward, he trampled down the weak and the wounded, heedless whether it were friend or foe. The leading files, urged on by the rear, were crowded on the brink of the

gulf. Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other cavaliers dashed into the water. Some succeeded in swimming their horses across; others failed; and some who reached the opposite bank, being overturned in the ascent, rolled headlong with their steeds into the lake. The infantry followed pell-mell, heaped promiscuously on one another, frequently pierced by the shafts or struck down by the war-clubs of the Aztecs; while many an unfortunate victim was dragged half stunned on board their canoes, to be reserved for a protracted but more dreadful death.

The carnage raged fearfully along the length of the causeway. Its shadowy bulk presented a mark of sufficient distinctness for the enemy's missiles, which often prostrated their own countrymen in the blind fury of the tempest. Those nearest the dike, running their canoes alongside with a force that shattered them to pieces, leaped on the land, and grappled with the Christians until both came rolling down the side of the causeway together. But the Aztec fell among his friends, while his antagonist was borne away in triumph to the sacrifice. The struggle was long and deadly. The Mexicans were recognized by their white cotton tunics, which showed faint through the darkness. Above the combatants rose a wild and discordant clamor, in which horrid shouts of vengeance were mingled with groans of agony, with invocations of the saints and the blessed Virgin, and with the screams of women; for there were several women, both natives and Spaniards, who had accompanied the Christian camp. Among these, one named Maria de Estrada is particularly noticed for the courage she displayed, battling with broadsword and target like the stanchest of the warriors.

The opening in the causeway, meanwhile, was filled up with the wreck of matter which had been forced into it,—ammunition wagons, heavy guns, bales of rich stuffs scattered over the waters, chests of solid ingots, and bodies of men and horses,—till over this dismal ruin a passage was gradually formed, by which those in the rear were enabled to clamber to the other side. Cortés, it is said, found a place that was fordable; where, halting, with the water up to his saddle-girths, he endeavored to check the confusion, and lead his followers by a safer path to the opposite bank. But his voice was lost in the wild uproar; and finally, hurrying on with the tide, he pressed forwards with a few trusty cavaliers who remained near his person, to the van; but not before he had seen his favorite page, Juan de Salazar, struck down

a corpse by his side. Here he found Sandoval and his companions, halting before the third and last breach, endeavoring to cheer on their followers to surmount it. But their resolution faltered. It was wide and deep; though the passage was not so closely beset by the enemy as the preceding ones. The cavaliers again set the example by plunging into the water. Horse and foot followed as they could, some swimming, others with dying grasp clinging to the manes and tails of the struggling animals. Those fared best, as the general had predicted, who traveled lightest; and many were the unfortunate wretches who, weighed down by the fatal gold which they loved so well, were buried with it in the salt floods of the lake. Cortés, with his gallant comrades Olid, Morla, Sandoval, and some few others, still kept in the advance, leading his broken remnant off the fatal causeway. The din of battle lessened in the distance; when the rumor reached them that the rear-guard would be wholly overwhelmed without speedy relief. It seemed almost an act of desperation; but the generous hearts of the Spanish cavaliers did not stop to calculate danger when the cry for succor reached them. Turning their horses' bridles, they galloped back to the theatre of action, worked their way through the press, swam the canal, and placed themselves in the thick of the *mêlée* on the opposite bank.

The first gray of the morning was now coming over the waters. It showed the hideous confusion of the scene which had been shrouded in the obscurity of night. The dark masses of combatants, stretching along the dike, were seen struggling for mastery, until the very causeway on which they stood appeared to tremble, and reel to and fro, as if shaken by an earthquake; while the bosom of the lake, as far as the eye could reach, was darkened by canoes crowded with warriors, whose spears and bludgeons, armed with blades of "volcanic glass," gleamed in the morning light.

The cavaliers found Alvarado unhorsed, and defending himself with a poor handful of followers against an overwhelming tide of the enemy. His good steed, which had borne him through many a hard fight, had fallen under him. He was himself wounded in several places, and was striving in vain to rally his scattered column, which was driven to the verge of the canal by the fury of the enemy, then in possession of the whole rear of the causeway, where they were reinforced every hour by fresh combatants

from the city. The artillery in the earlier part of the engagement had not been idle; and its iron shower, sweeping along the dike, had mowed down the assailants by hundreds. But nothing could resist their impetuosity. The front ranks, pushed on by those behind, were at length forced up to the pieces, and pouring over them like a torrent, overthrew men and guns in one general ruin. The resolute charge of the Spanish cavaliers, who had now arrived, created a temporary check, and gave time for their countrymen to make a feeble rally. But they were speedily borne down by the returning flood. Cortés and his companions were compelled to plunge again into the lake,—though all did not escape. Alvarado stood on the brink for a moment, hesitating what to do. Unhorsed as he was, to throw himself into the water, in the face of the hostile canoes that now swarmed around the opening, afforded but a desperate chance of safety. He had but a second for thought. He was a man of powerful frame, and despair gave him unnatural energy. Setting his long lance firmly on the wreck which strewed the bottom of the lake, he sprung forward with all his might, and cleared the wide gap at a leap. Aztecs and Tlascalans gazed in stupid amazement, exclaiming, as they beheld the incredible feat, "This is truly the *Tonatiuh*,—the child of the Sun!" The breadth of the opening is not given. But it was so great that the valorous captain Diaz, who well remembered the place, says the leap was impossible to any man. Other contemporaries, however, do not discredit the story. It was beyond doubt matter of popular belief at the time; it is to this day familiarly known to every inhabitant of the capital; and the name of the Salto de Alvarado, "Alvarado's Leap," given to the spot, still commemorates an exploit which rivaled those of the demigods of Grecian fable.

Cortés and his companions now rode forward to the front, where the troops, in a loose, disorderly manner, were marching off the fatal causeway. A few only of the enemy hung on their rear, or annoyed them by occasional flights of arrows from the lake. The attention of the Aztecs was diverted by the rich spoil that strewed the battle-ground; fortunately for the Spaniards, who, had their enemy pursued with the same ferocity with which he had fought, would in their crippled condition have been cut off, probably, to a man. But little molested, therefore, they were allowed to defile through the adjacent village—or suburbs, it might be called—of Popotla.

The Spanish commander there dismounted from his jaded steed; and sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments dripping with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery,—all, in short, that constitutes the pride and panoply of glorious war,—forever lost. Cortés, as he looked wistfully on their thin and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through all the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or at least to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears which trickled down revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul.

THE SPANISH ARABS

From 'Ferdinand and Isabella'

NOTWITHSTANDING the high advances made by the Arabians in almost every branch of learning, and the liberal import of certain sayings ascribed to Mahomet, the spirit of his religion was eminently unfavorable to letters. The Koran, whatever be the merit of its literary execution, does not, we believe, contain a single precept in favor of general science. Indeed, during the first century after its promulgation, almost as little attention was bestowed upon this by the Saracens as in their "days of ignorance," as the period is stigmatized which preceded the advent of their apostle. But after the nation had reposed from its tumultuous military career, the taste for elegant pleasures, which naturally results from opulence and leisure, began to flow in upon it. It entered upon this new field with all its characteristic enthusiasm, and seemed ambitious of attaining the same pre-eminence in science that it had already reached in arms.

It was at the commencement of this period of intellectual fermentation that the last of the Omeyades, escaping into Spain, established there the kingdom of Cordova; and imported along

with him the fondness for luxury and letters that had begun to display itself in the capitals of the East. His munificent spirit descended upon his successors; and on the breaking up of the empire, the various capitals, Seville, Murcia, Malaga, Granada, and others, which rose upon its ruins, became the centres of so many intellectual systems, that continued to emit a steady lustre through the clouds and darkness of succeeding centuries. The period of this literary civilization reached far into the fourteenth century, and thus, embracing an interval of six hundred years, may be said to have exceeded in duration that of any other literature ancient or modern.

There were several auspicious circumstances in the condition of the Spanish Arabs which distinguished them from their Mahometan brethren. The temperate climate of Spain was far more propitious to robustness and elasticity of intellect than the sultry regions of Arabia and Africa. Its long line of coast and convenient havens opened to an enlarged commerce. Its numbers of rival States encouraged a generous emulation, like that which glowed in ancient Greece and modern Italy; and was infinitely more favorable to the development of the mental powers than the far-extended and sluggish empires of Asia. Lastly, a familiar intercourse with the Europeans served to mitigate in the Spanish Arabs some of the more degrading superstitions incident to their religion, and to impart to them nobler ideas of the independence and moral dignity of man than are to be found in the slaves of Eastern despotism.

Under these favorable circumstances, provisions for education were liberally multiplied; colleges, academies, and gymnasiums springing up spontaneously, as it were, not merely in the principal cities, but in the most obscure villages of the country. No less than fifty of these colleges or schools could be discerned scattered over the suburbs and populous plains of Granada. Seventy public libraries are enumerated in Spain by a contemporary, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Every place of note seems to have furnished materials for a literary history. The copious catalogues of writers still extant in the Escurial show how extensively the cultivation of science was pursued, even through its minutest subdivisions; while a biographical notice of blind men eminent for their scholarship in Spain proves how far the general avidity for knowledge triumphed over the most discouraging obstacles of nature.

The Spanish Arabs emulated their countrymen of the East in their devotion to natural and mathematical science. They penetrated into the remotest regions of Africa and Asia, transmitting an exact account of their proceedings to the national academies. They contributed to astronomical knowledge by the number and accuracy of their observations, and by the improvement of instruments and the erection of observatories, of which the noble tower of Seville is one of the earliest examples. They furnished their full proportion in the department of history; which, according to an Arabian author cited by D'Herbelot, could boast of thirteen hundred writers. The treatises on logic and metaphysics amount to one ninth of the surviving treasures of the Escurial; and to conclude this summary of naked details, some of their scholars appear to have entered upon as various a field of philosophical inquiry as would be crowded into a modern encyclopædia.

The results, it must be confessed, do not appear to have corresponded with this magnificent apparatus and unrivaled activity of research. The mind of the Arabians was distinguished by the most opposite characteristics, which sometimes indeed served to neutralize each other. An acute and subtile perception was often clouded by mysticism and abstraction. They combined a habit of classification and generalization with a marvelous fondness for detail; a vivacious fancy with a patience of application that a German of our day might envy; and while in fiction they launched boldly into originality, indeed extravagance, they were content in philosophy to tread servilely in the track of their ancient masters. They derived their science from versions of the Greek philosophers; but as their previous discipline had not prepared them for its reception, they were oppressed rather than stimulated by the weight of the inheritance. They possessed an indefinite power of accumulation, but they rarely ascended to general principles, or struck out new and important truths; at least this is certain in regard to their metaphysical labors.

Hence Aristotle, who taught them to arrange what they had already acquired rather than to advance to new discoveries, became the god of their idolatry. They piled commentary on commentary; and in their blind admiration of his system, may be almost said to have been more of Peripatetics than the Stagirite himself. The Cordovan Averroës was the most eminent of his Arabian commentators, and undoubtedly contributed more than any other individual to establish the authority of Aristotle

over the reason of mankind for so many ages. Yet his various illustrations have served, in the opinion of European critics, to darken rather than dissipate the ambiguities of his original, and have even led to the confident assertion that he was wholly unacquainted with the Greek language.

The Saracens gave an entirely new face to pharmacy and chemistry. They introduced a great variety of salutary medicaments into Europe. The Spanish Arabs, in particular, are commended by Sprengel above their brethren for their observations on the practice of medicine. But whatever real knowledge they possessed was corrupted by their inveterate propensity for mystical and occult science. They too often exhausted both health and fortune in fruitless researches after the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. Their medical prescriptions were regulated by the aspect of the stars. Their physics were debased by magic, their chemistry degenerated into alchemy, their astronomy into astrology.

In the fruitful field of history their success was even more equivocal. They seem to have been wholly destitute of the philosophical spirit, which gives life to this kind of composition. They were the disciples of fatalism, and the subjects of a despotic government. Man appeared to them only in the contrasted aspects of slave and master. What could they know of the finer moral relations, or of the higher energies of the soul, which are developed only under free and beneficent institutions? Even could they have formed conceptions of these, how would they have dared to express them? Hence their histories are too often mere barren chronological details, or fulsome panegyrics on their princes, unenlivened by a single spark of philosophy or criticism.

Although the Spanish Arabs are not entitled to the credit of having wrought any important revolution in intellectual or moral science, they are commended by a severe critic as exhibiting in their writings "the germs of many theories which have been reproduced as discoveries in later ages," and they silently perfected several of those useful arts which have had a sensible influence on the happiness and improvement of mankind. Algebra and the higher mathematics were taught in their schools, and thence diffused over Europe. The manufacture of paper, which, since the invention of printing, has contributed so essentially to the rapid circulation of knowledge, was derived through them. Casiri has discovered several manuscripts on cotton paper

in the Escurial as early as 1009, and of linen paper of the date of 1106; the origin of which latter fabric Tiraboschi has ascribed to an Italian of Trevigi, in the middle of the fourteenth century. Lastly, the application of gunpowder to military science, which has wrought an equally important revolution, though of a more doubtful complexion, in the condition of society, was derived through the same channel.

The influence of the Spanish Arabs, however, is discernible not so much in the amount of knowledge, as in the impulse which they communicated to the long-dormant energies of Europe. Their invasion was coeval with the commencement of that night of darkness which divides the modern from the ancient world. The soil had been impoverished by long, assiduous cultivation. The Arabians came like a torrent, sweeping down and obliterating even the landmarks of former civilization, but bringing with it a fertilizing principle, which as the waters receded gave new life and loveliness to the landscape. The writings of the Saracens were translated and diffused throughout Europe. Their schools were visited by disciples, who, roused from their lethargy, caught somewhat of the generous enthusiasm of their masters; and a healthful action was given to the European intellect, which, however ill directed at first, was thus prepared for the more judicious and successful efforts of later times.

It is comparatively easy to determine the value of the scientific labors of a people, for truth is the same in all languages; but the laws of taste differ so widely in different nations, that it requires a nicer discrimination to pronounce fairly upon such works as are regulated by them. Nothing is more common than to see the poetry of the East condemned as tumid, over-refined, infected with meretricious ornament and conceits, and in short, as everyway contravening the principles of good taste. Few of the critics who thus peremptorily condemn are capable of reading a line of the original. The merit of poetry, however, consists so much in its literary execution, that a person, to pronounce upon it, should be intimately acquainted with the whole import of the idiom in which it is written. The style of poetry, indeed of all ornamental writing, whether prose or verse, in order to produce a proper effect, must be raised or relieved, as it were, upon the prevailing style of social intercourse. Even where this is highly figurative and impassioned, as with the Arabians, whose

ordinary language is made up of metaphor, that of the poet must be still more so. Hence the tone of elegant literature varies so widely in different countries,— even in those of Europe, which approach the nearest to each other in their principles of taste,— that it would be found extremely difficult to effect a close translation of the most admired specimens of eloquence from the language of one nation into that of any other. A page of Boccaccio or Bembo, for instance, done into literal English, would have an air of intolerable artifice and verbiage. The choicest morsels of Massillon, Bossuet, or the rhetorical Thomas, would savor marvelously of bombast; and how could we in any degree keep pace with the magnificent march of the Castilian! Yet surely we are not to impugn the taste of all these nations, who attach much more importance, and have paid (at least this is true of the French and Italian) much greater attention to the mere beauties of literary finish than English writers.

Whatever may be the sins of the Arabians on this head, they are certainly not those of negligence. The Spanish Arabs, in particular, were noted for the purity and elegance of their idiom; insomuch that Casiri affects to determine the locality of an author by the superior refinement of his style. Their copious philological and rhetorical treatises, their arts of poetry, grammars, and rhyming dictionaries, show to what an excessive refinement they elaborated the art of composition. Academies, far more numerous than those of Italy, to which they subsequently served for a model, invited by their premiums frequent competitions in poetry and eloquence. To poetry, indeed, especially of the tender kind, the Spanish Arabs seem to have been as indiscriminately addicted as the Italians in the time of Petrarch; and there was scarcely a doctor in Church or State but at some time or other offered up his amorous incense on the altar of the Muse.

With all this poetic feeling, however, the Arabs never availed themselves of the treasures of Grecian eloquence which lay open before them. Not a poet or orator of any eminence in that language seems to have been translated by them. The temperate tone of Attic composition appeared tame to the fervid conceptions of the East. Neither did they venture upon what in Europe are considered the higher walks of the art, the drama, and the epic. None of their writers in prose or verse show much attention to the development or dissection of character. Their inspiration

exhaled in lyrical effusions, in elegies, epigrams, and idyls. They sometimes, moreover, like the Italians, employed verse as the vehicle of instruction in the grave and recondite sciences. The general character of their poetry is bold, florid, impassioned, richly colored with imagery, sparkling with conceits and metaphors, and occasionally breathing a deep tone of moral sensibility, as in some of the plaintive effusions ascribed by Condé to the royal poets of Cordova. The compositions of the golden age of the Abassides, and of the preceding period, do not seem to have been infected with the taint of exaggeration, so offensive to a European, which distinguishes the later productions in the decay of the empire.

Whatever be thought of the influence of the Arabic on European literature in general, there can be no reasonable doubt that it has been considerable on the Provençal and the Castilian. In the latter especially, so far from being confined to the vocabulary, or to external forms of composition, it seems to have penetrated deep into its spirit, and is plainly discernible in that affectation of stateliness and Oriental hyperbole which characterizes Spanish writers even at the present day; in the subtilties and conceits with which the ancient Castilian verse is so liberally bespangled; and in the relish for proverbs and prudential maxims, which is so general that it may be considered national.

A decided effect has been produced on the romantic literature of Europe by those tales of fairy enchantment so characteristic of Oriental genius, and in which it seems to have reveled with uncontrolled delight. These tales, which furnished the principal diversion of the East, were imported by the Saracens into Spain; and we find the monarchs of Cordova solacing their leisure hours with listening to their *rawis*, or novelists, who sang to them

«Of ladye-love and war, romance, and knightly worth.»

The same spirit, penetrating into France, stimulated the more sluggish inventions of the *trouvère;* and at a later and more polished period called forth the imperishable creations of the Italian Muse.

It is unfortunate for the Arabians, that their literature should be locked up in a character and idiom so difficult of access to European scholars. Their wild, imaginative poetry, scarcely capable of transfusion into a foreign tongue, is made known to us only through the medium of bald prose translation; while their scientific treatises have been done into Latin with an inaccuracy

which, to make use of a pun of Casiri's, merits the name of perversions rather than versions of the originals. How obviously inadequate, then, are our means of forming any just estimate of their merits! It is unfortunate for them, moreover, that the Turks, the only nation which, from an identity of religion and government with the Arabs, as well as from its political consequence, would seem to represent them on the theatre of modern Europe, should be a race so degraded; one which, during the five centuries that it has been in possession of the finest climate and monuments of antiquity, has so seldom been quickened into a display of genius, or added so little of positive value to the literary treasures descended from its ancient masters. Yet this people, so sensual and sluggish, we are apt to confound in imagination with the sprightly, intellectual Arab. Both indeed have been subjected to the influence of the same degrading political and religious institutions, which on the Turks have produced the results naturally to have been expected; while the Arabians, on the other hand, exhibit the extraordinary phenomenon of a nation, under all these embarrassments, rising to a high degree of elegance and intellectual culture.

The empire which once embraced more than half of the ancient world has now shrunk within its original limits; and the Bedouin wanders over his native desert as free, and almost as uncivilized, as before the coming of his apostle. The language which was once spoken along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and the whole extent of the Indian Ocean, is broken up into a variety of discordant dialects. Darkness has again settled over those regions of Africa which were illumined by the light of learning. The elegant dialect of the Koran is studied as a dead language, even in the birthplace of the prophet. Not a printing-press at this day is to be found throughout the whole Arabian peninsula. Even in Spain, in Christian Spain, alas! the contrast is scarcely less degrading. A death-like torpor has succeeded to her former intellectual activity. Her cities are emptied of the population with which they teemed in the days of the Saracens. Her climate is as fair, but her fields no longer bloom with the same rich and variegated husbandry. Her most interesting monuments are those constructed by the Arabs; and the traveler, as he wanders amid their desolate but beautiful ruins, ponders on the destinies of a people whose very existence seems now to have been almost as fanciful as the magical creations in one of their own fairy tales.

THE CAPTURE OF THE INCA

From the 'Conquest of Peru'

THE clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning,—the most memorable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the sixteenth of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza*, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors or vomitories opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions; one under his brother Hernando, the other under De Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery,—comprehending under this imposing name two small pieces of ordnance, called falconets,—he established in the fortress. All received orders to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their war-cries, to rush out in a body from their covert, and putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. The arrangement of the immense halls, opening on a level with the *plaza*, seemed to be contrived on purpose for a *coup de théâtre*. Pizarro particularly inculcated order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Everything depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

The chief next saw that their arms were in good order, and that the breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict. These arrangements being completed, mass was performed with great solemnity by the ecclesiastics who attended the expedition; the God of battles was invoked to spread his shield over the soldiers who were fighting to extend the empire of the Cross; and all joined with enthusiasm in the chant, "Exsurge, Domine,"—"Rise, O Lord! and judge thine own cause."

One might have supposed them a company of martyrs about to lay down their lives in defense of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers meditating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history! Yet, whatever were the vices of the Castilian cavalier, hypocrisy was not among the number. He felt that he was battling for the Cross; and under this conviction, exalted as it was at such a moment as this into the predominant impulse, he was blind to the baser motives which mingled with the enterprise. With feelings thus kindled to a flame of religious ardor, the soldiers of Pizarro looked forward with renovated spirits to the coming conflict; and the chieftain saw with satisfaction that in the hour of trial his men would be true to their leader and themselves.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible in the Peruvian camp, where much preparation was making to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahuallpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters the night preceding. This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or perhaps disclose in some measure his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the intelligence, assuring the Inca that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the Conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt; and Pizarro saw with surprise that Atahuallpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards

that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning.

This intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, waiting in silence the coming of the Inca. A profound stillness reigned throughout the town, broken only at intervals by the cry of the sentinel from the summit of the fortress, as he proclaimed the movements of the Indian army. Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying to the soldier as prolonged suspense, in a critical situation like the present; and he feared lest his ardor might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest soul at such a crisis, and which, if not fear, is near akin to it. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahuallpa, deprecating his change of purpose, and adding that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him that night to sup with him.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose; and striking his tents again, he resumed his march, first advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca. At the same time he ordered accommodations to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, the "House of the Serpent." No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him! The fanatical cavalier could not fail to discern in it the immediate finger of Providence.

It is difficult to account for this wavering conduct of Atahuallpa, so different from the bold and decided character which history ascribes to him. There is no doubt that he made his visit to the white men in perfect good faith; though Pizarro was probably right in conjecturing that this amiable disposition stood on a very precarious footing. There is as little reason to suppose that he distrusted the sincerity of the strangers; or he would not thus unnecessarily have proposed to visit them unarmed. His original purpose of coming with all his force was doubtless to display his royal state, and perhaps also to show greater respect for the Spaniards; but when he consented to accept their hospitality

and pass the night in their quarters, he was willing to dispense with a great part of his armed soldiery, and visit them in a manner that implied entire confidence in their good faith. He was too absolute in his own empire easily to suspect; and he probably could not comprehend the audacity with which a few men, like those now assembled in Caxamalca, meditated an assault on a powerful monarch in the midst of his victorious army. He did not know the character of the Spaniard.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials employed to clear the path of every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which in our ears," says one of the Conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, — larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain — they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahuallpa halted, and turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, — Pizarro's chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco,— came forward with his breviary, or as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other; and approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity; and ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Savior left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostles, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish Emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him,— the only one by which he could hope for salvation,— and furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahuallpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre, and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your Emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters: and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he

must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity,—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,—"my God still lives in the heavens and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held, as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done; exclaiming at the same time, "Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on, at once: I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them." It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners, all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and rider in all their terrors. They

made no resistance,—as indeed they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That the Indians did not do so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling around him, without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backward and forward; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might after all elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahuallpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca;" and stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on

the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more; and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete; and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.

THE PERSONAL HABITS OF PHILIP II.

From the 'History of Philip II.'

PHILIP, unlike most of his predecessors, rarely took his seat in the council of State. It was his maxim that his ministers would more freely discuss measures in the absence of their master than when he was there to overawe them. The course he adopted was for a *consulta*, or a committee of two or three members, to wait on him in his cabinet, and report to him the proceedings of the council. He more commonly, especially in the later years of his reign, preferred to receive a full report of the discussion, written so as to leave an ample margin for his own commentaries. These were eminently characteristic of the man, and were so minute as usually to cover several sheets of paper. Philip had a reserved and unsocial temper. He preferred to work alone in the seclusion of his closet rather than in the presence of others. This may explain the reason, in part, why he seemed so much to prefer writing to talking. Even with his private secretaries, who were always near at hand, he chose to communicate by writing; and they had as large a mass of his autograph notes in their possession as if the correspondence had been carried on from different parts of the kingdom. His thoughts too—at any rate his words—came slowly; and by writing he gained time for the utterance of them.

Philip has been accused of indolence. As far as the body was concerned, such an accusation was well founded. Even when young he had no fondness, as we have seen, for the robust and

chivalrous sports of the age. He never, like his father, conducted military expeditions in person. He thought it wiser to follow the example of his great-grandfather, Ferdinand the Catholic, who stayed at home and sent his generals to command his armies. As little did he like to travel,—forming too in this respect a great contrast to the Emperor. He had been on the throne before he made a visit to his great southern capital, Seville. It was a matter of complaint in Cortes that he thus withdrew himself from the eyes of his subjects. The only sport he cared for — not by any means to excess — was shooting with his gun or his crossbow such game as he could find in his own grounds at the Wood of Segovia, or Aranjuez, or some other of his pleasant country-seats, none of them at a great distance from Madrid. On a visit to such places, he would take with him as large a heap of papers as if he were a poor clerk earning his bread; and after the fatigues of the chase, he would retire to his cabinet and refresh himself with his dispatches.

It would indeed be a great mistake to charge him with sluggishness of mind. He was content to toil for hours, and long into the night, at his solitary labors. No expression of weariness or of impatience was known to escape him. A characteristic anecdote is told of him in regard to this. Having written a dispatch, late at night, to be sent on the following morning, he handed it to his secretary to throw some sand over it. This functionary, who happened to be dozing, suddenly roused himself, and snatching up the inkstand, emptied it on the paper. The King, coolly remarking that "it would have been better to use the sand," set himself down, without any complaint, to rewrite the whole of the letter. A prince so much addicted to the pen, we may well believe, must have left a large amount of autograph materials behind him. Few monarchs, in point of fact, have done so much in this way to illustrate the history of their reigns. Fortunate would it have been for the historian who was to profit by it, if the royal composition had been somewhat less diffuse, and the handwriting somewhat more legible.

Philip was an economist of time, and regulated the distribution of it with great precision. In the morning he gave audience to foreign ambassadors. He afterwards heard mass. After mass came dinner, in his father's fashion. But dinner was not an affair with Philip of so much moment as it was with Charles. He was exceedingly temperate both in eating and drinking; and

not unfrequently had his physician at his side to warn him against any provocative of the gout,—the hereditary disease which at a very early period had begun to affect his health. After a light repast he gave audience to such of his subjects as desired to present their memorials. He received the petitioners graciously, and listened to all they had to say with patience,—for that was his virtue. But his countenance was exceedingly grave,—which in truth was its natural expression; and there was a reserve in his deportment which made the boldest feel ill at ease in his presence. On such occasions he would say, "Compose yourself;"—a recommendation that had not always the tranquillizing effect intended. Once when a papal nuncio forgot, in his confusion, the address he had prepared, the King coolly remarked: "If you will bring it in writing, I will read it myself, and expedite your business." It was natural that men of even the highest rank should be overawed in the presence of a monarch who held the destinies of so many millions in his hands, and who surrounded himself with a veil of mystery which the most cunning politician could not penetrate.

The reserve, so noticeable in his youth, increased with age. He became more difficult of access. His public audiences were much less frequent. In the summer he would escape from them altogether, by taking refuge in some one of his country places. His favorite retreat was his palace monastery of the Escurial,—then slowly rising under his patronage, and affording him an occupation congenial with his taste. He seems, however, to have sought the country not so much from the love of its beauties as for the retreat it afforded him from the town. When in the latter he rarely showed himself to the public eye, going abroad chiefly in a close carriage, and driving late so as to return to the city after dark.

Thus he lived in solitude even in the heart of his capital, knowing much less of men from his own observation than from the reports that were made to him. In availing himself of these sources of information he was indefatigable. He caused a statistical survey of Spain to be prepared for his own use. It was a work of immense labor, embracing a vast amount of curious details, such as were rarely brought together in those days. He kept his spies at the principal European courts, who furnished him with intelligence; and he was as well acquainted with what was passing in England and in France as if he had resided on

the spot. We have seen how well he knew the smallest details of the proceedings in the Netherlands, sometimes even better than Margaret herself. He employed similar means to procure information that might be of service in making appointments to ecclesiastical and civil offices.

In his eagerness for information, his ear was ever open to accusations against his ministers; which, as they were sure to be locked up in his own bosom, were not slow in coming to him. This filled his mind with suspicions. He waited till time had proved their truth, treating the object of them with particular favor till the hour of vengeance had arrived. The reader will not have forgotten the terrible saying of Philip's own historian, "His dagger followed close upon his smile."

Even to the ministers in whom Philip appeared most to confide, he often gave but half his confidence. Instead of frankly furnishing them with a full statement of facts, he sometimes made so imperfect a disclosure that when his measures came to be taken, his counselors were surprised to find of how much they had been kept in ignorance. When he communicated to them any foreign dispatches, he would not scruple to alter the original, striking out some passages and inserting others, so as best to serve his purpose. The copy, in this garbled form, was given to the council. Such was the case with a letter of Don John of Austria, containing an account of the troubles of Genoa, the original of which, with its numerous alterations in the royal handwriting, still exists in the archives of Simancas.

But though Philip's suspicious nature prevented him from entirely trusting his ministers,— though with chilling reserve he kept at a distance even those who approached him nearest,— he was kind, even liberal, to his servants, was not capricious in his humors, and seldom if ever gave way to those sallies of passion so common in princes clothed with absolute power. He was patient to the last degree, and rarely changed his ministers without good cause. Ruy Gomez was not the only courtier who continued in the royal service to the end of his days.

Philip was of a careful, or to say truth, of a frugal disposition, which he may well have inherited from his father; though this did not, as with his father in later life, degenerate into parsimony. The beginning of his reign, indeed, was distinguished by some acts of uncommon liberality. One of these occurred at the close of Alva's campaigns in Italy, when the King presented

that commander with a hundred and fifty thousand ducats, greatly to the discontent of the Emperor. This was contrary to his usual policy. As he grew older, and the expenses of government pressed more heavily on him, he became more economical. Yet those who served him had no reason, like the Emperor's servants, to complain of their master's meanness. It was observed, however, that he was slow to recompense those who served him until they had proved themselves worthy of it. Still it was a man's own fault, says a contemporary, if he was not well paid for his services in the end.

In one particular he indulged in a most lavish expenditure. This was his household. It was formed on the Burgundian model,—the most stately and magnificent in Europe. Its peculiarity consisted in the number and quality of the members who composed it. The principal officers were nobles of the highest rank, who frequently held posts of great consideration in the State. Thus the Duke of Alva was chief major-domo; the Prince of Eboli was first gentleman of the bedchamber; the Duke of Feria was Captain of the Spanish Guard. There was the grand equerry, the grand huntsman, the chief muleteer, and a host of officers, some of whom were designated by menial titles, though nobles and cavaliers of family. There were forty pages, sons of the most illustrious houses in Castile. The whole household amounted to no less than fifteen hundred persons. The King's guard consisted of three hundred men; one-third of whom were Spaniards, one-third Flemings, and the remainder Germans.

The Queen had also her establishment on the same scale. She had twenty-six ladies-in-waiting, and among other functionaries, no less than four physicians to watch over her health.

The annual cost of the royal establishment amounted to full two hundred thousand florins. The Cortes earnestly remonstrated against this useless prodigality, beseeching the King to place his household on the modest scale to which the monarchs of Castile had been accustomed. And it seems singular that one usually so averse to extravagance and pomp should have so recklessly indulged in them here. It was one of those inconsistencies which we sometimes meet with in private life, when a man habitually careful of his expenses indulges himself in some whim which taste, or as in this case, early habits, have made him regard as indispensable. The Emperor had been careful to form the household of his son, when very young, on the Burgundian model;

and Philip, thus early trained, probably regarded it as essential to the royal dignity. . . .

It was a capital defect in Philip's administration that his love of power and his distrust of others made him desire to do everything himself,—even those things which could be done much better by his ministers. As he was slow in making up his own opinions, and seldom acted without first ascertaining those of his council, we may well understand the mischievous consequences of such delay. Loud were the complaints of private suitors, who saw month after month pass away without an answer to their petitions. The State suffered no less, as the wheels of government seemed actually to stand still under the accumulated pressure of the public business. Even when a decision did come, it often came too late to be of service; for the circumstances which led to it had wholly changed. Of this the reader has seen more than one example in the Netherlands. The favorite saying of Philip, that "time and he were a match for any other two," was a sad mistake. The time he demanded was his ruin. It was in vain that Granvelle, who at a later day came to Castile to assume the direction of affairs, endeavored in his courtly language to convince the King of his error; telling him that no man could bear up under such a load of business, which sooner or later must destroy his health, perhaps his life.

THE SPANISH MOORS PERSECUTED INTO REBELLION

From the 'History of Philip II.'

THESE impolitic edicts [forbidding the importation of African slaves by the Moors, and the possession of arms except under license] were but preludes to an ordinance of so astounding a character as to throw the whole country into a state of revolution. The apostasy of the Moriscoes,—or to speak more correctly, the constancy with which they adhered to the faith of their fathers,—gave great scandal to the old Christians, especially to the clergy; and above all to its head, Don Pedro Guerrero, archbishop of Granada. This prelate seems to have been a man of an uneasy, meddlesome spirit, and possessed of a full share of the bigotry of his time. While in Rome, shortly before this period, he had made such a representation to Pope Pius the Fourth as drew from that pontiff a remonstrance, addressed to the Spanish government, on the spiritual condition of

the Moriscoes. Soon after, in the year 1567, a memorial was presented to the government, by Guerrero and the clergy of his diocese, in which, after insisting on the manifold backslidings of the "New Christians," as the Moriscoes were termed, they loudly called for some efficacious measures to arrest the evil. These people, they said, whatever show of conformity they might make to the requisitions of the Church, were infidels at heart. When their children were baptized, they were careful, on returning home, to wash away the traces of baptism; and after circumcising them, to give them Moorish names. In like manner, when their marriages had been solemnized with Christian rites, they were sure to confirm them afterwards by their own ceremonies, accompanied with the national songs and dances. They continued to observe Friday as a holy day; and what was of graver moment, they were known to kidnap the children of the Christians and sell them to their brethren on the coast of Barbary, where they were circumcised, and nurtured in the Mahometan religion. This last accusation, however improbable, found credit with the Spaniards, and sharpened the feelings of jealousy and hatred with which they regarded the unhappy race of Ishmael.

The memorial of the clergy received prompt attention from the government, at whose suggestion, very possibly, it had been prepared. A commission was at once appointed to examine into the matter; and their report was laid before a junta consisting of both ecclesiastics and laymen, and embracing names of the highest consideration for talent and learning in the kingdom. Among its members we find the Duke of Alva, who had not yet set out on his ominous mission to the Netherlands. At its head was Diego de Espinosa, at that time the favorite minister of Philip. . . .

The man who was qualified for the place of grand inquisitor was not likely to feel much sympathy for the race of unbelievers. It was unfortunate for the Moriscoes that their destinies should be placed in the hands of such a minister as Espinosa. After due deliberation, the junta came to the decision that the only remedy for the present evil was to lay the axe to the root of it; to cut off all those associations which connected the Moriscoes with their earlier history, and which were so many obstacles in the way of their present conversion. It was recommended that they should be interdicted from employing the Arabic either in speaking or writing, for which they were to use only the Castilian. They were not even to be allowed to retain their family

names, but were to exchange them for Spanish ones. All written instruments and legal documents, of whatever kind, were declared to be void and of no effect unless in the Castilian. As time must be allowed for a whole people to change its language, three years were assigned as the period at the end of which this provision should take effect.

They were to be required to exchange their national dress for that of the Spaniards; and as the Oriental costume was highly ornamented, and often very expensive, they were to be allowed to wear their present clothes one year longer if of silk, and two years if of cotton,— the latter being the usual apparel of the poorer classes. The women, moreover, both old and young, were to be required, from the passage of the law, to go abroad with their faces uncovered,— a scandalous thing among Mahometans.

Their weddings were to be conducted in public, after the Christian forms; and the doors of their houses were to be left open during the day of the ceremony, that any one might enter and see that they did not have recourse to unhallowed rites. They were further to be interdicted from the national songs and dances with which they were wont to celebrate their domestic festivities. Finally, as rumors — most absurd ones — had got abroad that the warm baths which the natives were in the habit of using in their houses were perverted to licentious indulgences, they were to be required to destroy the vessels in which they bathed, and to use nothing of the kind thereafter.

These several provisions were to be enforced by penalties of the sternest kind. . . .

Such were the principal provisions of a law, which for cruelty and absurdity has scarcely a parallel in history. For what could be more absurd than the attempt by an act of legislation to work such a change in the long-established habits of a nation,— to efface those recollections of the past to which men ever cling most closely under the pressure of misfortune,— to blot out by a single stroke of the pen, as it were, not only the creed but the nationality of a people,— to convert the Moslem at once both into a Christian and into a Castilian? It would be difficult to imagine any greater outrage offered to a people than the provision compelling women to lay aside their veils,— associated as these were in every Eastern mind with the obligations of modesty; or that in regard to opening the doors of the houses, and exposing those within to the insolent gaze of every passer; or that in

relation to the baths,— so indispensable to cleanliness and comfort, especially in the warm climate of the south.

But the masterpiece of absurdity, undoubtedly, is the stipulation in regard to the Arabic language; as if by any human art a whole population, in the space of three years, could be made to substitute a foreign tongue for its own; and that too under circumstances of peculiar difficulty,— partly arising from the total want of affinity between the Semitic and the European languages, and partly from the insulated position of the Moriscoes, who in the cities had separate quarters assigned to them in the same manner as the Jews, which cut them off from intimate intercourse with the Christians. We may well doubt, from the character of this provision, whether the government had so much at heart the conversion of the Moslems as the desire to entangle them in such violations of the law as should afford a plausible pretext for driving them from the country altogether. One is strengthened in this view of the subject by the significant reply of Otadin, professor of theology at Alcalá, who, when consulted by Philip on the expediency of the ordinance, gave his hearty approbation of it by quoting the appalling Spanish proverb, "The fewer enemies the better." It was reserved for the imbecile Philip the Third to crown the disasters of his reign by the expulsion of the Moriscoes. Yet no one can doubt that it was a consummation earnestly desired by the great body of the Spaniards; who looked, as we have seen, with longing eyes to the fair territory which they possessed, and who regarded them with the feelings of distrust and aversion with which men regard those on whom they have inflicted injuries too great to be forgiven. . . .

On the appointed day the magistrates of the principal tribunals, with the corregidor of Granada at their head, went in solemn procession to the Albaicin, the quarter occupied by the Moriscoes. They marched to the sound of kettle-drums, trumpets, and other instruments; and the inhabitants, attracted by the noise and fond of novelty, came running from their houses to swell the ranks of the procession on its way to the great square of Bab el Bonat. This was an open space of large extent, where the people of Granada in ancient times used to assemble to celebrate the coronation of a new sovereign; and the towers were still standing from which the Moslem banners waved, on those days, over the heads of the shouting multitude. As the people

now gathered tumultuously around these ancient buildings, the public crier from an elevated place read, in audible tones and in the Arabic language, the royal ordinance. . . .

Some of the weaker sort gave way to piteous and passionate exclamations, wringing their hands in an agony of grief. Others, of sterner temper, broke forth into menaces and fierce invective, accompanied with the most furious gesticulations. Others again listened with that dogged, determined air which showed that the mood was not the less dangerous that it was a silent one. The whole multitude was in a state of such agitation that an accident might have readily produced an explosion which would have shaken Granada to its foundations. Fortunately there were a few discreet persons in the assembly, older and more temperate than the rest, who had sufficient authority over their countrymen to prevent a tumult. They reminded them that in their fathers' time the Emperor Charles the Fifth had consented to suspend the execution of a similar ordinance. At all events, it was better to try first what could be done by argument and persuasion. When these failed, it would be time enough to think of vengeance.

One of the older Moriscoes, a man of much consideration among his countrymen, was accordingly chosen to wait on the president and explain their views in regard to the edict. This he did at great length, and in a manner which must have satisfied any fair mind of the groundlessness of the charges brought against the Moslems, and the cruelty and impracticability of the measures proposed by the government. The president, having granted to the envoy a patient and courteous hearing, made a short and not very successful attempt to vindicate the course of the administration. He finally disposed of the whole question by declaring that "the law was too just and holy, and had been made with too much consideration, ever to be repealed; and that in fine, regarded as a question of interest, his Majesty estimated the salvation of a single soul as of greater price than all the revenues he drew from the Moriscoes." An answer like this must have effectually dispelled all thoughts of a composition such as had formerly been made with the Emperor.

Defeated in this quarter, the Moriscoes determined to lay their remonstrance before the throne. They were fortunate in obtaining for this purpose the services of Don Juan Henriquez, a nobleman of the highest rank and consideration, who had large

estates at Beza, in the heart of Granada, and who felt a strong sympathy for the unfortunate natives. Having consented, though with much reluctance, to undertake the mission, he repaired to Madrid, obtained an audience of the King, and presented to him a memorial on behalf of his unfortunate subjects. Philip received him graciously, and promised to give all attention to the paper. "What I have done in this matter," said the King, "has been done by the advice of wise and conscientious men, who have given me to understand that it was my duty."

Shortly afterwards, Henriquez received an intimation that he was to look for his answer to the president of Castile. Espinosa, after listening to the memorial, expressed his surprise that a person of the high condition of Don Juan Henriquez should have consented to take charge of such a mission. "It was for that very reason I undertook it," replied the nobleman, "as affording me a better opportunity to be of service to the King." "It can be of no use," said the minister: "religious men have represented to his Majesty that at his door lies the salvation of these Moors; and the ordinance which has been decreed, he has determined shall be carried into effect."

Baffled in this direction, the persevering envoy laid his memorial before the councilors of State, and endeavored to interest them in behalf of his clients. In this he met with more success; and several of that body, among whom may be mentioned the Duke of Alva, and Luis de Avila the grand commander of Alcántara, whom Charles the Fifth had honored with his friendship, entered heartily into his views. But it availed little with the minister, who would not even consent to delay the execution of the ordinance until time should have been given for further inquiry; or to confine the operation of it at the outset to one or two of the provisions, in order to ascertain what would probably be the temper of the Moriscoes. Nothing would suit the peremptory humor of Espinosa but the instant execution of the law in all its details. . . .

It was clear that no door was left open to further discussion, and that under the present government no chance remained to the unfortunate Moriscoes of buying off the law by the payment of a round sum, as in the time of Charles the Fifth. All negotiations were at an end. They had only to choose between implicit obedience and open rebellion. It was not strange that they chose the latter.

ANTOINE FRANÇOIS PRÉVOST D'EXILES

(1697–1763)

IT IS difficult to regard the brilliant personality and erratic, checkered career of the Abbé Prévost with respect or admiration, even with allowance for the free spirit of the social epoch in which he lived. Now praying and preaching as a fashionable ecclesiastic, now bearing arms as a soldier, now a professor of theology or man of letters, and again wavering between the seclusion of a monastery and the frivolities of a drawing-room, the Abbé's personality seems a bundle of impulses and retractions. He is not ill described by Dryden's characterization of Buckingham as "everything by turns, and nothing long."

ABBÉ PRÉVOST

Prévost was born in Hesdin on the 1st of April, 1697. A mere lad, he was sent to Paris to study at the well-known Jesuit school known as the Harcourt. He did not persevere in it: he suddenly turned his back upon classics and theology to turn soldier in a royal regiment. He gave himself up to the beginnings of a military life with a full measure of the youthful vivacity hitherto repressed by ecclesiastical surroundings. But again was he unstable. The war ended; and the soldier hastened back to the amiable priests, who welcomed him as a prodigal son. He resumed his courses of study, and a certain degree of enthusiasm carried him this time as far as holy orders. This might surely be taken as a final self-commitment. Not so with Prévost: he acknowledged soon enough the error of even so formal a surrender of himself to the religious vocation — for which indeed his gift was more than doubtful. He returned to the army, to serve with activity and distinction. He had ample opportunity for being a gentleman of fashion and elegance; and at this period of his life the charms of person and manner which never left him were specially seductive, and in whatever society he saw fit to amuse himself, a host of friends male and female received his regard, enjoyed his gifts, and flattered his vanity. He became perhaps as complete a type of the nominal clergy

of the period as the tableau of his day presents. It need hardly be said that gallantry *à la mode* was no small fraction of his diversion. It brought about another shifting of his environment. An unhappy love affair disturbed him, drove him to renounce the world once more; and he entered the Church of the Benedictines of St. Maur. There was a more becoming semblance of permanence in this renunciation; for the following five or six years kept him absorbed in religion,—an esteemed professor and a brilliant preacher. But in the course of a few summers and winters, Prévost's everlasting hesitation between secular and religious life urged him to a new abandonment of the religious profession. A tangled affair with his ecclesiastical superiors decided him. He fled to Holland to take up—as seriously as he could take up anything—a new career, with which he had already trifled effectively; the career of a man of letters.

Prévost was thirty-one years old when during this self-exile, in Holland, England, and elsewhere, he fairly gave himself to writing; pouring forth that mass of literary work, grave or frivolous, long or short, now as author and now as translator, the products of which are forgotten—with a single exception. He was still young; he was blessed with a profound self-confidence; he was rich in the most diverse experiences of human nature, and in the study of various phases of society, French and foreign. He was a systematic student with a retentive memory, an accomplished linguist, and having an acquaintance with all forms of literature of a singularly practical sort. So qualified, he makes letters his third or fourth profession. It has been said of the abbé that the series of publications from his pen which now followed was a kind of flood,—hitherto repressed to the limit of any man's repression,—giving to the world at large every sort of souvenir, adventure, and sketch of mankind and womankind, in his brain during his vacillations and wanderings. It is unnecessary to speak at this date of his compilations; to discuss his romances, translations, polemics, his editorial labors, and his studies of special topics, more or less clever or thorough. After doing much literary work abroad, he returned in 1734 to Paris. Once more he renounced, at least in name and garb, the world: he took the habit of a secular priest, and became the almoner of the Prince de Conti for a time. It can be easily understood that whatever advantages his roving career had brought to him, they had not been permanent or substantial. He had sufficient money, however, to buy a small property in Saint Firmin, near Chantilly. There he spent what were to be the last years of his life, in incessant literary composition and publication. There death came to him in 1763; came in a manner as curious and dramatic as any he might have described in one of his fictions. He was struck by a fit of apoplexy one day while walking in the

forest of Chantilly. Ignorant peasants found him stretched at the foot of a tree; a rural surgeon, whose ignorance was more than culpable, under the impression that a crime had been committed, proceeded to an immediate autopsy, instead of merely bleeding the unfortunate patient; and the luckless abbé died under the examination.

Of the two hundred works that Prévost left behind him, the novelette 'Manon Lescaut' has alone survived. But it is enough to perpetuate his name. It has taken a classical place in French literature; more than that, it has passed into the emotional literature of the world, perhaps for as nearly all time as can be predicted for any story. Not by virtue of great literary art in it, much less by any ethical charm in its material, has the story lived. 'Manon Lescaut' morally is always as repulsive a love story (though told with a grace and skill that disguises offense) as it is pathetic. For the persons in its drama no reader can have a sentiment of admiration. Their history is the narrative of a young woman in whom frivolity is the least of her shortcomings. The hero, her infatuated lover, is a young man perverted by temperament and by a master-passion to the career of a professional blackguard and debauchee. But through the tale shines the light of such sincerity of feeling and of delineation, such truth to human nature, and above all, such a glow of a love becoming strangely disinterested and even purifying, that the characters of the protagonists seem to us redeemed, and even glorified, by it. Complete, tragic too, is their expiation. Literally a world lies between the gambling-houses in Paris, where Manon and Des Grieux are habitués, and the sands of Louisiana, in which the transported criminal scoops the shallow grave of her whom he has followed into exile. The book is not a defiance to virtue. It is rather a lesson drawn from vice and from weakness of human nature. Its force not only lies in the simple straightforward treatment of character and of situation in it, but in the fact that one is disposed to take it as a confession, as something that is autobiographic; not merely a little novel elaborated out of a man's imagination. There was a good deal of the Chevalier des Grieux in Prévost's own self and career. In the heroine is realized a French type such as no one else has as well expressed; and as has been said by Saint Victor, the reader of Manon's story is apt to make an exception of it from all works more or less of the same complexion, inasmuch as he would not have her other than she is. The story belongs in the class of such brief and concentrated studies in weak and somehow pitiable human nature as are Mérimée's 'Carmen' and 'Don José.' It has been made the subject of drama and opera, of statuary and of paintings innumerable; and however we may repudiate the corruption of human nature which it

paints in such uncompromising color, we lay down Prévost's little book impressed by its truth and dramatic effectiveness to a degree such as few stories of equally small compass give us, even in French literature, always abundant in the impressive trifle. It has a far deeper moral than the question of Byron's couplet: —

«Why did he love her? Curious fool, be still!
Is human love the fruit of human will?»

EXILE AND DEATH

From 'Manon Lescaut'

After a passage of two months we at length reached the banks of the desired river. The country offered at first sight nothing agreeable. We saw only sterile and uninhabited plains covered with rushes, and some trees rooted up by the wind: no trace either of men or animals. However, the captain having discharged some pieces of artillery, we presently observed a group of the inhabitants of New Orleans, who approached us with evident signs of joy. We had not perceived the town: it is concealed upon the side on which we approached it by a hill. We were received as persons dropt from the clouds.

The poor inhabitants hastened to put a thousand questions to us upon the state of France, and of the different provinces in which they were born. They embraced us as brothers, and as beloved companions, who had come to share their pains and their solitude. We turned towards the town with them; but we were astonished to perceive, as we advanced, that what we had hitherto heard spoken of as a respectable town was nothing more than a collection of miserable huts. They were inhabited by five or six hundred persons. The governor's house was a little distinguished from the rest by its height and its position. It was surrounded by some earthen ramparts and a deep ditch.

We were first presented to him. He continued for some time in conversation with the captain; and then advancing towards us, he looked attentively at the women one after another; there were thirty of them, for another troop of convicts had joined us at Havre. After having thus inspected them, he sent for several young men of the colony who were desirous to marry. He assigned the handsomest women to the principal of these, and the remainder were disposed of by lot. He had not yet addressed

Manon; but having ordered the others to depart, he made us remain. "I learn from the captain," said he, "that you are married; and he is convinced by your conduct on the passage that you are both persons of merit and of education. I have nothing to do with the cause of your misfortunes; but if it be true that you are as conversant with the world and society as your appearance would indicate, I shall spare no pains to soften the severity of your lot, and you may on your part contribute towards rendering this savage and desert abode less disagreeable to me."

I replied in a manner which I thought best calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed of us. He gave orders to have a habitation prepared for us in the town, and detained us to supper. I was really surprised to find so much politeness in a governor of transported convicts. In the presence of others he abstained from inquiring about our past adventures. The conversation was general; and in spite of our degradation, Manon and I exerted ourselves to make it lively and agreeable.

At night we were conducted to the lodging prepared for us. We found a wretched hovel composed of planks and mud, containing three rooms on the ground, and a loft overhead. He had sent there six chairs, and some few necessaries of life.

Manon appeared frightened by the first view of this melancholy dwelling. It was on my account, much more than upon her own, that she distressed herself. When we were left to ourselves, she sat down and wept bitterly. I attempted at first to console her; but when she enabled me to understand that it was for my sake she deplored our privations, and that in our common afflictions she only considered me as the sufferer, I put on an air of resolution, and even of content, sufficient to encourage her.

"What is there in my lot to lament?" said I: "I possess all that I have ever desired. You love me, Manon, do you not? What happiness beyond this have I ever longed for? Let us leave to Providence the direction of our destiny; it by no means appears to me so desperate. The governor is civil and obliging; he has already given us marks of his consideration; he will not allow us to want for necessaries. As to our rude hut and the squalidness of our furniture, you might have noticed that there are few persons in the colony better lodged or more comfortably furnished than we are: and then you are an admirable chemist," added I, embracing her; "you transform everything into gold."

"In that case," she answered, "you shall be the richest man in the universe; for as there never was love surpassing yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. I well know," she continued, "that I have never merited the almost incredible fidelity and attachment which you have shown for me. I have often caused you annoyances which nothing but excessive fondness could have induced you to pardon. I have been thoughtless and volatile; and even while loving you, as I have always done to distraction, I was never free from a consciousness of ingratitude. But you cannot believe how much my nature is altered; those tears which you have so frequently seen me shed since quitting the French shore have not been caused by my own misfortunes. Since you began to share them with me, I have been a stranger to selfishness: I only wept from tenderness and compassion for you. I am inconsolable at the thought of having given you one instant's pain during my past life. I never cease upbraiding myself with my former inconstancy, and wondering at the sacrifices which love has induced you to make for a miserable and unworthy wretch, who could not, with the last drop of her blood, compensate for half the torments she has caused you."

Her grief, the language and the tone in which she expressed herself, made such an impression that I felt my heart ready to break within me. "Take care," said I to her, "take care, dear Manon: I have not strength to endure such exciting marks of your affection; I am little accustomed to the rapturous sensations which you now kindle in my heart. O Heaven!" cried I, "I have now nothing further to ask of you. I am sure of Manon's love. That has been alone wanting to complete my happiness; I can now never cease to be happy: my felicity is well secured."

"It is indeed," she replied, "if it depends upon me; and I well know where I can be ever certain of finding my own happiness centred."

With these ideas, capable of turning my hut into a palace worthy of earth's proudest monarch, I lay down to rest. America appeared to my view the true land of milk and honey, the abode of contentment and delight. "People should come to New Orleans," I often said to Manon, "who wish to enjoy the real rapture of love! It is here that love is divested of all selfishness, all jealousy, all inconstancy. Our countrymen come here

in search of gold; they little think that we have discovered treasures of inestimably greater value."

We carefully cultivated the governor's friendship. He bestowed upon me, a few weeks after our arrival, a small appointment which became vacant in the fort. Although not one of any distinction, I gratefully accepted it as a gift of Providence, as it enabled me to live independently of others' aid. I took a servant for myself, and a woman for Manon. Our little establishment became settled: nothing could surpass the regularity of my conduct, or that of Manon; we lost no opportunity of serving or doing an act of kindness to our neighbors. This friendly disposition, and the mildness of our manners, secured us the confidence and affection of the whole colony. We soon became so respected that we ranked as the principal persons in the town after the governor.

The simplicity of our habits and occupations, and the perfect innocence in which we lived, revived insensibly our early feelings of devotion. Manon had never been an irreligious girl, and I was far from being one of those reckless libertines who delight in adding impiety and sacrilege to moral depravity: all the disorders of our lives might be fairly ascribed to the natural influences of youth and love. Experience had now begun with us to do the office of age; it produced the same effect upon us as years must have done. Our conversation, which was generally of a serious turn, by degrees engendered a longing for virtuous love. I first proposed this change to Manon. I knew the principles of her heart; she was frank and natural in all her sentiments, qualities which invariably predisposed to virtue. I said to her that there was but one thing wanting to complete our happiness: "It is," said I, "to invoke upon our union the benediction of Heaven. We have both of us hearts too sensitive, and minds too refined, to continue voluntarily in the willful violation of so sacred a duty." . . .

I waited upon the governor, as I had settled with Manon, to procure his consent to the ceremony of our marriage. I should have avoided speaking to him or to any other person upon the subject, if I had imagined that his chaplain, who was the only minister in the town, would have performed the office for me without his knowledge; but not daring to hope that he would do so privately, I determined to act ingenuously in the matter.

The governor had a nephew named Synnelet, of whom he was particularly fond. He was about thirty; brave, but of a

headstrong and violent disposition. He was not married. Manon's beauty had struck him on the first day of our arrival; and the numberless opportunities he had of seeing her during the last nine or ten months had so inflamed his passion that he was absolutely pining for her in secret. However, as he was convinced, in common with his uncle and the whole colony, that I was married, he put such a restraint upon his feelings that they remained generally unnoticed; and he lost no opportunity of showing the most disinterested friendship for me.

He happened to be with his uncle when I arrived at the government house. I had no reason for keeping my intention a secret from him, so that I explained myself without hesitation in his presence. The governor heard me with his usual kindness. I related to him a part of my history, to which he listened with evident interest; and when I requested his presence at the intended ceremony, he was so generous as to say that he must be permitted to defray the expenses of the succeeding entertainment. I retired perfectly satisfied.

In an hour after, the chaplain paid me a visit. I thought he was come to prepare me by religious instruction for the sacred ceremony; but after a cold salutation, he announced to me in two words that the governor desired I would relinquish all thoughts of such a thing, for that he had other views for Manon.

"Other views for Manon!" said I, as I felt my heart sink within me: "what views then can they be, chaplain?"

He replied that I must be of course aware that the governor was absolute master here; that Manon, having been transported from France to the colony, was entirely at his disposal; that hitherto he had not exercised his right, believing that she was a married woman; but that now, having learned from my own lips that it was not so, he had resolved to assign her to M. Synnelet, who was passionately in love with her.

My indignation overcame my prudence. I was so irritated that I ordered the chaplain instantly to quit my house, swearing at the same time that neither governor, Synnelet, nor the whole colony together, should lay hands upon my wife — or mistress if they chose so to call her.

I immediately told Manon of the distressing message I had just received. We conjectured that Synnelet had warped his uncle's mind after my departure, and that it was all the effect of a premeditated design. They were unquestionably the stronger party. We found ourselves in New Orleans, as in the midst of

the ocean, separated from the rest of the world by an immense interval of space. In a country perfectly unknown, a desert,— or inhabited, if not by brutes, at least by savages quite as ferocious,— to what corner could we fly? I was respected in the town, but I could not hope to excite the people in my favor to such a degree as to derive assistance from them proportioned to the impending danger: money was requisite for that purpose, and I was poor. Besides, the success of a popular commotion was uncertain; and if we failed in the attempt, our doom would be inevitably sealed.

I revolved these thoughts in my mind; I mentioned them in part to Manon; I found new ones, without waiting for her replies; I determined upon one course, and then abandoned that to adopt another; I talked to myself, and answered my own thoughts aloud: at length I sunk into a kind of hysterical stupor that I can compare to nothing, because nothing ever equaled it. Manon observed my emotion, and from its violence judged how imminent was our danger; and apprehensive more on my account than on her own, the dear girl could not even venture to give expression to her fears.

After a multitude of reflections, I resolved to call upon the governor, and appeal to his feelings of honor, to the recollection of my unvarying respect for him, and the marks he had given of his own affection for us both. Manon endeavored to dissuade me from this attempt: she said, with tears in her eyes, "You are rushing into the jaws of death; they will murder you — I shall never again see you — I am determined to die before you." I had great difficulty in persuading her that it was absolutely necessary that I should go, and that she should remain at home. I promised that she should see me again in a few moments. She did not foresee, nor did I, that it was against herself that the whole anger of Heaven, and the rabid fury of our enemies, was about to be concentrated.

I went to the fort; the governor was there with his chaplain. I supplicated him in a tone of humble submission that I could have ill brooked under other circumstances. I invoked his clemency by every argument calculated to soften any heart less ferocious and cruel than a tiger's.

The barbarian made to all my prayers but two short answers, which he repeated over and over again. Manon, he said, was at his disposal, and he had given a promise to his nephew. I was

resolved to command my feelings to the last: I merely replied that I had imagined he was too sincerely my friend to desire my death, to which I would infinitely rather consent than to the loss of my mistress.

I felt persuaded, on quitting him, that it was folly to expect anything from the obstinate tyrant, who would have damned himself a hundred times over to please his nephew. However, I persevered in restraining my temper to the end; deeply resolved, if they persisted in such flagrant injustice, to make America the scene of one of the most horrible and bloody murders that even love had ever led to.

I was meditating upon this design on my return home, when Fate, as if impatient to expedite my ruin, threw Synnelet in my way. He read in my countenance a portion of my thoughts. I before said he was brave. He approached me.

"Are you not seeking me?" he inquired. "I know that my intentions have given you mortal offense, and that the death of one of us is indispensable: let us see who is to be the happy man."

I replied that such was unquestionably the fact; and that nothing but death could end the difference between us.

We retired about one hundred paces out of the town. We drew: I wounded and disarmed him at the first onset. He was so enraged that he peremptorily refused either to ask his life or renounce his claims to Manon. I might have been perhaps justified in ending both by a single blow; but noble blood ever vindicates its origin. I threw him back his sword. "Let us renew the struggle," said I to him, "and remember that there shall be now no quarter." He attacked me with redoubled fury. I must confess that I was not an accomplished swordsman, having had but three months' tuition at Paris. Love, however, guided my weapon. Synnelet pierced me through and through the left arm; but I caught him whilst thus engaged, and made so vigorous a thrust that I stretched him senseless at my feet.

In spite of the triumphant feeling that victory, after a mortal conflict, inspires, I was immediately horrified by the certain consequences of this death. There could not be the slightest hope of either pardon or respite from the vengeance I had thus incurred. I was so well aware of the affection of the governor for his nephew that I felt perfectly sure my death would not be delayed a single hour after his should become known. Urgent

as this apprehension was, it still was by no means the principal source of my uneasiness. Manon, the welfare of Manon, the peril that impended over her, and the certainty of my being now at length separated from her, afflicted me to such a degree that I was incapable of recognizing the place in which I stood. I regretted Synnelet's death; instant suicide seemed the only remedy for my woes.

However, it was this very thought that quickly restored me to my reason, and enabled me to form a resolution. "What!" said I to myself: "die, in order to end my pain? Then there is something I dread more than the loss of all I love! No, let me suffer the cruelest extremities in order to aid her; and when these prove of no avail, fly to death as a last resource!"

I returned towards the town; on my arrival at home I found Manon half dead with fright and anxiety; my presence restored her. I could not conceal from her the terrible accident that had happened. On my mentioning the death of Synnelet and my own wound, she fell in a state of insensibility into my arms. It was a quarter of an hour before I could bring her again to her senses.

I was myself in a most deplorable state of mind; I could not discern the slightest prospect of safety for either of us. "Manon," said I to her, when she had recovered a little, "what shall we do? Alas, what hope remains to us? I must necessarily fly. Will you remain in the town? Yes, dearest Manon, do remain; you may possibly still be happy here: while I, far away from you, may seek death and find it amongst the savages or the wild beasts."

She raised herself in spite of her weakness, and taking hold of my hand to lead me towards the door,—"Let us," said she, "fly together: we have not a moment to lose; Synnelet's body may be found by chance, and we shall then have no time to escape."

"But, dear Manon," replied I, "to what place can we fly? Do you perceive any resource? Would it not be better that you should endeavor to live on without me, and that I should go and voluntarily place my life in the governor's hands?"

This proposal had only the effect of making her more impatient for our departure. I had presence of mind enough, on going out, to take with me some strong liquors which I had in my chamber, and as much food as I could carry in my pockets. We told our servants, who were in the adjoining room, that we

were going to take our evening walk, as was our invariable habit; and we left the town behind us more rapidly than I had thought possible from Manon's delicate state of health.

Although I had not formed any resolve as to our future destination, I still cherished a hope, without which I should have infinitely preferred death to my suspense about Manon's safety. I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the country, during nearly ten months which I had now passed in America, to know in what manner the natives should be approached. Death was not the necessary consequence of falling into their hands. I had learned a few words of their language, and some of their customs, having had many opportunities of seeing them.

Besides this sad resource, I derived some hopes from the fact that the English had, like ourselves, established colonies in this part of the New World. But the distance was terrific. In order to reach them we should have to traverse deserts of many days' journey, and more than one range of mountains so steep and vast as to seem almost impassable to the strongest man. I nevertheless flattered myself that we might derive partial relief from one or other of these sources: the savages might serve us as guides, and the English receive us in their settlements.

We journeyed on as long as Manon's strength would permit, —that is to say, about six miles; for this incomparable creature, with her usual absence of selfishness, refused my repeated entreaties to stop. Overpowered at length by fatigue, she acknowledged the utter impossibility of proceeding further. It was already night; we sat down in the midst of an extensive plain, where we could not even find a tree to shelter us. Her first care was to dress my wound, which she had bandaged before our departure. I in vain entreated her to desist from exertion; it would have only added to her distress if I had refused her the satisfaction of seeing me at ease and out of danger before her own wants were attended to. I allowed her therefore to gratify herself, and in shame and silence submitted to her delicate attentions.

But when she had completed her tender task, with what ardor did I not enter upon mine! I took off my clothes and stretched them under her, to render more endurable the hard and rugged ground on which she lay. I protected her delicate hands from the cold by my burning kisses and the warmth of my sighs. I passed the livelong night in watching over her as she slept,

and praying Heaven to refresh her with soft and undisturbed repose. Thou canst bear witness, just and all-seeing God! to the fervor and sincerity of those prayers, and thou alone knowest with what awful rigor they were rejected!

You will excuse me, if I now cut short a story which it distresses me beyond endurance to relate. It is, I believe, a calamity without parallel. I can never cease to deplore it. But although it continues, of course, deeply and indelibly impressed on my memory, yet my heart seems to shrink within me each time that I attempt the recital.

We had thus tranquilly passed the night. I had fondly imagined that my beloved mistress was in a profound sleep, and I hardly dared to breathe lest I should disturb her. As day broke, I observed that her hands were cold and trembling; I pressed them to my bosom in the hope of restoring animation. This movement roused her attention; and making an effort to grasp my hand, she said in a feeble voice that she thought her last moments had arrived.

I at first took this for a passing weakness, or the ordinary language of distress; and I answered with the usual consolations that love prompted. But her incessant sighs, her silence and inattention to my inquiries, the convulsive grasp of her hands in which she retained mine, soon convinced me that the crowning end of all my miseries was approaching.

Do not now expect me to attempt a description of my feelings, or to repeat her dying expressions. I lost her. I received the purest assurances of her love even at the very instant that her spirit fled. I have not nerve to say more upon this fatal and disastrous event.

My spirit was not destined to accompany Manon's. Doubtless Heaven did not as yet consider me sufficiently punished, and therefore ordained that I should continue to drag on a languid and joyless existence. I willingly renounced every hope of leading a happy one.

I remained for twenty-four hours without taking my lips from the still beauteous countenance and hands of my adored Manon. My intention was to await my own death in that position; but at the beginning of the second day I reflected that after I was gone, she must of necessity become the prey of wild beasts. I then determined to bury her, and wait my own doom upon her grave. I was already, indeed, so near my end from the combined

effect of long fasting and grief, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could support myself standing. I was obliged to have recourse to the liquors which I had brought with me, and these restored sufficient strength to enable me to set about my last sad office. From the sandy nature of the soil there was little trouble in opening the ground. I broke my sword and used it for the purpose; but my bare hands were of greater service. I dug a deep grave, and there deposited the idol of my heart, after having wrapped around her my clothes to prevent the sand from touching her. I kissed her ten thousand times with all the ardor of the most glowing love, before I laid her in this melancholy bed. I sat for some time upon the bank intently gazing on her, and could not command fortitude enough to close the grave over her. At length, feeling that my strength was giving way, and apprehensive of its being entirely exhausted before the completion of my task, I committed to the earth all that it had ever contained most perfect and peerless. I then laid myself with my face down upon the grave; and closing my eyes with the determination never again to open them, I invoked the mercy of Heaven, and ardently prayed for death.

You will find it difficult to believe that during the whole time of this protracted and distressing ceremony, not a tear or a sigh escaped to relieve my agony. The state of profound affliction in which I was, and the deep settled resolution I had taken to die, had silenced the sighs of despair, and effectually dried up the ordinary channels of grief. It was thus impossible for me, in this posture upon the grave, to continue for any time in possession of my faculties.

After what you have listened to, the remainder of my own history would ill repay the attention you seem inclined to bestow upon it. Synnelet having been carried into the town and skillfully examined, it was found that so far from being dead, he was not even dangerously wounded. He informed his uncle of the manner in which the affray had occurred between us, and he generously did justice to my conduct on the occasion. I was sent for; and as neither of us could be found, our flight was immediately suspected. It was then too late to attempt to trace me, but the next day and the following one were employed in the pursuit.

I was found, without any appearance of life, upon the grave of Manon; and the persons who discovered me in this situation,

seeing that I was almost naked, and bleeding from my wounds, naturally supposed that I had been robbed and assassinated. They carried me into the town. The motion restored me to my senses. The sighs I heaved on opening my eyes and finding myself still amongst the living, showed that I was not beyond the reach of art: they were but too successful in its application.

I was immediately confined as a close prisoner. My trial was ordered; and as Manon was not forthcoming, I was accused of having murdered her from rage and jealousy. I naturally related all that had occurred. Synnelet, though bitterly grieved and disappointed by what he heard, had the generosity to solicit my pardon: he obtained it.

I was so reduced that they were obliged to carry me from the prison to my bed, and there I suffered for three long months under severe illness. My aversion from life knew no diminution. I continually prayed for death, and obstinately for some time refused every remedy. But Providence, after having punished me with atoning rigor, saw fit to turn to my own use its chastisements and the memory of my multiplied sorrows.

WILLIAM COWPER PRIME

(1825–)

THE PRIME family in this country have always been prominent in scholarship and patriotism, distinguished in several professions for great intellectual virility and high character. William Cowper Prime was born in Cambridge, New York, October 31st, 1825. His father, Benjamin Young, was a physician in Huntington, Long Island, who had graduated at Princeton and finished his medical training at Leyden; was an unusual linguist, a finished classical scholar, and master of several modern languages which he spoke fluently. During the Revolutionary War he was distinguished by his patriotic zeal; and aided the cause by vigorous songs and ballads, which were widely circulated. His grandfather, Ebenezer, a Presbyterian clergyman at Huntington, Long Island,—a man of powerful mind and a preacher of renown,—suffered greatly during the early years of the war for his principles; at the age of seventy-eight he was driven from his home by British troops and Tories, who burned his church, occupied his house, and destroyed his library. He was pursued with hatred for his attachment to the cause of liberty even after his death: toward the close of the war a band of British under command of Colonel William Thompson (afterwards Count Rumford) heaped insults upon the grave of the "old rebel."

WILLIAM C. PRIME

Mr. Prime inherited the aptness for scholarship and the linguistic ability of his ancestors. He was graduated at Princeton in 1843; studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced his profession in New York City with success and distinction, until he became one of the owners and the editor of the Journal of Commerce in 1861. His active editorship of the Journal continued till 1869, and his proprietorship till 1893. But even while he was a law student, and in active practice of his profession, he had obeyed the instincts of his family for literature. A series of country letters written to the Journal were afterwards collected in volumes,—'The Owl Creek Letters'

(1848), 'The Old House by the River' (1853), and 'Later Years' (1854). These papers are among the first of American essays which mingled the zest of the true sportsman with love of nature and human sympathy with her moods. They had a wide popularity, and were the forerunner of those charming books which so truly interpret New England,—'I Go A-Fishing' (1893), 'Along New England Roads' (1892), and 'Among the North Hills' (1895). In these books are the refined sentiment and keen observation of a lifetime.

In 1855–56 Mr. Prime made an extended tour in Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land, and another in 1869–70. The fruits of the first visit were 'Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia,' and 'Tent Life in the Holy Land' (1857); volumes which had great popularity, and were distinguished by fine descriptive quality, a philosophic temper, and profound sentiment. But foreign travel opened the door to still wider activities; namely, in the fields of art and archæology, both classic and mediæval. Mr. Prime's career is typically American in the variety of its interests, though it is rare in the virility and success with which he has pursued so many branches of literature and art. Blessed with an exceptional memory to utilize his quick acquisitions, he speedily became an authority in several specialties. His library of wood engraving and illustration is, historically, the most valuable in the country. His interest in this began with the study of Albrecht Dürer, and his monograph on the 'Little Passion' (1868) is the earliest in English on this subject. Among the monographs showing his wide and exact scholarship are 'O Mother Dear, Jerusalem' (1865), and 'Holy Cross; a Study' (1877).

Becoming interested in ceramics through the enthusiasm of his wife for this study, he laid aside his own specialty after her death, and devoted himself to the completion of her collection. It is deposited at Princeton in a museum erected for the purpose. It was by his influence that a department of Art History was established at this college, which had given him the degree of LL. D. in 1875, and now made him the first professor and lecturer in the new study. One of the most useful and successful books in any language on this topic was his 'Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations' (1878).

This sketch does not at all give the measure of Mr. Prime's fertile literary activity during his professional life. No man has been more ready with his vigorous and lucid pen, and more adequate to all the demands on it. Besides his editorial work and his published volumes, there have been hundreds of sketches, essays, and short stories from time to time; and for years he was the legal and literary adviser of a great publishing house. In 1886, as literary executor of General George B. McClellan, he edited 'McClellan's Own Story.'

Perhaps Mr. Prime's greatest service to the public has been in connection with the Metropolitan Museum of Art. As a director, vice-president, and for many years acting president, he brought to the building-up of this institution, qualities indispensable to such an enterprise,—wide classic, art, and archæological knowledge, enthusiasm, the perfection of organizing and business methods, and sound common-sense. He gave to the work time without stint, and the experience of the scholar and the man of affairs. It is not too much to say that the great success of this splendid enterprise is largely due to the wise guidance of Dr. Prime.

As a writer Mr. Prime is always interesting, vigorous, lucid, convincing, equally facile in condensation and amplification, with a style that is marked by simplicity, and often rises to the charm of melodious periods. His versatility is shown in the rare combination of sentiment with the most practical and clear view of affairs.

THE OLD MAN AT THE WATER-WHEEL

From 'Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia.' Copyright 1857, by Harper & Brothers

LIFE in such a country has no great amount of variety, as one might well imagine.

There was an old man that I found one day on shore as I walked by the boat, whose history was strange and worth the hearing.

He was a puny, dried-up old fellow, whose weight, I think, might come within seventy pounds. He sat on the end of the pole of the water-wheel, immediately behind the tails of the bullocks, and followed them around the little circle which they walked, his knees up to his chin, which was buried between them, and his blear eyes gazing listlessly on the cattle and the outer wall of the *sakea*,—for it was inclosed in a stone-and-mud wall. The everlasting creaking of the wheels—that strange sound that no other machinery on earth emits—seemed, and was to him, the familiar music of his life.

I questioned him, and his story was simply this: He was born just there. It was long before the days of Mohammed Ali, when Hassan Kasheef was king, that he was a boy, sitting on the pole of the *sakea* and following the bullocks around. He sat there more years than he knew anything about, and grew to be a man. Life was to him still the same round. His view was bounded by

the mountains around him, and he never went beyond them. He rode the *sakea*, and at every circle he caught through the open doorway a vision of one mighty hill, with a grove of palms at its foot. In the night he saw it still and solemn among the stars, and sometimes he had seen tempests gathered around it. It was the one idea of his life; and it was something to find in such a brain one idea, though it was but a rock. He looked out at it as he told me of it, with a sort of affection that I well understood, but which surprised me none the less. But so he had lived. He grew heavier as he grew older, and then he could not ride the pole, but sat down in the doorway and watched his bullocks, looking behind him often at the hill; and so the years slipped along, and age came and he wasted away; and when his second childhood was on him, he mounted the pole again, and was riding to his grave.

He had been a great traveler. I know not how many thousand miles he had been carried around that centre-pin. Had he never been away from the valley? Yes, once: he climbed the hill yonder, and from its summit saw the dreary wastes of sand that stretched far away in all directions, and he came back contented. Did nothing occur in his lifetime that he now remembered as marking some one day more than another? Nothing. Yes! one day the wheel broke, and he was startled and frightened; but they came and mended it, and all went on as before.

I left him there to follow his weary round till death overtake him; and if I find life oppressive at any time hereafter, I shall know where to seek a hermitage and undisturbed calm.

THE DEFEAT OF THE CHRISTIAN HOST AT GALILEE, A. D. 1187

From 'Tent Life in the Holy Land.' Copyright 1857, by Harper & Brothers

REGINALD OF CHATILLON, a Knight of the Cross, had come to Palestine with Louis le Jeune, and joined the forces of Raymond of Poictiers, Prince of Antioch. Keen as a hawk and brave as a lion, the young soldier, nameless and of low origin, not only won a name, but on the death of Raymond won his widow Constance and his throne. The stories of his bravery and beauty, sung by the troubadours of those days, were countless; nor was any one more often mentioned, as stout knight and

valiant soldier, than Reginald of Chatillon. His career is the theme for a history. His arm never grew weary of battle, nor did his sword rust until he was taken prisoner by the Moslems, and kept in chains for years at Aleppo. Released at last, he found his wife dead and his son on his throne. He himself gathered around him the most daring and reckless of the Templars, and having by a second marriage obtained other castles and possessions, he made it the business of his life to harass and annoy the Saracens wherever he could find them; and at length, emboldened by his success, conceived the idea of marching to Medinah and Mecca, and plundering the holy Kaaba itself. With his hitherto invincible band of warriors he set out on this perilous enterprise. They surprised and captured the Egyptian caravan crossing the desert from India, and advanced in triumph to the valley of Rabid, scarcely thirty miles from Medinah, where they were met by an overwhelming force and routed with terrible slaughter.

Reginald escaped even here; but Salah-e'deen was aroused by this sacrilegious undertaking. He swore by an oath that could not be violated that the knight should die and Jerusalem should fall. . . .

It was the morning of July 4th, 1187, that the Christians advanced over the plain. Annoyed by the shafts of the Saracens and their constant sallies on both flanks, they yet advanced steadily to the middle of the plain, intending to cut their way through the ranks of the enemy and gain the shore of the sea.

It was here that Salah-e'deen came down on them like a thunderbolt, at the head of twenty thousand horsemen. It was one of the most terrible charges on record. But the Christians, closing up their ranks, received it as the rock receives the sea, and it went back like the foam.

Now high up among the Christian host, the Holy Cross itself was elevated, and men knew for what they were to fight and die. Around it, to use the words of Salah-e'deen himself, they gathered with the utmost bravery and devotion, as if they believed it their greatest blessing, strongest bond of union, and sure defense. The battle became general. On all sides the foe pressed the brave knights and their followers. The latter fell by hundreds, from exhaustion and thirst; for they had been short of bread and water for a week.

Twice did Salah-e'deen repeat that tremendous charge, penetrating into the ranks of his enemies, and fighting his way out again without breaking their array

Night came down on the battle-field while its fate was yet undetermined, and they rested for the morrow.

What wild, despairing prayers went up to God before the Cross of Christ that night, we may not know until those vials of the elders shall be opened.

Long before day, by the admirable disposition of his army, Salah-e'deen had decided the battle even before it was fought.

But he had not decided how many of his host were to be slain on the soil of Galilee by the swords of the Christians.

As the day advanced, the two armies beheld each other. Salah-e'deen waited till the sun was up, and then "the sons of heaven and the children of fire fought their great battle."

The Christians fought as they were accustomed. Their heat and thirst were terrible, and increased by the enemy setting fire to the dry brush and grass, from which the strong wind blew a dense smoke toward them, nearly suffocating them.

The scene was like a very hell; knights and devils contending among flames. Again and again the bands of Templars threw themselves on the Saracen front, and endeavored to pierce their way through its steel wall to reach the citadel of Tiberias, but in vain. The cry of the battle-field went up, among smoke and flame, before God, and he permitted the end to come. "Holy Cross!" shouted the grand-master of the Templars, as he fought his way toward the banner of the Kalif, followed by his brave knights. "Raymond for the Sepulchre!" rang over the clash of steel in the front of the battle. "Ha! Ha! Renaud — Renaud — Chatillon — Carrac — No rescue! Strike, strike!" shouted the proud retainers of the old knight, who were reveling in the blood of the conflict.

By this time, in the centre of the field, the fight had grown thickest and most fierce around the True Cross, which was upheld on a slight eminence by the bishop of Ptolemais. Around it the bravest knights were collected. There Geoffrey of Lusignan, brother to the King, performed miracles of valor; and the Knights of the Temple and the Knights of St. John vied with each other in bravery. As the fray grew darker, and shafts flew swifter around them, and one by one they fell down before the holy wood, the stern, calm voice of the bishop was heard, chanting,

«De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam!» in tones that overpowered the din of battle, and reached the ears of the dying even as they departed. Nearest of all to the Cross was a man wielding a sword which had already done fearful work on the Saracens. The sign on his back was not sufficient to distinguish him from other soldiers; but they who fought by his side well knew the brave precentor of the Sepulchre, bishop of Lydda, the city of St. George. How many souls he had sent to hell that day it is impossible to relate. He and four others remained around the old bishop of Ptolemais, who was fainting for loss of blood; for many arrows had pierced him, and his life was fast failing. «Bohemond for the Cross!» shouted the young Prince of Antioch, as he swept the Paynims down by scores. «St. George! St. George!» shouted the holy bishop, his bright eye flashing around him. He caught sight of the tottering Cross, as the bishop of Ptolemais went down dead. Springing toward it, he seized it with his left arm, and with prodigious strength threw himself into the faces of the foe. The lightning is not more fierce and fast than were the blows of his sword, as he hewed his way along, followed by Bohemond of Antioch, and Renaud of Sidon, and one unknown Knight of the Temple. The latter pressed forward to the side of the brave bishop. Bohemond and Renaud were separated from them, but the two fought on alone, in the midst of thousands of their enemies.

At length the unequal contest was well-nigh over.

The eye of Salah-e'deen was fixed on the dense mass that surrounded the Cross. He smiled bitterly as he saw it trembling and ready to fall from the hands of the gallant bishop, who held it with his left arm, while with his right he cursed the Infidels with the curse of steel, that damned them then, there, and forever. Well might the Soldan believe that as long as he held that holy wood, so long his mighty arm would remain strong, and blood replace in his brave heart the floods that issued from his wounds. But he grew faint at length, and yet shouting in clear tones, «St. George! St. George!» knelt down by the Cross, shielded by the stout arm of the brave Templar, who fought above him, unwounded and undaunted, though he now found himself last knight at the Cross of his Lord.

One glance of his eye over the plain told him that all was lost; and nothing now remained for him but to die bravely for God and for Jerusalem. Far over the field, above the summit of

the Mount of Transfiguration, he beheld the heavens opened, and saw the gates of pearl. Clear and distinct above the clash of arms and loud cries of the field of blood, he heard the voices of the angels singing triumphant songs. So he took courage as the darkness of the battle gathered blacker around him.

For now, as the bishop of Lydda fell prostrate on the ground, the Cross had nearly fallen, and the Paynims, raising a shout of triumph, rushed in on their solitary foe. But they rushed through the gates of hell, sheer down the depths of death, to everlasting perdition. Down came the flashing axe on head and shoulder and limb; down through eyes and chin and breast; so that when they went to Hades in that plight, their prophet had difficulty in recognizing them even as of mortal shape.

The dead lay all around him. He trod down his iron heel in their faces, and crushed it in their chests, and laughed as he dealt those more than human blows with cool, calm aim, but lightning force and velocity. No sound but the clashing steel was heard in this part of the plain, where for a while it appeared as if the saint of the fallen bishop were standing over him in arms for the cause of the Sepulchre.

But every inch of his armor bristled with arrows that were drinking his blood; a well-sped javelin had made a hideous opening in his throat, and the foam from his lips was dropping red on his steel breastplate.

Looking up once more, far over hill and plain, he saw again the battlements of heaven, and a shining company that were approaching even to his very front. The battle-field was visible no longer; but close beside him, the Divine eyes of the Virgin Mother were fixed on him with the same look that she of old fixed on that Cross when holier blood than his ran down its beam. But that was not all that he saw.

There was a hideous sin on the soul of the Knight of the Cross. To expiate that sin he had long ago left the fair land of France, where he had lordly possessions, to become an unknown brother of the order of the Temple. And now through the fast-gathering gloom he saw the face of that one so beloved and so wronged, as she lay on the very breast of the matchless Virgin; and the radiance of her countenance was the smile of heaven. Though he saw all this, the gallant knight fought on, and his swift falchion flashed steadfastly above the mêlée. But then there was a sudden pause: his lost love lay warm and close on

his breast, lay clasped in his arms, on his heart of hearts! He murmured a name long forbidden to his priestly lips, and then, waking one instant to the scene around him, he sprang at the throat of a Saracen, grasped it with his stiffening fingers, and the soul of the Paynim went out with his, as he departed to join the great assembly of the soldiers of the Cross. So the Cross was lost on the field of Galilee.

Guy of Lusignan, eighth and last King of Jerusalem, with a small band of faithful knights, still held his ground on the hill of Hattin. When the Cross vanished from the field, a wail of anguish rose from all the plain, and quivered in the air at the very gates of the celestial city. Raymond of Tripoli and Renaud of Sidon cut their way through the ranks of Saracens, and escaped around the foot of Mount Tabor to Ptolemais. All the rest that were living fell into the hands of Salah-e'deen; and the next day, with his own sword, he executed his threatened vengeance on Reginald of Chatillon, hewing him down to the ground and leaving him to be dispatched by his followers. The fearful sacrifice which he then made of the Templars; how they crowded to it, and others sought to be included in the martyrdom, is a well-known page of history. Not so the statement of an old chronicler, that "during the three following nights, when the bodies of the holy martyrs were lying still unburied, a ray of celestial light shone over them from above."

The Cross which was lost on this field was never regained by Christians. It remained for some time in the custody of Salah-e'deen; and a few years later — that is, in A. D. 1192 — the same chronicler describes the visits of pilgrims to Jerusalem, where they were allowed by the Kalif "to have a sight of the Holy Cross."

A NEW ENGLAND AUCTION: THE LONELY CHURCH IN THE VALLEY

From 'Along New England Roads.' Copyright 1892, by Harper and Brothers

IT WAS in May. The forests further north had been just tinged with that delicious mauve color which is caused by the swelling buds of the maples, and which from day to day changes into pink and hazy sky-blue, and at length, when the buds burst, into green. But here the green had won the day; and the view

in all directions, as I drove along, was fresh and full of promise. When the road led through forest, both sides were luxuriant with the close-packed masses of ferns just commencing summer life; and in the woods were hosts of purple and striped blossoms of the trilium, the glory of our northern forests in the early season. I came out from a piece of woods on a plain where the road went straight ahead in full view for a half-mile. Nearly that distance ahead stood a farm-house, with its barns and outbuildings. The house stood back from the road among fruit-trees, some of which were in blossom. But what especially attracted attention was a large number of horses and wagons, vehicles of various descriptions, which made the front yard and the road near the house look black.

Only two events in the country life are likely to cause such a gathering around a house. When you see it, you are quite safe in thinking that there is a funeral or an auction sale. Either is sure to bring together all the wagons of a very wide-spread population. There is this difference, however,—that to the funeral men and women and children come, but to the "vandue" only men.

As I approached the house, I began to pass horses tied to fences and small trees. Everything in the shape of a hitching-post, everything to which a halter could be tied, was in use; and when I reached the front gate there were groups of men so occupied here and there that no doubt could exist that this was an auction sale. It was undoubtedly a funeral in one sense,—not of any one dead, but of a home. It was the extinguishment of a fire that had been burning on a hearth a great many years. It took but a little while to learn from those who were grouped near the gate the reasons for the auction. This group consisted of men who had come only because it was an occasion for meeting people; a chance for general talk and exchange of little news, a break in the monotony of country life. Near the barn was another group inspecting cows. They had no interest in the sale of furniture in the house. On the front lawn was another group. I fancied they were discussing the value of the farm, whether it was worth the mortgage on it, whether any one was likely to bid on it. As I walked in towards the door I saw that there were people in all parts of the house, most of them in the large kitchen, whence the voice of the auctioneer was audible. As I entered he was selling cooking utensils, getting from a

cent to six cents apiece, rarely as much as ten cents for any article.

I confess that as I looked around this kitchen, on this scene, I felt very much as if it were a funeral, and began to think that I had an interest in, a personal acquaintance with, the departed. It had been for a long lifetime the home of an honest, respected farmer, who had recently died; an old man whose work was ended. His children, all but one daughter, had gone to distant parts of the country. His wife had died a year before. The property must be sold to settle his small estate, pay his funeral expenses and perhaps other claims. There was to be also an attempt to find a purchaser for the farm, but it was thought the holder of a mortgage on it would be the only possible bidder.

That life was to be closed out forever. Wherein much of it had consisted was here visible. It was displayed for public view, and any stranger was free to rove from room to room and see the record; for nothing was reserved,—not even the clothing, or the old man's silver watch, or his wife's work-basket with knitting-needles and scissors, and a knife with a broken blade, and a ball of blue yarn and a half-knit woolen stocking.

Here was a summing-up of the total reward in this world's valuables which a long, laborious life had earned. I can never cease to feel indignation at the preachers about labor and its rewards, who imagine that workmen in the trades are the only laborers to be considered; who are deceived by the idea that the various societies of "working-men" represent one-tenth of the hard-working men of our country; who imagine that the labor question relates only to that small number of persons who work for fixed pay, eight or ten hours a day.

The life of this man from his childhood had been one of incessant labor, hard work; beginning daily long before daylight, ending so wearily after dark that he welcomed sleep as the only rest he knew. Your ten-hour city laborer does not know what work means; and never will know till he acquires a farm, and has to support life by digging for himself, paying himself for his work, and finding that to the vast body of American farmers, fourteen hours a day of labor earns bare subsistence.

The life labor in this house and on this farm showed in the end, as the laborer's pay when all work was done, just nothing beyond the bare support of the life. Less, indeed, than that; for there was a mortgage on the farm, which represented a demand

of some pressing need, or a steady, slow falling behind, from year to year.

The home furniture was not luxurious; far otherwise. But it was not altogether without interest. There was an old chest of drawers in one room, which probably belonged to the mother; possibly came from her mother when she was married. It was made of solid cherry-wood; and the old brass mountings were, for a wonder, brilliant as if new. There was a small looking-glass hanging on a wall, in a frame once of great beauty, the relief ornaments on it being ears of golden grain. There were some pictures in black-pine frames, without glass. None had any money value, but each had higher than money value, because they had been the delights of that family life. Children had grown up looking at them daily, their young imaginations wandering far away under the guiding influence of art. Mark you, my friend, art brings its blessings not alone by the power of renowned artists, by the works of great masters. There are very rude pictures, pictures which provoke the derision of ignorant critics, pictures which have had mighty influence in swaying human minds. There was a fifteenth-century artist in Cologne whose Bible pictures, in rough, hard outlines, were the educators of millions of people for a century and more after he was dead. It is the thought written in the picture which is its power; not the execution, which is of account to very few who see it. There is no possible doubt that that old painted print of Ruth gleaning, and that other of the raising of the Widow's Son, of Nain, had impressed lessons on young minds not to be effaced in this world's experiences, perhaps not in any other world.

The old kitchen seemed to be the place wherein the life had left its strongest marks. And yet they were not many. There was a little printed calendar of a long year ago pasted on the side of the chimney. There was a clock (not worth your purchasing, my friend) standing high up on a wooden shelf. There was a dresser whereon the family crockery was piled for sale. Having in mind friends who want old crockery, I looked over the pieces, one by one; but found nothing worth a stranger's purchasing, except perhaps one English plate, with a blue print, — the rich dark blue wherein the cheap Staffordshire wares surpassed all other, Oriental and Occidental, potteries or porcelains. But the table was there, — a very old square table, made of black ash, with four solid legs. It had no claim to notice for

any beauty about it. But around it the family had been gathered, morning, noon, and evening. First the young man and his wife had sat there alone, happy, hopeful. Years had fulfilled all they had hoped for, had brought little heads to the sides of the table, and years had changed them into older and perhaps wiser heads. All the troubles and all the happiness of every one of them had been brought to the assemblies at that kitchen table. Christmases, Thanksgiving days, wedding days of daughters, days when the minister was to make his annual visit,— all the gala days of life had loaded the table with unusual feasts. And always, with unfailing humility and gratitude, the voice of the father had been heard at the head of the board, thanking God as sincerely as if the farm had been a gold mine instead of slow-yielding soil.

I was in the house but a few minutes. As I drove rapidly down the road, I overtook a man going home from the sale. I am not fond of "buying bargains" in such cases. If there had been anything to tempt me, I could not comfortably own a purchase out of that household at the poor prices things were bringing. But this man was carrying home something. As I turned out and drove by him he held it up for me to see. We went along side by side.

"What have you got there?"

"I don't know. I think it's an old pitcher they used in a church."

"What did you buy it for?"

"I don't know. I s'pose I can sell it to some one."

"How much do you want for it?"

"I don't know what it's worth."

"Well, speak quick, if you want to sell," and my horses were pulling ahead hard.

"I don't know as I care to sell it."

"All right," and I went ahead rapidly.

"Will you give two dollars?" came in a shout after me.

"Will you take it?"

"Yes."

He came up alongside of me, and I took my purchase. It was never church property; quite otherwise. It was a fine, tall old two-quart pewter mug with cover. It had done duty in times when men sat together while the pewter, filled with foaming beer, went around from hand to hand and lip to lip. It was in

perfect order, but there was nothing about it which seemed in keeping with the old farm-house. When, four miles on, I stopped to feed my horses, the landlord, looking in my carriage, exclaimed, "Hello, did you buy Jake's pewter pitcher?" and then said Jake had bought it at another sale years ago, on speculation, and had carried it afterwards to every "vandue," trying to find a purchaser.

In the autumn of that year I drove again through the same country, sometimes on the same, mostly on other roads. The aspect of the hills and valleys was now very different. October is a golden month for carriage travel; on some accounts more pleasant than any other month in the year, both for horses and travelers.

The road passed through a forest, unbroken for half a mile. On the right a stream wandered over rocks, and under little bluffs of moss, bright green miniature copies of mountain bluffs along the courses of mighty rivers. Now and then, where the stream fell into a pool, the lower end of the pool was dammed with autumn leaves, yellow and red and brown, and in the whirl of the pool you could see the same colored leaves going around and around, and the water looked as if it were clearer and colder for their presence. The road was covered over with leaves, — a yellow carpet, — and every few minutes the light breeze would freshen up a little and shake the higher branches of the trees, and send down a shower of leaves, which flitted and darted to and fro, flashing in the sunshine, and falling on our laps and all around us.

At length the road, which going up a gentle ascent left the brook away in the woods, emerged into open country, and we found ourselves on the top of a hill. Before us spread one of those beautiful landscapes in which New England is richer than any other part of the world that I know of. The road descended into an oval basin, some three miles long and a mile broad, the bottom and sides of which were, or had been, cultivated farm lands, except where a small lake slept motionless. It was surrounded by low hills, up the sides of which the fields extended, here and there one of them glowing with the buff and gold of corn stubble and scattered pumpkins. Along the ridges, where the fields did not go over them, were groves of maple and birch whose autumn colors were intensely bright, while down the slopes lay many abandoned fields gone to brush, — mauve,

maroon, crimson, and purple-colored with their dense growth of bushes, scarlet-lined along the fences by rows of sumac.

If you can show me anywhere in the world landscapes which are as rich and varied in color as our northern landscapes in America, or which are more beautiful in the form and contrast of valley and hill, I will go far with you to see them. Autumnal foliage with many is thought to be the changed color of the forest leaves, and few have observed the wonderful painting of landscapes in the autumnal colors of the low bushes. Many of our New England rivers, in October, flow between banks and around low gravel islands which are unbroken masses of crimson, from a plant not a foot high, covering every inch for acres. And the shades are even more beautiful than the intense colors, — soft, rich, and delicate as old embroideries.

There was no village in the valley. As I drove along the road which led nearly through the middle of it, I came, at a cross-road, to a grave-yard of an old church. That it was once a church, the remains of a tower or spire indicated, and its location,— a hundred feet from both roads, in the grave-yard,— demonstrated. There had never been any fence around the lot except the rough-laid loose stone wall which serves for fence in all parts of our country where stone is plenty. And no better or more picturesque fencing can be, especially if people will plant along such walls any of the many beautiful vines which abound everywhere, and thrive luxuriantly in just such places. But no vines had ever been planted here. Not a solitary bush or tree grew in the grave-yard. Even grass seemed to have run out from lonesomeness and neglect, so that the ground looked like an old worn-out pasture lot; the only break in the desolate aspect being a stunted sprig of golden-rod which gleamed in front of the church door.

I passed it, careful not to tread on it, and tried the door, found it open, and went in. The interior was a sad ruin, through which the breeze was free to blow; for there was no glass in any window, nor indeed now any need of glass, since it was plain enough that there had not been for long time any assembling of people here to worship. The pulpit, nearly round and high up, backed by a large window, had once been reached by a winding stairway, now broken down. The pews, which were built of pine without paint, were in fair preservation. The plaster on the walls and flat ceiling had mostly fallen off,

and lay in the pews and on the floor of the aisles. I could see the blue sky through one great rift overhead, where the roof timber had fallen in and crushed down the ceiling.

No places are filled with such profound interest to thoughtful men as those spots in which their fellow-men of former generations were accustomed to assemble for the worship of God. And places of Christian worship are more deeply interesting, because of the characteristics of that worship which distinguish it from all others. In no other have men approached Deity with the sense of personal unworthiness which only their God can remove, and with faith in his fatherhood and brotherhood, his personal presence among them, and his love for them. From the early ages of the Christian Church this immediate and close relationship between God and man has been a distinguishing characteristic of old Christian art; whose earliest representations of his personality are as the Good Shepherd, carrying home a lost and found lamb of his flock. If that faith which directs their prayers be indeed the substance of the things hoped for, then the place where men meet their God is so truly the house of God that one is at a loss to understand those who deny any special sanctity in it. But however irreverent be their regard for the church which they themselves frequent, I think there are very few who can without some serious emotion enter an old church, in which generations of men and women and children have worshiped, who are now lying in silent graves around it.

I don't think you, my friend, whatever your creed or your sympathies, could have sat with me in one of those plain pine pews, seeing the sunshine of that autumn falling through the shattered building on the ruined interior, and have failed to appreciate something of the sanctity of the old place of prayer. It was early noon. Through the broken roof one broad stream of golden light fell on the open place between the front pew and the pulpit. There the table used to stand which they called their Lord's Table, and from which they received, as their catechism expressed it, "by faith,"—that is, by the highest assurance men can have,—unhesitating belief, the body and blood of Him they worshiped. There one by one, when the work and worry, the sorrow and sin, of this life were ended, they were laid with closed eyes and calm faces, and thence carried out to the gathering-place of the dead. Where are they now, strong men and matrons, young men and maidens, little children and patriarchs? As I asked myself the question, I walked across the floor

to a window and looked out. Yes, they were all lying there, as so many millions of the Christian dead all over the world lie, in circles that sweep over the surface of the globe, ever-widening circles as their faith has extended among men, all with their faces heavenward and their feet towards Jerusalem.

We spent more than a half-hour in the old church. I climbed by the wrecked stairway into the pulpit. Its interior casing was falling to pieces, and in a recess within were some scraps of paper, which had slipped between the boards from the shelf under the desk. On one was a memorandum of the minister for notices to be given of the weekly prayer-meeting at Mr. ——'s house, and a Thursday night lecture at the school-house on the mountain. On another was a funeral notice. There was nothing else legible, except a torn scrap, the lower part of a leaf of a hymn-book, and on this was a stanza not unfitting the associations of the place. So, for the moment, I assumed the position of the erstwhile minister, and said from the pulpit, "Let us sing:—

"'Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill
And spread the triumphs of their King!'"

There were only three of us, but one was leader of a choir in an up-country church; and we sang a good old tune, which perhaps they who were now silent around the church used to sing to the same words—and perhaps will some day sing again.

And while we were singing I saw a vision; not supernatural, but as lovely for the moment as any imagination. In the open doorway, at the other end of the church, was standing a little child, a girl of five years old, dressed in white, with masses of red-gold hair, which the wind, coming in from behind her, was waving and shaking. Her great blue eyes were looking with wonderment while she listened. As the sound ceased she vanished. We might have thought it an apparition, but that, going to the door, we saw her running down the road as fast as her little feet would carry her, towards a large farm-house nearly a half-mile off. Her story told at the house might have been the foundation of a midday ghost story for the neighborhood,—the coming back of old-time people to sing an old hymn in the ruined church. But they could hardly suppose that ghosts would come in a traveling carriage drawn by a very solid pair of gray horses.

MATTHEW PRIOR

(1664–1721)

No one is better qualified to speak of Matthew Prior than the accomplished writer of *vers de société* (and work of a higher order), Austin Dobson, who brought out in 1889 an edition of 'Prior's Selected Poems,' with an introduction containing several corrections of generally accepted data. He concludes his introductory essay with the words: "Prior has left behind him not a few pieces which have never yet been equaled for grace, ease, good-humor, and spontaneity; and which are certain of immortality so long as there is any saving virtue in 'fame's great antiseptic — Style.'"

Matthew Prior

There is doubt regarding the place of Prior's birth, on July 21st, 1664; but the evidence points to Wimborne Minster in East Dorset, England. His father is thought to have been a joiner, who removed to London, and sent his son to Westminster. After his parents' early death, young Matt was adopted by his uncle, a vintner, who lived in Channel (now Cannon) Row; and it was here behind the bar that he attracted the attention of the Earl of Dorset, who found him reading Horace and Ovid. Aided by this rich patron, he returned to Westminster school, forming a friendship with Charles and James Montagu (the former afterwards founder of the Bank of England, and Earl of Halifax,— dubitably Pope's "Bufo" in the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot'), and going with them to Cambridge, where he took his bachelor's degree in 1686. His first piece of clever writing, a parody of Dryden's poem 'The Hind and the Panther,' was executed at this period in collaboration with Charles Montagu, who, like Prior, was freshly wearing his college honors. The greater part was Prior's, and the *jeu d'esprit* was published as 'The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse' (London, 1687), and bore such mottoes as "Much Malice mingled with a little Wit." It has no great merit aside from boyish animal spirits, but may be accepted as a prophecy of better work now that we know the better

work to have been accomplished. Some idea of the style of its humor — exceedingly like that of the stock newspaper humorist in the American press of to-day — may be appreciated by comparing Dryden's lines,—

> «A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on the lawns, and o'er the forest ranged;
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no sin,» —

with Prior's corresponding ones, ridiculing the idea of a quadruped guiltless of sin: —

> «A milk-white mouse, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on soft cheese, and o'er the dairy ranged;
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no gin.»

In 1688 Prior obtained a fellowship, and was also made tutor to Lord Exeter's sons; and having won distinguished patronage, was appointed secretary to the ambassador to Holland. After spending three years at The Hague, he was sent to France in the same capacity. Returning to England in 1701, he entered Parliament, became a Tory, and in 1711 was sent on a secret mission to Paris, where he attracted the favor of Louis XIV. A letter from *le Grand Monarque* to Queen Anne said at its close: «I expect with impatience the return of Mr. Prior, whose conduct is very agreeable to me;» and the English Queen replied: «I send back Mr. Prior to Versailles, who, in continuing to conduct himself in the manner that shall be entirely agreeable to you, does no more than execute, to a tittle, the orders which I have given him.» Bolingbroke and Swift greatly admired his diplomatic qualities (although Pope sneered at them), and archives exist in Paris that attest his faithful service. One of Prior's favorite sayings was, «I had rather be thought a good Englishman than be the best poet or greatest scholar that ever wrote.» When the Whigs came into power, Prior returned to England in 1715 to suffer imprisonment; and when discharged he settled at Down-Hall, Essex, on an estate that he had purchased. He died at Lord Harley's country-seat of Wimpole, Cambridge, September 18th, 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Prior considered a long poem, 'Solomon, or the Vanity of the World,' his most important work. It was greatly admired by Cowper, but is seldom read to-day. 'Alma, or the Progress of the Mind,' is also long, but contains many witty Hudibrastic passages. The 'Tales' are rather coarse for modern taste, and Prior's fame rests upon his

lyrics, epigrams, and playful poems. In 'An English Padlock' occur the often quoted lines as advice to a husband:—

> "Be to her virtues very kind;
> Be to her faults a little blind;
> Let all her ways be unconfined,
> And clap your Padlock — on her mind."

Prior has always been a favorite with men of letters. Gay said that he "was beloved by every Muse"; Allan Ramsay wrote a pastoral on his death, beginning "Dear, sweet-tongued Matt! thousands shall greet for thee;" Swift was extremely fond of him, and took great trouble to find subscribers for his poems; and Thackeray in his 'English Humorists' calls him "a world-philosopher of no small genius, good-nature, and acumen," and considers his "among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems. Horace is always in his mind," he continues; "and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy, easy turns and melody, his loves, and his epicureanism bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master." His poem 'To a Child of Quality' Swinburne calls "the most adorable of nursery idyls that ever was or will be in our language." His own estimation of himself may be learned by the following verses from his poem entitled 'For my Own Monument':—

> "Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
> His virtue and vice were as other men's are;
> High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
> In a life particolored, half pleasure, half care.
>
> "Not to business a drudge, not to faction a slave,
> He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
> In public employments industrious and grave,
> And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he!
>
> "Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
> Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
> And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned about,
> He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust."

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five-year-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame;
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

SONG

In vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over;—
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose;
That thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

TO A LADY

She Refusing to Continue a Dispute with Me, and Leaving Me in the Argument

SPARE, generous Victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustained an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspired;
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desired.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delayed;
And armed with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight,
And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and as he fled he slew.

AN ODE

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay:
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play,

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed; Euphelia frowned;
I sung and gazed; I played and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

CUPID MISTAKEN

AS AFTER noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new filled his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried;
O cruel, couldst thou find none other
To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak:
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye;
Alas! how easy my mistake,—
I took you for your likeness Chloe.

A BETTER ANSWER

DEAR Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face;
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurled:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy:
More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vexed at a trifle or two that I writ:
Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong;
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
'Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men,—you know, child,—the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest;
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war;
And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

A SIMILE

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see—
'Tis but by way of simile—
A squirrel spend his little rage
In jumping round a rolling cage?

The cage, as either side turned up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top?—
Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with those merry blades
That frisk it under Pindus's shades:
In noble songs and lofty odes,
They tread on stars and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleased with their own verses' sound:
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

THE SECRETARY

Written at The Hague, MDCXCVI.

While with labor assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right;
No memoirs to compose, and no postboy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next shall be hers and be mine,
To good or ill fortune the third we resign:
Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in processional state.
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drownèd in interest and prose?
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
When The Hague and the present are both on my side?
And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
When good Vandergoes and his provident Vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That search all the province, you'll find no man dar is
So blest as the Englishen Heer Secretar' is.

A TEST OF LOVE

From 'Henry and Emma'

HENRY

VAINLY thou tell'st me what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound;
No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees and beautifully less;
Nor shall thy lower garment's artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side;
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee,
Licentious and to common eyesight free:
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear. . . .
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view;
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew:
By adverse fortune mixed in social ill,
Trained to assault, and disciplined to kill;
Their common loves a lewd abandoned pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back,—
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence and divide their prey;
With such she must return at setting light,—
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inured to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question and the lewd reply;

Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,—
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,—
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omened stars and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a banished man, condemned in woods to rove.

EMMA

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honor hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there. . . .
For thee alone these little charms I drest;
Condemned them or absolved them by thy test.
In comely figure ranged my jewels shone,
Or negligently placed, for thee alone;
For thee again they shall be laid aside:
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee; my clothes, my sex, exchanged for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee,—
Oh, line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or color be expressed
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dressed.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM

CELIA and I the other day
Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
And on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! The winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head and wings her flight;
And trembling vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore or view the main.

"Once more at least look back," said I;
"Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good-humor drest,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain, I hand my oar,
Nor think on all I left on shore.

"But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and wat'ry eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh,—
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deformed by winds and dashed by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labors less than I.

"Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back;

Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I with thee or without thee die.»

THE FEMALE PHAETON

THUS Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as a colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflamed:

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordained;
And sorely vext to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reigned:—

«Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.

«Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

«What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

«Dearest mamma! for once let me
Unchained my fortune try:
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

«I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loosed before;
She, I was loosed at all.»

Fondness prevailed; mamma gave way:
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

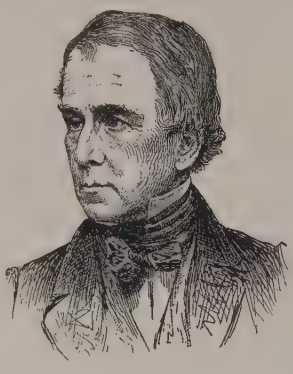
BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(1787–1874)

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

(1825–1864)

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER was born in London, England, November 21st, 1787, according to his biographers, though he himself put the date two years later. He came of good farmer stock in Yorkshire; and, his father having accumulated considerable fortune, he was sent to Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Byron and Peel. At twenty he was bound to a solicitor at Calne, came up to London in 1807 to live, and for the next eight years was sufficiently occupied in doing it. It was not until he was twenty-eight that he began to write, "attracted," as he says of himself, "to literature as a refined amusement."



BRYAN W. PROCTER

Meanwhile he had formed the friendships which were to influence his life; his own personality and his excellent judgment having their effect on his associates. Hazlitt, who put himself out for few people, thought so highly of his talents that he always talked his best when Procter was present. Talfourd says, "Charles Lamb regarded Procter as the spirit most congenial with his own in its most serious moods;" and in his celebrated letter to Southey in the London Magazine for October, 1823, Lamb speaks of him as "Procter, candid and affectionate as his own poetry." Rogers introduced him to Moore as "well worth cultivating"; and his friendship with Leigh Hunt was maintained unclouded throughout Hunt's long life. His father having bequeathed him a comfortable property, Procter's first poems were written during years of freedom and enjoyment. From 1819 to 1823 he wrote the 'Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems,' 'Marcia Colonna,' 'The Sicilian Story,' metrical tales from Boccaccio's themes, 'Mirandola' (which Macready produced at Covent Garden with great success), and 'The Flood of Thessaly.' Then too he laid the foundation of the lyrical

collection which, published in 1832, continued to receive additions for many years.

Meantime he had become engaged to Miss Skepper, the daughter of Mrs. Basil Montagu. But his health had failed; the lady was an invalid also; and somebody described the lovers as supping together at nine o'clock on water gruel. In 1825 Lamb wrote to Leigh Hunt, «Barry Cornwall has at last carried off the pretty A. S. They are just in the treacle moon. Hope it won't clog his wings,—'gaum,' as we used to say at school.»

Mrs. Procter was beloved and admired by all who knew her; her house was the most popular rendezvous for literary men in London. She had a sort of divination as to genius, recognizing it however disguised. Monckton Milnes dedicated his life of Keats to her as «A poet's wife, a poet's mother, and herself of many poets the frequent theme and valued friend.» The admirable pen-and-ink sketch of Keats in Milnes's 'Life' is by Mrs. Procter, who had as acute a perception of likeness as she had of character.

Literature had been the pastime of Procter's leisure. He had published all his poems under the pen-name of «Barry Cornwall»; not, as Moore somewhat maliciously quotes, «because he was a gentleman of fortune, and did not like to have his name free in the reviews,» but because of that intellectual reserve and sensitiveness that influenced his whole life, and of a curious underestimate of his talent. After his marriage, when his partial loss of fortune made it necessary to add to his income, he had neither strength nor ambition to pursue literature in the intervals of business, but returned with energy to his conveyancing. His idealism in verse contrasts strangely with the cautious prudence of his external life. He sat up two nights in the week to do his professional work; he took pupils, among whom were Eliot Warburton and Kinglake; and he was a commissioner of lunacy for many years.

His life was full of happiness and success; and during his age the devotion of John Kenyon, of Dickens, of Thackeray (who dedicated 'Vanity Fair' to him), and after their deaths, the friendship of Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Lord Houghton, and a host of others, made an Indian summer around the old man's hearth. In person he greatly resembled Walter Scott; and he was not unlike Scott in his genius, with its union of romance and practicality. «Everybody loves him,» wrote Crabb Robinson. «The beloved and honored Barry Cornwall, whose minstrel name I venture to speak,» says Hawthorne. He died in London, October 4th, 1874.

Procter's early verse was greatly influenced by his contemporaries. Lamb was his guide in the fields of Elizabethan drama, Leigh Hunt taught him poetic methods (as he in turn afterwards taught Poe),

and Keats appealed to his æsthetic side. But Keats, infinitely richer and more fertile, wrote of what he imagined; Procter of what he had seen and read, not of what he had felt or experienced. On the other hand, he was already a finished workman when at twenty-eight he began to write, with a nature sensuous indeed but sane.

Among the 'Dramatic Sketches,' the 'Return of Mark Antony,' 'Julian the Apostate,' and 'The Way to Conquer,' are simple and passionate; and the poem 'The Flower,' from the last named, has the flavor and the picturesque detail of Shakespeare. Charles Lamb said that there was not one of the 'Dramatic Sketches' which he would not have placed in his collection if he had found it in the Garrick plays at the British Museum. Even Carlyle pressed Procter to continue his dramatic writings, as the best expression of his gift. But while the modern reader has an acute pleasure in recognizing how perfectly he has caught the spirit of the Elizabethan, or rather the Jacobean drama, the quality of that pleasure soon reveals the quality of Procter's talent. The interest in the 'Dramatic Scenes' is purely literary; and 'Mirandola,' which was acted for sixteen nights, and for which the author got six hundred and thirty pounds, owes its popularity to the judgment of his literary contemporaries, who with it have passed away.

Throughout his tragedies were scattered little lyric songs, in which we see the groundwork of his later eminence; for he was to find his place as a lyric poet. The dramatic quality, which in his 'Sketches' excites a mere literary interest, perfectly expressed itself in musical outbursts of thought, sorrow, and delight. They include all poetic feelings "from sweetest melancholy to glad animal joy." Not Prospero's tricksy spirit has more glorious liberty than 'The Stormy Petrel'; the virile barytone quality, as Mr. Stedman describes it, of 'The Hunting Song,' wakes the lusty morn; 'Drink and Fill the Night with Mirth' has the lightness of Anacreon; 'King Death' is as fantastic as one of Doré's paintings; and perhaps the most perfect lyric ever addressed by a poet to his wife is the little song set to Neukomm's music:—

"How many summers, Love,
Have I been thine?"

The delicate perfume of a flower is in the melody,

"Sit down, sad soul,
The moment's flying;"

and such songs as 'Touch us gently, Time,' 'The Sea, the Sea, the Open Sea,' and the dirge, 'Peace, what can tears avail?' have touched three generations of readers, some of whom, like Miss Martineau,—

whose brilliant sketch of Procter has best preserved his personality, —are not easily moved.

Early in his career he wrote much prose for the Literary Gazette, showing great satirical power,—a faculty he rarely exercised. It was this characteristic, perhaps, that induced Jeffrey to try to secure him for the Edinburgh; and perhaps the consciousness that he possessed it decided him to decline. His 'Life of Lamb' was written after he was seventy-seven years old; but although it is the most entertaining of books, it fails to leave on the reader the impression of a character. Lamb's personality had a piquancy which must be suggested,—not explained, as is Procter's straightforward way.

What he failed to do for Lamb, Coventry Patmore did for him, in his admirable 'Life of Bryan Waller Procter' (1877); a portrait conceived as a whole, and suffused with its hero's indefinite charm.

Adelaide Procter, the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, was born in London in 1825. A shy and gentle girl, "my golden-tressèd Adelaide," as he called her, she was her father's intimate companion almost from her birth, when he addressed to her the lovely lines beginning "Child of my heart." She wrote her first poems for Dickens's Household Words; but, afraid that the editor might accept them on account of his friendship for the family, sent them under the pen-name of Mary Berwick. Mr. James T. Fields, in his 'Barry Cornwall and his Friends,' gives a charming description of Dickens's dining with the Procters, and launching into enthusiastic praise of "Mary Berwick" in Mrs. Procter's presence, who, in the secret, revealed with tears the real name of the author.

The 'Lyrics' were collected and published in 1853; and in seven years had reached their ninth edition,—Tennyson's poems not exceeding them in popularity. They take single emotional themes, usually permeated by a gentle piety. "It is like telling one's beads," says Mr. Stedman, "or reading a prayer-book, to turn over her pure pages." Miss Procter became a Catholic in her later life, and was devoted to works of charity and philanthropy. She died in London, February 3d, 1864.

THE SEA

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great Sea more and more;
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was and is to me
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,—
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

A PETITION TO TIME

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three.
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in single things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

LIFE

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is *all* thy song
"Endure and—die"?

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN

REST! This little Fountain runs
Thus for aye: it never stays
For the look of summer suns,
Nor the cold of winter days.
Whosoe'er shall wander near,
When the Syrian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear
Lest he may not slake his thirst:
He will find this little river
Running still, as bright as ever.
Let him drink and onward hie,
Bearing but in thought that I,
EROTAS, bade the Naiad fall,
And thank the great god Pan for all!

«SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL»

SIT down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying:
Come — tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles? — a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
For day is dying.

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure.

We dream — do thou the same;
We love — forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame, —
The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then — hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE

How many summers, Love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears — a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown.

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look where our children start,
Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time!

«PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL?»

Peace! what do tears avail?
She lies all dumb and pale;
And from her eye
The spirit of lovely life is fading,
And she must die!
Why looks the lover wroth? the friend upbraiding?
Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long
'Midst pain and grief and wrong?
Then why not die?

Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,
And hopeless lie?
Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?
Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms,
And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,
The Angels lie.
Wilt bear her there, O Death, in all her whiteness?
Reply, reply!

THE STORMY PETREL

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home;
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
Where the whale and the shark and the sword-fish sleep—
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!

Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er falters — so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

[The three poems immediately following are by Adelaide Anne Procter.]

A DOUBTING HEART

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,—
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,—
Not thou,—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear:
The words would come too late;

Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall,—remember, I *would* risk it all!

A LOST CHORD

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

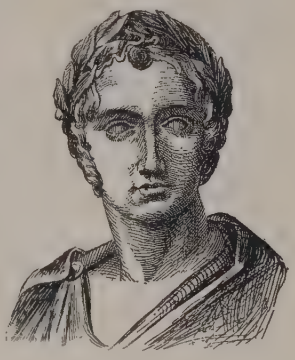
It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

(50?–15? B. C.)

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

LITTLE is known of Propertius beyond the scanty information to be gleaned from his own works. He was a provincial, like so many prominent literary men of the day; of a good Umbrian family. Most of his life seems to have been passed in Rome, where he came to complete his education; but scarcely an event in it can be dated with certainty. The latest allusion in his works seems to refer to events of the year 16 B. C., and it is surmised that he was born about the year 50. It is a matter of comparative indifference, however, whether these and other conjectures are correct or not. His five short books, mostly love poems, sufficiently reveal the man; and there is little in them which we could read with greater interest for knowing who walked behind lictors when it was written.



SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

Propertius was one of that group of poets who enjoyed the friendship and patronage of Mæcenas, and who undertook to create a new school of Latin poetry by following still more closely Greek models. While Virgil meditated "something greater than the Iliad," and Horace wedded Æolian song to Italian measures, the younger and more ardent Propertius devoted himself to erotic poetry and the perfecting of the elegy. Gallus and Catullus had already naturalized this form of poetry at Rome; Tibullus was winning great applause with it at this very time; but with characteristic ambition and self-confidence Propertius claimed it as his own especial field. The success of his first volume, devoted to the praises of his mistress Cynthia, had won him the favor of the all-powerful Mæcenas. In the three or four succeeding books,—the division is uncertain,—he feels little doubt that he has vindicated his right to be called the Roman Callimachus, the "first initiate into the rites of Philetas's sacred grove," as he expresses it. It was only with much doubt that so good a critic as

Quintilian denied his pre-eminence; and modern readers are still more inclined to admit that with all his defects, Propertius is undoubtedly the master of the Latin elegy. It is an instrument of somewhat narrow compass at best; but Propertius, more than all his rivals, shows us its full range. Whether in the transcription of a national legend, or in celebrating the glory of Augustus, or writing the epitaph of Gallus or Marcellus, or most of all, in depicting the manifold phases of a lover's mind, his work reveals a vigor and a sincerity of spirit, a fertility of fancy, a pathos and a passion, which are unequaled by any other elegiac poet. Some of them may excel him in certain qualities, but none has his power and his variety combined.

Even his warmest admirers must admit that his work is marred by very grave defects. To begin with, he did not choose his models wisely. Like all of his contemporaries he was fascinated by Alexandrine erudition; but he did not learn, as did the greatest poets of his age, to correct this tendency by a close study of the earlier masters. Indeed it is surmised, in the absence of the poems of Callimachus, that Propertius has gone beyond his instruction. *Doctus* was a favorite adjective with which to compliment a poet of that age, and Propertius strove to merit it by displaying his learning in and out of season. He delights to refer to the most abstruse of myths, or to their least familiar characters. Never poet stood more in need of Corinna's advice; for his sack contained only the toughest nuts of the Greek legend. The obscurity created by this fondness for mythologic lore is too often increased by an abruptness of thought occasionally bordering on incoherence. Images are not always clearly conceived in his impetuous imagination; and there is not infrequently an awkwardness of phraseology, or an inexactness of expression. Sometimes one is faintly reminded of Persius and his verbal contortions, or of other poets who fancy they have made poetry when they have only written impossible prose.

All these are serious faults; and more likely to endear an author to schoolmasters and editors than to lovers of poetry. But the personality of Propertius is strong enough to dominate them all. Few writers win for themselves a more willing indulgence, or give a clearer impression of a talent greater than its best work. Sooner or later his readers come to believe that he might have done greater things had he so chosen. He chose, however, to lavish his power upon love elegies; and it is by them that he is usually judged. In intensity of passion, in utter simplicity and directness of its expression, Propertius is inferior to Catullus,—as who is not? But as a poet of love he may safely challenge comparison with any but Catullus. His Cynthia is never to be classed with the shadowy Chloes

and Leuconoës of Horace's bloodless affections. The genuineness of his love is undoubted. His delight in the charms and accomplishments of his mistress; the jealousy provoked by her infidelities; his sorrow at parting from her, even in fancy; the rapture of a reconciliation; these and many another aspect of love, and the "evil cares which it has," are depicted with unmistakable sincerity. For Cynthia's sake he will give up a career, and abandon his plans for travel abroad. At times he even refuses to write on any other subject: Cynthia is the first and will be the last of his songs.

The day came, however, when he could narrate his own infidelity, and picture Cynthia's successor filching jewelry from her funeral pyre. More and more throughout his later books, it is apparent that other themes were claiming part of his attention. To most men his great passion will hardly seem a less genuine experience because he too came to feel that life is greater than love. Believers in poetical fitness may insist that he died shortly after ceasing to write on the all-absorbing theme; but the man Propertius, though not the poet, is quite as likely to have lived to found the family which Pliny expressly ascribes to him.

Some of the most pleasing of the poems are among the number not concerned with Cynthia. The "queen of elegies," his noble epitaph on Cornelia, is deservedly famous, though marred by his characteristic faults. In the last book are found also a few poems, dealing with the legendary history of Rome. Whether we regard them as among his earliest, or as their metrical structure would seem to indicate, his latest works, they are an interesting evidence of the manner in which his intense nature responded to the appeal of national and patriotic themes. It has been surmised that they probably suggested to Ovid the plan of his 'Fasti.' Ovid mentions Propertius with warm admiration, and many imitations and echoes show clearly the impression made by Propertius upon the poets of the younger generation. By later Roman writers Propertius is seldom cited, and there are no selections from his works in the anthologies.

The extant manuscripts are for the most part late, and much interpolated, as might be expected in the case of a writer so often obscure. The same quality has caused the earlier editions of the elegies to be loaded with useless conjectures, and subjected to the most arbitrary rearrangement. The saner criticism of the present century has restored the text; but a satisfactory commentary is yet to be written. The neglect of Propertius by the schools is shown by the comparative rarity of editions in modern times. That by F. A. Paley (London, 1872) is practically the only accessible edition with English notes, though a volume of selections has been more recently edited by J. P. Postgate (London, 1881). Of the German editions,

Hertzberg's (Halle, 1843), in four volumes with Latin notes, is the most complete. Of English translations, by far the best poetical version is the work of Dr. James Cranstoun (Edinburgh, 1875), from which the following selections are made.

G. M. Whicher.

BEAUTY UNADORNED

WHY wear, my Life, when thou abroad dost stir,
A head trimmed up to fashion's latest laws?
A Coan vestment of transparent gauze,
And hair perfumed with Orontean myrrh?

Why deck thyself with gems and costly dress?
Why mar with trinkets Nature's form divine,
And not allow thy beauties forth to shine
In all their own, their matchless loveliness?

To thee such aids can add no charms — ah, no!
True love will aye disdain the artist's care.
See! the fair fields a thousand colors wear,
And ivy sprays far best spontaneous grow.

Fairer in lonely grots green arbutes rise,
Fairer the streamlet wends its wandering way,
Lovelier bright pebbles gem their native bay,
And birds sing sweetlier artless melodies.

TO TULLUS

DEAR Tullus, now I'd gladly plow wild Adria's waves with thee,
And fearlessly my canvas spread upon the Ægean sea;
Yea, by thy side I'd o'er the steep Rhipæan ridges roam,
Or wend my toilsome way beyond swart Memnon's distant home:
But me a maiden's pleading words and circling arms detain; [vain.
'Gainst her pale cheek and earnest prayers to strive, alas! were

Still of her ardent love for me she raves the weary night,
And swears there's not a god in heaven, if e'er I leave her sight;
Declares that she is not my love; nay more, the frantic girl
Vents every threat that peevish maids at heartless lovers hurl;

Against her plaints a single hour I cannot, cannot hold.
Ah! perish he, if such there be, whose bosom could be cold!

True, I should see fair Athens reared beneath Minerva's smile,
And Asia's grandeur famed of old; but is it worth the while
To make my Cynthia scream what time my vessel seeks the sea,
To see her tear her tender cheeks in frenzied agony,
And say that she will kiss the wind that balks her lover's plan,
And that no monster walks the earth so fell as faithless man?

Go, strive to earn a nobler wreath than e'er thine uncle wore,
And to our old allies their long-forgotten rights restore:
And may the unpitying Boy ne'er bring on thee my sorrows fell,
And all the tokens of a woe my tears too plainly tell;
For thou hast frittered not thy years on Beauty's fatal charms,
But aye been ready to assert thy country's cause in arms.

Here let me lie, as fortune aye hath willed it in the past;
And let me still devote my soul to folly to the last.
Many in tardy love have gladly spent their latest day,—
Then let me die with these, with these let earth conceal my clay:
For fame I was not nurtured, nor in arms would glorious prove;
The Fates decree my fields shall be the battle-plains of love.

Then whether thou shalt roam athwart Ionia's pleasant lands,
Or where Pactolus streaks the Lydian vales with golden sands;
Whether on foot thou'lt scour the plain or tempt with oars the sea,
And all the duties well discharge thine office claims from thee:
If thou shouldst chance to think of me in foreign climes afar,
Be well assured I'm living still beneath a baleful star.

TO CYNTHIA

SINCE from my love I had the heart to flee,
Justly to halcyons lone my wail I pour;
No more Cassiope my bark will see,
And all my vows fall fruitless on the shore.

The winds are leagued for thee now far away;
Hark to the threatening tempest's fitful gust!
Will no kind fortune this dread storm allay?
Must a few grains of sand conceal my dust?

Oh, let no more thy harsh upbraidings rise,
But say this night at sea my fault atones!

Or canst thou paint my fate with tearless eyes,
Nor in thy bosom bear to hold my bones?

Ah! perish he who first, with impious art,
In sail-rigged craft dared tempt the unwilling sea!
'Twere better I had soothed my mistress's heart—
Hard though she was, how peerless still to me!—

Than view this wild and forest-mantled shore,
And woo the longed-for Twins that calm the wave.
Then earth had veiled my woes, life's fever o'er,
And some small stone—love's tribute—marked my grave.

For me she might have shorn her cherished hair;
'Mid sweet-breath'd roses laid my bones at rest;
Called o'er my dust my name, and breathed a prayer
That earth might lightly lie upon my breast.

Fair Doris's daughters, who o'er ocean roam,
Speed our white sails with your auspicious band!
And oh, if Love e'er sought your azure home,
Grant one who loved like you, a sheltered strand!

TO CAIUS CILNIUS MÆCENAS

You ask me why love-elegy so frequently I follow,
And why my little book of tender trifles only sings:
It is not from Calliope, nor is it from Apollo,
But from my own sweet lady-love my inspiration springs.

If in resplendent purple robe of Cos my darling dresses,
I'll fill a portly volume with the Coan garment's praise;
Or if her truant tresses wreathe her forehead with caresses,
The tresses of her queenly brow demand her poet's lays.

Or if, perchance, she strike the speaking lyre with ivory fingers,
I marvel how those nimble fingers run the chords along;
Or if above her slumber-drooping eyes a shadow lingers,
My trancèd mind is sure to find a thousand themes of song.

Or if for love's delightful strife repose awhile be broken,
Oh, I could write an Iliad of our sallies and alarms;
If anything at all she's done—if any word she's spoken—
From out of nothing rise at once innumerable charms.

But if the Fates had given me the power, beloved Mæcenas,
To marshal hero-bands, I'd neither sing of Titan wars,
Nor Ossa on Olympus pilèd, that Terra's brood most heinous,
By aid of Pelion, might scale the everlasting stars;

Nor hoary Thebes, nor Pergamus in Homer's song undying;
Nor sea to sea by stern decree of haughty Xerxes brought;
The warlike Cimbri, nor the soul of Carthage death-defying;
Nor Remus's ancient realm, nor deeds of fame by Marius wrought;

But I would sing of Cæsar's might and Cæsar's martial glory,
And next to mighty Cæsar would my lyre for thee be strung:
For while of Mutina, or of Philippi fell and gory,
Or of the naval war and rout by Sicily I sung;

Or of Etruria's ancient hearths in ruin laid forever,
Or Ptolemæan Pharos with its subjugated shore,
Or Egypt and the Nile what time the broad seven-mantled river
In drear captivity to Rome our conquering armies bore;

Or kings with golden fetters bound, in gorgeous-hued apparel,
And trophied prows of Actium, whirled along the Sacred Way,
My Muse would ever twine around thy brow the wreath of laurel—
In time of peace, in time of war, a faithful subject aye.

TO THE MUSE

'Tis time to traverse Helicon in themes of higher strain,
'Tis time to spur my Thracian steed across a wider plain;
Now I would sing of mighty hosts and deeds of battle done,
And chronicle the Roman fields my general has won;
And if my powers of song should fail — to dare were surely fame:
Enough that I have had the will; no higher praise I claim.

Let hot youth sing the laughing loves — be war the theme of age;
Be war my theme — till now the dream of love has filled my page.
With sober mien and graver brow I now must walk along,
Now on another lyre my Muse essays another song.
Rise, O my Muse! from lowly themes; put on your strength, ye Nine
Who haunt the clear Pierian springs! — outpour the lofty line!

. . . . . .

As when we cannot reach the head of statues all too high,
We lay a chaplet at the feet, so now perforce do I;
Unfit to climb the giddy heights of epic song divine,
In humble adoration lay poor incense on thy shrine;
For not as yet my Muse hath known the wells of Ascra's grove:
Permessus's gentle wave alone hath laved the limbs of Love.

THE IMMORTALITY OF GENIUS

ORPHEUS, 'tis said, the Thracian lyre-strings sweeping,
Stayed the swift stream and soothed the savage brute;
Cithæron's rocks, to Thebes spontaneous leaping,
Rose into walls before Amphion's lute.

With dripping steeds did Galatea follow,
'Neath Ætna's crags, lone Polyphemus's song:
Is't strange the loved of Bacchus and Apollo
Leads captive with his lay the maiden throng?

Though no Tænarian blocks uphold my dwelling,
Nor ivory panels shine 'tween gilded beams;
No orchards mine Phæacia's woods excelling,
No chiseled grots where Marcian water streams,—

Yet Song is mine; my strain the heart engages;
Faint from the dance sinks the lithe Muse with me:
O happy maid whose name adorns my pages!
Each lay a lasting monument to thee!

The pyramids that cleave heaven's jeweled portal;
Eléan Jove's star-spangled dome; the tomb
Where rich Mausolus sleeps,—are not immortal,
Nor shall escape inevitable doom.

Devouring fire and rains will mar their splendor;
The weight of years will drag the marble down:
Genius alone a name can deathless render,
And round the forehead wreathe the unfading crown.

CORNELIA

O Paulus! vex my grave with tears no more:
No prayers unlock the portals of the tomb;
When once the dead have trod the infernal floor,
Barred stand the adamantine doors of doom.

Though the dark hall's dread king would hear thy prayer,
'Twere vain: dead shores will drink thy tears the while.
Prayers move high heaven; but pay the boatman's fare,
The drear gate closes on the shadowy pile. . . .

I doffed the maiden's dress;—I was a bride;
The matron's coif confined my braided hair:
Too soon, O Paulus! doomed to leave thy side;
I was but thine, my tombstone shall declare. . . .

Years changed me not; a blameless life I spent,
From wedlock to its close our fame secure:
Nature my blood with inborn virtue blent;
No fears could make my guileless heart more pure. . . .

My meed—a mother's tears; the city's woe;
Even Cæsar's sorrow consecrates my bier:
Rome saw the mighty god a-weeping go,
And mourn his daughter's worthy sister-peer.

Though young, the matron's honored robe I wore;
Death from no barren dwelling bore his prize:
My boys! my solace when I live no more,
Ye held me in your hands and closed my eyes.

Twice had my brother filled the curule chair,
A consul ere his sister's days were run.
Thy censor-sire in mind, sweet daughter, bear:
Uphold his honor; wed, like me, but one;

With offspring prop our line.—The bark's afloat:
I gladly go, so many mourn my doom;
A wife's last triumph, and of fairest note,
Is fame's sweet incense rising o'er her tomb.

Paulus, our pledges I commend to thee;
Burnt in my bones still breathes a mother's care.
Discharge a mother's duties, then, for me;
For now thy shoulders all their load must bear.

Kiss them, and kiss them for their mother; dry
Their childish tears: thine all the burden now.
Ne'er let them see thee weep or hear thee sigh,
But with a smile thy sorrow disavow.

Enough that thou the weary nights shouldst moan,
And woo my semblance back in visions vain;
Yet whisper to my portrait when alone,
As if the lips could answer thee again.

If e'er these halls should own another queen,
And a new mother fill your mother's bed,—
My children, ne'er let frowning look be seen,
But honor her your father chose to wed.

So shall your manners win her tender grace,
And surely she will love for love return;
Nor praise too much your mother to her face,
For fear her breast with jealous feelings burn.

But should my image still his thoughts engage,
And Paulus dower my dust with love so rare,
Oh, learn to watch your father's failing age,
And shield his weary widowed heart from care!

Heaven add to yours the years I hoped in store,
And may your lives my aged Paulus cheer!
'Tis well: I ne'er the robes of mourning wore,
And all my children gathered round my bier.

My cause is plead. Each weeping witness, rise,
Since death's rewards life's losses well repay.
Heaven waits the pure in heart: be mine the prize
To soar triumphant to the realms of day.

PROVENCAL LITERATURE

(The Troubadours, 1090–1290)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

A curious natural feature of Dalmatia — that long, narrow country straitened between the mountains and the Adriatic — is the number of rivers which come up suddenly from underground, or burst full-grown from the bases of the hills, and seek the sea with a force and velocity of current all the more impressive from the mystery of their origin. Just so the poetry of the Troubadours leaps abruptly, in full volume, out of the mirk of the unlettered ages, and spreads itself abroad in a laughing flood of which the superficial sparkle may sometimes deceive concerning the strength of the undercurrent passion on which it is upborne.

Gai Saber — the Gay Science — was the name bestowed by these gushing singers themselves upon their newly discovered art of verse-making; and the epithet was perfectly descriptive. To the serious, disciplined, and systematic nineteenth-century mind, there is something incongruous, not to say indecent, in the association of science and joy. Whatever else the science may be, in whose sign we are supposed to conquer, it is not gay. But the Troubadour did not even know the difference between science and art. His era in the life of modern Europe corresponds exactly with the *insouciant* season when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The Troubadour was palpitating, moreover, with the two masterful enthusiasms of his time: the religious enthusiasm of the Crusades, and the high-flown sentiments and noble chimeras of the lately formulated code of chivalry.

Seizing the instrument nearest to his hand, — a supple and still growing offshoot from the imperishable root of Latin speech, — he shaped his pipe, fashioned his stops, and blew his amorous blast; and was so overcome by amazement at the delightful result, that he was fain loudly to proclaim himself the happy *finder* (trobaire) of the verbal music he had achieved, rather than its *maker* or poet.

Lengua Romana, or *Romans*, was what he called his own language. To Dante, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, it was Provençal as distinguished from the *lengua materna*, or Italian: and Provençal it is, to this day, loosely called. But it was spoken in

substantially the same form, far outside the fluctuating limits of mediæval Provence; and one of the Troubadours themselves — Raimon Vidal — has in fact defined its limits very explicitly. "The only true language of poetry," he says, "is that of Limousin, Provence, Auvergne, and Quercy; . . . and every man born and brought up in those countries speaks the *natural and right speech.*"

The time at which the troubadour minstrelsy flourished is as distinctly marked as its locality. Two hundred years, from the last decade of the eleventh century to the last of the thirteenth, comprise it all. Fifty years for its rise, a hundred for its most exuberant period, fifty more for its decline,—and the brief but picturesque and exciting story is all told. The love of man for woman is its perpetual and almost exclusive theme; primarily that same "simple and sensuous" *motif* which was already old in the world when the all-knowing King of Israel sang,—"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away! For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land!" The special form of the tender passion to which the troubadour tuned his lay was, however, the love of chivalry: theoretically a selfless and spiritual sentiment, having even a touch about it of religious exaltation. It involved the absolute devotion of life, wit, and prowess to the service of a formally chosen lady-love; and was as much a part of the sacramental obligations of a full-made knight as the service of God and of his feudal seigneur. The art in which this love found expression was thus essentially an aristocratic one; reserved for the practice of those who were either *élite* by birth and fortune, or ennobled by the possession of rare poetic gifts. Marriage was no part of its aim, and was never once, in the case of any well-known troubadour, its dénouement. The minstrel's lady was quite regularly the wife of another man; often of his feudal lord or sovereign ruler. The scope for tragedy and crime afforded by so fantastic a relation is obvious, and history has plenty to tell of the calamities which attended it in particular cases. Yet the austere ideal was never totally eclipsed; and that it survived the final disappearance of the troubadour as a court-minstrel and titular lover, we have abundant proof in the mystic lauds addressed by Dante to Beatrice and by Petrarch to Laura.

For the rest, the precocious perfection of form exhibited by some of the earliest troubadour songs which we possess, is not quite as miraculous as at first sight it appears. The main points in the mechanism of troubadour verse, both in its earlier and simpler, and in its later and highly elaborate developments, are two: strong tonic accents — mostly iambic, though sometimes of trochaic lines — and terminal rhymes. By these features it is radically distinguished from the

quantitative measures of classic Greece and Rome; and in these respects it has furnished the model for almost all modern European poetry. But the rustic and popular poetry of the Latin race had been, from the first, a poetry of accent: and the tradition of it had been handed down through the early hymns of the Christian Church, and the rude staves and ballads trolled from town to town and from castle to castle during the Dark Ages, by the *joculatores* or *jongleurs;* those vagrant mimes and minstrels who played so large a part afterwards, in diffusing and popularizing the more refined compositions of the troubadours. Rhyme, on the other hand, though it might well have occurred to anybody as a fitting ornament of song,—rhyming words and syllables being exactly as obvious and essential a form of harmony as musical chords,—was very probably borrowed immediately from that Arabian verse in which it is so lavishly employed, during the long sojourn of the Saracens in Southern Europe.

It seems a curious freak of philological fate whereby a literature so juvenile and impulsive as that of the troubadours, so destitute of connected thought, and at the same time so instinct with emotions, so that the very stress of feeling often renders its utterances vague, stammering, and all but unintelligible, should have become—largely by virtue of its important historical position midway between the written word of ancient Rome and that of modern France—a favorite and hard-trodden field for dry research, grammatical quibbling, and controversy on technical points. But so it is. Every sigh of the troubadour minstrel has been analyzed, and every trill conjugated. Yet when all has been said and read, the reader's appreciation of this unique body of song will have to depend rather more upon personal divination and temperamental sympathy than upon any laboriously acquired skill in interpretation. Even for the name and lineage of many of the most famous and successful *finders*, as well as for the incidents of their lives, we are mainly dependent upon two sets of brief biographies, compiled by nameless monks, one in the twelfth and one in the fourteenth century. Of these cloistered authors, the earlier was no doubt contemporary with a certain number of his subjects; but we may safely conclude that they both adorned their facts, to some extent, with fancy and with fable. In selecting, out of a hundred or two of these romantic lives, a few as typical of all, we may think ourselves fortunate if, as in the case of the name that heads all the lists, the poet be a sufficiently exalted personage to have had a place in general history, and to have borne a part in the leading events of his time.

William IX., Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine, was born in the year 1071, and succeeded in his fifteenth year to the sovereignty of a region comprising, besides Gascony and the southern half

of Aquitaine, Limousin, Berry, and Auvergne. Almost alone among the great lords of southern France, he resisted the call of Raymond of Toulouse to the First Crusade in 1095; but when in the last year of the century the great news arrived of the capture of Jerusalem, and an appeal was made for the reinforcement of the small garrison left in the Holy Land, William was overborne, and prepared, though still reluctantly, to go. His amours had been numerous, and he had already written love songs,—many of which are licentious to a degree, though some few reflect in sweet and simple strains the most refined ideals of chivalry.

Now, on the eve of his departure for the East, early in 1101, he composed a farewell to Provence, being haunted by a sad presentiment that he should see that fair land no more. His foreboding was not realized. He came back unscathed at the end of two years, after many wild adventures and narrow escapes, and wrote a burlesque account in verse (which has not survived) of his experiences in Palestine. He lived until 1127, and made ruthless war in his later years upon his young and defenseless neighbor, Alphonse Jourdain of Toulouse, for the sovereignty of that province. Alphonse was a son of the heroic Raymond, the leader of the first crusade, born in the Holy Land and baptized in the Jordan,—whence his surname. A daughter of his was distinguished by the tuneful homage of a troubadour named Guiraud le Roux, of knightly rank but poor, who had taken service at Alphonse's court. This Guiraud is remarkable as being the only troubadour on record who loved but one woman; and there is a quality about his whimsical and subtle but always irreproachable verses which reminds one a little of the Elizabethan lyric.

William IX. of Poitiers was succeeded by his son William X.; and he in turn was the father of one of the most illustrious women of her age,—a great patroness of the troubadours, and past-mistress of all that nebulous lore which was made the absurd matter of solemn discussion and adjudication in the so-called Courts of Love. This was no other than the beautiful and stately Eleanor,—Princess of Aquitaine and Duchess of Normandy, first married to Louis VII. of France, then divorced and married to Henry II. of England,—the merciless but by no means immaculate censor of the fair Rosamond Clifford, and the mother of Richard of the Lion Heart. She was already married to Henry, who was ten years her junior; but she had not yet visited England when she welcomed and installed as her formal worshiper at the Norman court one of the most famous and prolific of all the troubadours,—a true poet, though a light and inconstant lover,—Bernard of Ventadour. Very humbly born, the son in fact of the castle baker, Bernard's exquisite talent was early discovered by his master, Ebles III. of Ventadour, who is described

in the old chronicles as having «loved, even to old age, the *songs of alacrity.*» Ebles not only educated the boy, but permitted and even encouraged him, for a long time, to *afficher* himself as the adorer of his own youthful second wife, Adelaide of Montpellier. The day came, however, when the youth's homage was suddenly discovered to have passed the proper ceremonial bounds; and he was abruptly dismissed, to take new service in Normandy. It is next to impossible to separate, in his remains, the songs of the two periods: Adelaide or Eleanor, it is all virtually one. The limpid stream of babbling minstrelsy flows on for some forty years, always dulcet and delicate, sometimes lightly pathetic, but reflecting indifferently the image of either lady. Within the long period of Bernard's placid ascendency were comprised the rapid and fiery careers of two men of a very different stamp,—the most tragical figures in all the miscellaneous choir.

Jaufré Rudel, the Prince of Blaya, fell in love with a certain Countess of Tripoli on the mere rumor of her charms; assumed the cross for the sole and sacrilegious purpose of meeting her; fell ill upon the voyage, and on his arrival was recovered from a death-like trance by his lady's embrace, only to die almost immediately in her arms.

The horrible story of William of Cabestaing would seem quite beyond belief were it not given circumstantially, and with very slight variations, by an unusual number of writers. Himself a gallant and accomplished cavalier, William won such favor in the eyes of the Lady Margarida, wife of Raymond of Roussillon, that he aroused the savage jealousy of the latter, who waylaid and slew him, and then cut out his heart, which he ordered cooked and seasoned and set before his wife. The hapless lady partook of it; then, on being brutally told the ghastly truth, she swore that she would never eat again, sprang past her husband, who had drawn his sword, leaped from the high balcony of an open window, and perished. Both Raymond and William were vassals of Alphonse II. of Aragon, himself a troubadour, and a great patron of the art. He had Raymond arrested, and caused him to die in prison; while the tomb of the lovers before the door of the church at Perpignan was long a place of pious resort for the pilgrims of passion in those parts.

A different and less melodramatic interest attaches to the names of the two Arnauts,—Arnaut Daniel and Arnaut de Maroill: of whom the former, as we know from Canto xxvi. of the 'Purgatorio,' spoke in Provençal to Dante when he met him in the shades; while the latter is mentioned by Petrarch in a canzone as «the less famous Arnaut.» The distinction seems a strange one; for while the verses of the former are chiefly remarkable for an extraordinary artificiality and complexity of rhythm, the latter, who had vowed his devotions

to a certain lovely Viscountess of Béziers, was the author of some of the most exquisitely tender bits of Provençal song which we possess.

The laborious verbal conceits and metrical intricacies of Dante's Arnaut were imitated with great ingenuity, and even exaggerated, by Raimon de Miraval, who fought in the Albigensian war; during which so many of the local poets and their patrons fell, that a whole civilization seemed to perish with them. That cruel contest may be held to mark the beginning of the end of the Provençal school of song.

The name of a woman, the Countess Die,—who also, like the royal Eleanor, presided over a Court of Love,—remains attached to one plaintive lament much admired in its day; and another woman, though unnamed, was the author of the most artless and impassioned of all the peculiar class of poems known as *albas* or morning-songs.

Another very beautiful *alba* was written by Guiraut de Borneil, of whom it is said by his ancient biographer that he composed the first true *chanson*, all previous poets having made *verses* only. He won a weightier kind of renown by the virile force and fire of his *sirventes*, —didactic or satiric pieces,—in which he mourned the accumulated misfortunes of his country, or lashed the crimes and vices of the men who had brought her to the verge of ruin.

Contemporary with Guiraut was another intrepid censor of the corruptions of his time, Peire Cardinal; of whom we have a satire beginning with the burning words, "Who desires to hear a *sirventes* woven of grief and embroidered with anger? I have spun it already, and I can make its warp and woof!" Both these brave men died not far from the year 1230, and the course of Provençal literature after their day is one of steady deterioration.

Harriet Waters Preston

BIBLIOGRAPHY. — There is no adequate history in English of the elder Provençal literature; nothing to compare, for instance, with Friedrich Diez's 'Leben und Werke der Troubadours.' This has been brought quite up to date in the revision of Bartsch (1883), and includes also copious poetical versions. The chief general treatises in English are Rutherford's 'Troubadours' (London, 1873), and Hüffer's 'Troubadours' (London, 1878). More accessible and quite as trustworthy is the article in the 'Britannica' on Provençal literature.

The curiosity of the modern reader as to the social conditions which created and upheld the so-called Courts of Love, is best gratified by J. F. Rowbotham's 'The Troubadours and Courts of Love,'

one of the series entitled 'Social England' (Macmillan, New York, 1895). Another interesting and recent work is Ida Farnell's 'Lives of the Troubadours,' translated from Provençal sources. This little book is illustrated with poetical English versions. Miss Preston's own volume, 'Troubadours and Trouvères' (Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1876) is devoted, in spite of its title, chiefly to Jasmin and the more recent Provençal poets of this century. The chapter on the Troubadours (pages 151 to 231) is largely made up of spirited versions, which are in part repeated, in revised form, in the course of the present article.

For those who wish to study the Provençal texts in the original, the most convenient collection is Karl Appel's 'Chrestomathie' (Leipzig, 1895). There is an elementary introduction to the old Provençal language by Kitchin.

[The dates at the head of these pieces represent, approximately, the time within which the several authors wrote.]

GUILLAUME DE POITIERS

(1190–1227)

I

BEHOLD the meads are green again,
The orchard-bloom is seen again,
Of sky and stream the mien again
Is mild, is bright!
Now should each heart that loves obtain
Its own delight.

But I will say no ill of love,
However slight my guerdon prove;
Repining doth not me behove:
And yet — to know
How lightly she I fain would move
Might bliss bestow!

There are who hold my folly great,
Because with little hope I wait;
But one old saw doth animate
And me assure:
Their hearts are high, their might is great,
Who well endure.

Translation of H. W. P.

II

Desire of song hath taken me,
But sorrowful must my song be;
No more pay I my fealty
In Limousin or Poitiers,

Since I go forth to exile far,
And leave my son to stormy war,
To fear and peril; for they are
No friends who dwell about him there.

What wonder then my heart is sore
That Poitiers I see no more,
And Fulk of Anjou must implore
To guard his kinsman and my heir?

If he of Anjou shield him not,
And he who made me knight, I wot
Many against the boy will plot,
Deeming him well-nigh in despair.

Nay, if he be not wondrous wise,
And gay, and ready for emprise,
Gascons and Angevins will rise,
And him into the dust will bear.

Ah, I was brave and I had fame,
But we are sundered, all the same!
I go to Him in whose great name
Confide all sinners everywhere.

Surrendering all that did elate
My heart,—all pride of steed or state,—
To Him on whom the pilgrims wait,
Without more tarrying, I repair.

Forgive me, comrade most my own,
If aught of wrong I thee have done!
I lift to Jesus on his throne
In Latin and Románs my prayer.

Oh, I was gallant, I was glad,
Till my Lord spake, and me forbade;
But now the end is coming sad,
Nor can I more my burden bear.

Good friends, when that indeed I die,
Pay me due honor where I lie:
Tell how in love and luxury
I triumphed still,—or here or there.

But farewell now, love, luxury,
And silken robes and miniver!

Translation of H. W. P.

GUIRAUD LE ROUX

(1110–1147)

COME, lady, to my song incline,
The last that shall assail thine ear.
None other cares my strains to hear,
And scarce thou feign'st thyself therewith delighted!
Nor know I well if I am loved or slighted;
But this I know, thou radiant one and sweet,
That, loved or spurned, I die before thy feet!
Yea, I will yield this life of mine
In very deed, if cause appear,
Without another boon to cheer.
Honor it is to be by thee incited
To any deed; and I, when most benighted
By doubt, remind me that times change and fleet,
And brave men still do their occasion meet.

Translation of H. W. P.

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR

(1140–1195)

I

NO MARVEL is it if I sing
Better than other minstrels all,
For more than they am I love's thrall,
And all myself therein I fling:
Knowledge and sense, body and soul,
And whatso power I have beside:
The rein that doth my being guide
Impels me to this only goal!

His heart is dead whence doth not spring
  Love's odor sweet and magical;
  His life doth ever on him pall
Who knoweth not that blessèd thing:
Yea, God who doth my life control
  Were cruel, did he bid me bide
  A month or even a day, denied
The love whose rapture I extol.

How keen, how exquisite the sting
  Of that sweet odor! At its call
  An hundred times a day I fall
And faint; an hundred rise and sing!
So fair the semblance of my dole,
  'Tis lovelier than another's pride:
  If such the ill doth me betide,
Good hap were more than I could thole!

Yet haste, kind Heaven, the sundering
  True swains from false, great hearts from small!
  The traitor in the dust bid crawl,
The faithless to confession bring!
Ah, if I were the master sole
  Of all earth's treasures multiplied,
  To see my lady satisfied
Of my pure faith, I'd give the whole!

II

When I behold on eager wing
  The skylark soaring to the sun,
Till e'en with rapture faltering
  He sinks in glad oblivion,
Alas, how fain to seek were I
  The same ecstatic fate of fire!
Yea, of a truth, I know not why
  My heart melts not with its desire!

Methought that I knew everything
  Of love. Alas, my lore was none!
For helpless now my praise I bring
  To one who still that praise doth shun;
One who hath robbed me utterly
  Of soul, of self, of life entire,
So that my heart can only cry
  For that it ever shall require.

For ne'er have I of self been king
Since the first hour, so long agone,
When to thine eyes bewildering,
As to a mirror, I was drawn.
There let me gaze until I die;
So doth my soul of sighing tire,
As at the fount, in days gone by,
The fair Narcissus did expire.

III

When the sweet breeze comes blowing
From where thy country lies,
Meseems I am foreknowing
The airs of Paradise.
So is my heart o'erflowing
For that fair one and wise
Who hath the glad bestowing
Of life's whole energies;
For whom I agonize
Whithersoever going.

I mind the beauty glowing,
The fair and haughty eyes,
Which, all my will o'erthrowing,
Made me their sacrifice.
Whatever mien thou'rt showing,
Why should I this disguise?
Yet let me ne'er be ruing
One of thine old replies:—
"Man's daring wins the prize,
But fear is his undoing."

Translation of H. W. P.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

(1169–1199)

Ah! certes will no prisoner tell his tale
Fitly, unless as one whom woes befall;
Still, as a solace, songs may much avail:
Friends I have many, yet the gifts are small,—
Shame! that because to ransom me they fail,
I've pined two years in thrall.

But all my liegemen in fair Normandy,
In England, Poitou, Gascony, know well
That not my meanest follower would I
Leave for gold's sake in prison-house to dwell;
Reproach I neither kinsman nor ally,—
Yet I am still in thrall.

Alas! I may as certain truth rehearse,
Nor kin nor friends have captives and the dead:
'Tis bad for me, but for my people worse,
If to desert me they through gold are led;
After my death, 'twill be to them a curse
If they leave me in thrall.

No marvel, then, if I am sad at heart
Each day my lord disturbs my country more;
Has he forgot that he too had a part
In the deep oath which before God we swore?
But yet in truth I know, I shall not smart
Much longer here in thrall.

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1836.

GUILLAUME DE CABESTAING

(1181–1196)

I

I SEE the days are long and glad;
On every tree are countless flowers,
And merry birds sing in the bowers,
Which bitter cold so long made sad:
But now upon the highest hills,
Each amid flowers and sparkling rills,
After his manner takes delight.

And therefore I rejoice once more
That joy of love should warm my breast,
And lay my sweet desires to rest.
As serpent from false sycamore,
I from false coldness speed me ever;
Yet for love's sake, which cheers me never,
All other joys seem vain and light.

Never since Adam plucked the fruit
Whence thousand woes our race oppress,
Was seen on earth such loveliness.
The body, formed that face to suit,
Is polished more than amethyst;
Her very beauty makes me tryst,
Since she of me takes little heed.

Ah, never shall there come a time
When love, that now inflames my heart,
Shall struggle from her to depart.
As plants, even in a wintry clime,
When the sun shines regain new life,
So her sweet smiles, with gladness rife,
Deck me with love, as plants with flower.

I love so madly, many die
From less, and now my hour seems near.
For though my love's to me most dear,
In vain for help or hope I sigh.
A fire upon my heart is fed,
The Nile could quench no more than thread
Of finest silk support a tower.

Alas that I must still lament
The pains that from love ever flow;
That baffled hope and ceaseless woe
All color from my cheek have sent.
But white as snow shall be my hair,
And I a trembling dotard, ere
Of my best lady I complain.

How oft, from lady's love we see
The fierce and wicked change their mood;
How oft is he most kind and good
Who, did he not love tenderly,
Would be each passion's wayward slave.
Thus am I meek with good and brave,
But haughty to the bad and vain.

Thus with delight each cherished woe I dree,
And sweet as manna seems slight joy to me.

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1836.

II

There is who spurns the leaf, and turns
The stateliest flower of all to cull:
So on life's topmost bough sojourns
My lady; the most beautiful!
Whom with his own nobility
Our Lord hath graced, so she may move
In glorious worth our lives above,
Yet soft with all humility.

Her pleading look my spirit shook,
And won my fealty long ago;
My heart's blood stronger impulse took,
Freshening my colors. And yet so,
No otherwise discovering
My love, I bode. Now, lady mine,
At last, before thy throngèd shrine,
I also lay my offering.

III

The visions tender
Which thy love giveth me,
Still bid me render
My vows, in song, to thee;
Gracious and slender,
Thine image I can see,
Wherever I wend, or
What eyes do look on me.
Yea, in the frowning face
Of uttermost disgrace,
Proud would I take my place
Before thy feet,
Lady, whose aspect sweet
Doth my poor self efface,
And leave but joy and praise. . . .

Who shall deny me
The memory of thine eyes?
Evermore by me
Thy lithe white form doth rise.

If God were nigh me
Alway, in so sure wise,
Quick might I hie me
Into his Paradise!

Translations of H. W. P.

COMTESSE DE DIE

(Twelfth Century)

Of that I would not, I, alas! must sing,
He whom I love has caused me such deep pain:
For though I love him more than earthly thing,
My love and courtesy but meet disdain,
And beauty, merit, wit, are all in vain;
But I must mourn as hopelessly and long
As if I wittingly had done him wrong.

It comforts me, sweet friend, to think that never
Have I 'gainst you in word or deed transgressed:
More than Seguis Valens* I loved you ever,
And that my love surpasses yours I'm blessed;
For you are worthier far, O dearest, best.
You're proud to me in conduct, speech, and air,
But to all others kind and debonaire.

It marvels me, sweet friend, that you can feel
Towards me that pride that cuts me to the heart:
All wrong it were that any dame should steal
Your love from me, whate'er may be her art;
And never let the memory depart
Of what our love once was. Mother divine!
Forbid that coldness sprang from fault of mine.

Your prowess which all others hold so dear,
Your fame, disquiet me with their bright shine;
For not a lady, whether far or near,
But will, if e'er she love, to you incline.
But you, sweet friend, ah! well might you divine
Where beats the heart more tender than them all:
Forget not former vows, whate'er befall.

* Seguis and Valens were the hero and heroine of a romance of that day

Much should pure fame, much should desert avail,
My beauty much, but truth and love far more;
Therefore send I this song to bid you hail,
And in your ear my thoughts and hopes to pour.
I fain would know, O friend that I adore!
Why you to me are ever harsh and cold:
Is't pride or hate, or think you me too bold?
All this my message bears, and this beside,
That many suffer from excess of pride.

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1836.

ARNAUT DE MAROILL

(1170–1200)

SOFTLY sighs the April air
With the coming of the May;
Of the tranquil night aware,
Murmur nightingale and jay;
Then, when dewy dawn doth rise,
Every bird, in his own tongue,
Wakes his mate with happy cries,—
All their joy abroad is flung.

Gladness, lo, is everywhere,
When the first leaf sees the day:
And shall I alone despair,
Turning from sweet love away?
Something to my heart replies
Thou too wast for rapture strung:
Wherefore else the dreams that rise
Round thee, when the year is young?

One than Helen yet more fair,
Loveliest blossom of the May,
Rose tints hath and sunny hair,
And a gracious mien and gay;
Heart that scorneth all disguise,
Lips where pearls of truth are hung:
God who gives all sovereignties
Knows her like was never sung.

Though she lead through long despair,
I would never say her nay,

If one kiss — reward how rare! —
Each new trial might repay.
Swift returns I'd then devise,
Many laborers but not long;
Following so fair a prize,
I could never more go wrong.

Translation of H. W. P.

RAIMON DE MIRAVAL

(1190–1200)

FAIR summer-time doth me delight,
And song of birds delights no less;
Meadows delight in their green dress,
Delight the trees in verdure bright;
And far, far more delights thy graciousness,
Lady, and I to do thy will, delight.
Yet be not this delight my final boon,
Or I of my desire shall perish soon!
For that desire most exquisite
Of all desires, I live in stress —
Desire of thy rich comeliness;
Oh, come, and my desire requite!
Though doubling that desire by each caress,
Is my desire not single in thy sight?
Let me not then, desiring sink undone;
To love's high joys, desire be rather prone!
No alien joy will I invite,
But joy in thee, to all excess:
Joy in thy grace, nor e'en confess
Whatso might do my joy despite.
So deep my joy, my lady, no distress
That joy shall master; for thy beauty's light
Such joy hath shed, for each day it hath shone,
Joyless I cannot be while I live on.

Translation of H. W. P.

ALBA—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

(Twelfth Century)

Under the hawthorns of an orchard lawn,
She laid her head her lover's breast upon,
Silent, until the guard should cry the dawn;—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

I would the night might never have passed by!
So wouldst thou not have left me, at the cry
Of yonder warder to the whitening sky;—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

One kiss more, sweetheart, ere the melodies
Of early birds from all the fields arise!
One more, without a thought of jealous eyes!—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

And yet one more, under the garden wall,
For now the birds begin their festival,
And the day wakens at the warder's call;—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

'Tis o'er! O dearest, noblest, knightliest,
The breeze that greets thy going fans my breast!
I quaff it, as thy breath, and I am blest!—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Fair was the lady, and her fame was wide;
And many knights for her dear favor sighed;
But leal the heart out of whose depths she cried,—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Translation of H. W. P.

ALBA—GUIRAUT DE BORNEIL

(1175–1230)

All-glorious King! True light of all below!
Thou who canst all! If it may please thee so,
The comrade of my soul from danger screen;
Whom all the darkling hours I have not seen,
And now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, wakest thou, or sleepest yet?
Oh, sleep no more, but rouse thee, nor forget

The herald signal in the brightening east,
The star of day that I behold increased—
For now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, hark my summons, I implore!
The little birds are waking,—sleep no more!
Through all the wood they clamor for the day;
Let not yon jealous foe thy steps waylay,
For now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, rouse thee! Throw thy window wide!
See writ in heaven the harm that may betide:
A trusty guardian in thy comrade own,
Or else, alas, the woe will be thine own;
For now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, since at nightfall we did part,
Slept have I none, but prayed with fervent heart
The son of holy Mary to restore
My loyal fellow to my side once more:
And now the day is near.

Dear comrade, yonder by the frowning keep,
Didst thou not warn me never once to sleep?
Now have I watched all night. Thou doest me wrong
Thus to disdain the singer and the song;
For now the dawn is near.

. . . . . .

Sweet comrade mine, I am so rich in bliss,
Naught reck I of the morns to follow this!
I clasp the loveliest one of mother born,
And care no longer, in my happy scorn,
If dawn or foe draw near!

Translation of H. W. P.

ALBA—BERTRAND D'AAMANON

(End of Twelfth Century)

A knight was sitting by her side
He loved more than aught else beside;
And as he kissed her, often sighed:—
Ah, dearest, now am I forlorn,
Night is away—alas, 'tis morn!
Ah, woe!

Already has the warder cried,
"Up and begone, 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

Ah, dearest love! it were a thing
Sweet beyond all imagining,
If naught could day or dawning bring
There, where, caressing and caressed,
A lover clasps her he loves best.
Ah, woe!
Hark! what must end our communing!
"Up and begone, 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

Dearest, whate'er you hear, believe
That nothing on the earth can grieve
Like him who must his true love leave:
This from myself I know aright.
Alas, how swiftly flies the night!
Ah, woe!
The warder's cry gives no reprieve:
"Up and begone, 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

I go! Farewell, sweet love, to thee,
Yours I am still, where'er I be.
Oh, I beseech you think on me!
For here will dwell my heart of hearts,
Nor leave you till its life departs.
Ah, woe!
The warder cries impatiently,
"Up and begone! 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

Unless I soon to you can fly,
Dearest, I'll lay me down and die;
So soon will love my heart's springs dry.
Ah! soon will I return again—
Life without you is only pain.
Ah, woe!
Hark to the warder's louder cry!
"Up and begone! 'tis now bright day—
The dawn is passed away."

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1836.

LUIGI PULCI

(1431–1486)

LITTLE creative work was done in Italian literature in the fifteenth century. Students loved rather to revive the ancient classics; and the Italian language came to be regarded as a tongue too plebeian for the expression of lofty conceptions. Luigi Pulci is one of the few poets of that century who held in honor the Tuscan dialect.

Pulci was born in 1431, and died (according to most authorities) in 1486. His life seems to have had no importance in the political history of his times; but in literature he prepared the way for Berni and for Ariosto, and established for himself a firm position as the author of 'Il Morgante Maggiore' (Morgante the Giant), a burlesque epic in twenty-eight cantos. He was a warm friend of Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent,— whose mother, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, he says, urged and inspired him in the composition of this work. The romances of Carlovingian chivalry had acquired at the time wonderful popularity in Italy; by which popularity Pulci was half maddened, half amused. With infinite delight he gave his mocking imagination free play; and in 'Il Morgante Maggiore' he turns into good-natured ridicule the combats and exploits which form the scheme of the mediæval epic.

The poem has three heroes,— Roland, Rinaldo, and Charlemagne; and a *dramatis personæ* of such proportions that adventures become as numerous as are the sands of the sea. Time and space are here more successfully annihilated than in these days of steam and of electricity. The journey to France from Persia or Babylon is accomplished with a speed which staggers the modern world.

'Il Morgante Maggiore' treats of the time when Roland, enraged by the relations which have sprung up between Charlemagne and Gano di Maganza, leaves the court of the Emperor, to which he is bound as a paladin, and journeys in foreign lands. At the outset of his trip he comes to a monastery assaulted by three giants of fabulous proportions: Roland confronts two of these and kills them; the third, Morgante, he converts to Christianity, and carries with him as a companion. Though not its principal personage, this giant, Morgante, gives his name to the epic. He and Roland proceed together;

but in Persia, Roland is taken prisoner. On his liberation he becomes Sultan of Babylon, which empire he after a short time relinquishes, mastered by his old hatred of Gano, to fight whom he returns to France. Charlemagne, as soon as he learned of the flight of his dear Roland, sends in quest of him Rinaldo, Ulivieri, and Dodoni, each of whom has marvelous experiences. Ulivieri converts to Christianity a Saracen princess, Meridiana, who falls in love with him; Rinaldo wrests the throne from Charlemagne, and in deference to his advanced years, returns it to him,—forgiving, on the ground of senility, his faith in Gano. Morgante too has now set out in search of his lost Roland, taking with him a giant called Margutte. Their congenial companionship, however, is terminated by an unusual catastrophe. Margutte, after a lavish feast, falls into a heavy sleep. Morgante, for the sake of having a little sport when his companion wakes, takes off Margutte's boots and hides them; but they are found by a monkey, who, enchanted by this new toy, amuses herself by putting them on and drawing them off. She continues this amusement so long that Margutte wakes and sees her; at which he is attacked by such violent laughter that his body bursts open. Morgante dies a less hilarious death, occasioned by the bite of a crawfish on his heel. This poem, with the disconnected paths of its heroes and its isolated events, can scarcely claim any unity of conception. The moving power of the story is, however, the malignity of Gano di Maganza; and this holds together with a slender thread the arbitrary incidents of the story, weaving them into a fascinatingly bizarre pattern. The climax of the poem is the death of Roland in the narrow valley of Roncesvalles, and the death by torture of Gano, whose infidelity Charlemagne can no longer doubt.

In the midst of extravagant buffooneries, Pulci often pauses, and by a line of finest pathos reveals himself a true poet. While ridiculing the troubadours with grotesque humor, he suddenly brightens his descriptions by a gleam of human philosophy. He is the author of a series of sonnets, of a parody on a pastoral poem written by Lorenzo de' Medici, and also of a novel called 'A Confession to the Holy Virgin.' His reputation, however, lives entirely through his 'Morgante Maggiore'; which is interesting as being the first romantic poem which Italy produced, as well as through the variety of its incident and the fascination of its style.

THE CONVERSION OF THE GIANT MORGANTE

From the 'Morgante Maggiore'

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed
Orlando ruled court, Charles, and everything;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the King
One day he openly began to say,—
"Orlando must we always then obey?

"A thousand times I've been about to say,
Orlando too presumptuously goes on.
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway;
Hamo and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honor thee and to obey:
But he has too much credit near the throne;
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

"And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win;
But I know *who* that day had won the fight
If it had not for good Gherardo been:
The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

"If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffered shamefully,
Had not his valor driven them back again.
Best speak the truth when there's a reason why:
Know then, O Emperor! that all complain;
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O'er which I crossed with two-and-sixty counts.

"'Tis fit my grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief:
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?"

Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sat apart:
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

And with the sword he would have murdered Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and maddened with disdain and grief. . . .

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roamed astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remembered by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure and distant lands, he found,
Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante; under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants looked him over:
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood.
Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seemed good;
Entered, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then showed
How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive

The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barred to you;—
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

"When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seemed to promise an asylum sure;
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appeared three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not; but they are all of savage stuff.
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know they can do all—*we* are not enough;
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do till matters change.

"Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole,—'tis certain
That manna was rained down from heaven instead:
But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in [bread,
Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down for
From oft yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

"The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far: he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes."
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

"For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed!
The manna's falling now," the abbot cried.
"This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear abbot," Roland unto him replied:

«Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;
That stone seems with good will and aim applied.»
The holy father said, «I don't deceive:
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe.»

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own.
«Abbot,» he said, «I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone.»
Said the abbot, «Let not my advice seem shallow,—
As to a brother dear I speak alone:
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

«That Passamont has in his hand three darts,—
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than we, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust.»
Orlando answered, «This I'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure.»

The abbot signed the great cross on his front:
«Then go you with God's benison and mine!»
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then asked him «if he wished to stay as servant?»

And promised him an office of great ease.
But said Orlando, «Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
God, not to serve as footboy in your train:
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace—
Vile dog! 'tis past his patience to sustain.»
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious:

And being returned to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude
As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;

It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, "I will go; and while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defenses,
Orlando has recalled his force and senses.

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid:
To the right about!—without wings thou'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance, currish renegade!
'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment betrayed,
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;
To split the head in twain was what he schemed.
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And pagan Passamont died unredeemed;
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed:
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word,—

Saying, "What grace to me thou'st given!
And I to thee, O Lord, am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly downed.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would naught be found.
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman."

And having said thus much, he went his way;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.

Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,
"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,
And Roland not availed him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but, o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth;
And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him,
And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which racked him.
And to the gate he came with great regret:
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;
For Providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done by new acquaintance.
'Tis writ on high, your wrong must pay another's;
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence:
Know, then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

Morgante said, "O gentle cavalier!
Now by thy God say me no villainy;
The favor of your name I fain would hear,
And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."

Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
I by my faith disclose contentedly,
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And if you please, by you may be adored."

The Saracen rejoined in humble tone:—
"I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition:
Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;
His timely succor set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

Orlando answered, "Baron just and pious,
If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, who will not then deny us
Eternal honor, you will go above.
And if you please, as friends we will ally us,
And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars full of fraud;
The only true God is the Christian's God.

"The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer, blest,
Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
Your renegado God, and worship mine,—
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
To which Morgante answered, "I'm content."

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
"To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."
To whom Morgante "Let us go" replied:
"I to the friars have for peace to sue."
Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, "My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would;

"Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation."
Morgante said, "For goodness's sake make known—

Since that your God is to be mine — your station,
And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I everything at your command do."
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

"Then," quoth the giant, "blessed be Jesu,
A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
Through all the different periods of my days;
And as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry always."
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way. . . .

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying, with tremor, "Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly feared, at first, to be compliant.

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer:
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,—
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, "Thou hast contented me, O Lord!"

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, "O giant celebrated,
Know that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes." . . .

And thus great honor to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,
And sauntered here and there where'er they chose,
The abbot showed a chamber where arrayed
Much armor was, and hung up certain bows;

And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." "You shall be obeyed
In all commands," was the reply, "straightway."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head:
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours,
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And passed unto the other side quite through,
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rushed in fierce career,
And reached the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floored him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The tun was on one shoulder and there were
The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,

Marveled to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork.
All animals are glad at sight of food:
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork;
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

As though they wished to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were picked too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honor great,
A few days after this convivial scene
Gave to Morgante a fine horse well trained,
Which he long time had for himself maintained.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst: to this what say you, count?"
Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:
Let him go; fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot, Morgante, still."
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

"When there shall be occasion, you shall see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse, though out of sight

'Twere best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack,—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answered, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who
As you have done to him will do to you.

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure;
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read,
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
"And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry."

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
But for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answered, "Let them pay in hell
The penalty, who lie dead in yon grot."
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs — or if I have force;" —
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 'tis no prodigy:
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maimed,
Once more he bade him lay his burthen by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, "I'll carry him for certain."

He did; and stowed him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then returned with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay,
Morgante? here is naught to do indeed."

Translation of Lord Byron.

ALEXANDER SERGYÉEVITCH PUSHKIN

(1799–1837)

BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

FOREIGNERS who begin their acquaintance with the modern Russian novelists, the generation of the «sixties,» and with no preliminary knowledge of Russian literature in the last century, will find it difficult to appreciate in due measure the services which Pushkin rendered to both language and literature. Pushkin may be said to have completed the task begun by Lomonosoff: of molding into an exquisite instrument, fitted for every service of poetry and prose, the hitherto unwieldy, uncouth forms of the language. That glory in a measure, therefore, he shares with Lomonosoff. In the realm for which Russian modern literature holds the palm,—simplicity, realism, absolute fidelity to life,—Pushkin was the forerunner of the great men whose names are synonyms for those qualities. In this domain he should share the fame of the acknowledged father of the school, Gogol. He was the first Russian writer to wage battle against the mock classicism of France which then ruled Europe, and against the translations and servile copies of foreign literature to which almost every writer who preceded him had been wholly devoted. He placed Russian literature firmly on Russian soil; utilizing her rich national traditions, sentiments, and life, in a manner which is as full of life and truth as it is of the highest art.

His powers were due possibly to the mixture of blood, added to a richly endowed nature. His early education most assuredly was not adapted to produce anything new, national, or profound. His father was the scion of a noble family, whose ancestors had occupied positions of importance under the father of Peter the Great, in the seventeenth century. His mother was the granddaughter of Abram Hannibal, the famous godchild and favorite of Peter the Great, of whom Pushkin wrote in 'Peter the Great's Arab.' Hannibal was in reality a negro. He was captured on the shores of Africa, and sent to Constantinople as a slave. The Russian Ambassador bought him and sent him to Peter the Great, who had him baptized. Later on, when Hannibal's brother came to St. Petersburg to ransom him, Peter refused to part with his friend. Peter sent him, at the age of eighteen, to France for his education; and on his return to Russia,

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

kept him constantly beside him. During the reign of the Empress Anna, Hannibal, as the personal enemy of Biron, was banished to Siberia; but he soon returned in secret, and hid himself on his estate until the accession to the throne of the Empress Elizabeth, who loaded him with favors. His son, Pushkin's grandfather, was a distinguished general of Katherine II.'s time, and died shortly after the poet's birth, which occurred on June 7th, 1799. Though Pushkin had blue eyes, a very fair skin, and in youth very light hair, his lips and the whole cast of his countenance betrayed the negro blood. His father, on retiring from the military service, settled in Moscow, and became a thorough exemplar of the gallicized Russian,—pleasure-loving, wholly devoted to society and amusement,—of which there were but too many instances in the Russia of that epoch. French was the language of the family, and of Alexander Sergyéevitch's education. His mother, who aimed at making of him a brilliant society man, on the pattern of his father, took him as a little boy everywhere with her in society, and he was well acquainted with the literary men of the time; Moscow being as yet the centre of that life. As a child he was neither clever nor studious, but he was an omnivorous reader. Had he been receptive, his French tutors would undoubtedly have deprived Russia of incalculable treasures.

At the age of ten he began to write amateur plays and imitations of French verse, all in French. At the age of twelve he was placed in the famous Lyceum of Tzarskoe Selo, then just opened; and it was the wise rule of that institution which saved him for his country. The aim of this Lyceum, which succeeded in turning out many distinguished men for its country's service, was to develop the individual powers of the pupil—especially in the line of independence and morals—to the highest degree. A great deal of liberty was allowed the boys out of school, and they used it for literary purposes; publishing several manuscript journals, and devoting their evenings to the intellectual amusement of story-telling. Under these auspices, Pushkin began to write in Russian, beginning with biting epigrams. At the public examination in 1815, he aroused the enthusiastic admiration of the aged poet Derzhavin by his wonderful facility and mastery of poetic forms, though there was very little originality of thought in his poem. Karamzin the historian, and Zhukovsky the poet, also divined the lad's wonderful gifts; and the latter soon began to submit his poems to Pushkin for the judgment of the boy's wonderfully developed taste. The admiration of the great literary lights at last convinced his parents that dissatisfaction with his school reports as to diligence and the acquisition of general knowledge must be set aside for pride in his future greatness. The important points about his poetry at this epoch were the marvelous

variety of subject and the astonishing delicacy with which he imitated various poetical forms and yielded to varying poetical moods. But at this very time, before he left the Lyceum, he had entered on the new path: he had begun to write his romantic-fantastic poem, 'Ruslan and Liudmila,' in which, for the first time in history, Russian poetry dealt with strictly national themes, on native soil, expressed in a free, natural, narrative style, which was utterly opposed to the prevailing rhetorical school, both in irregularity of movement and diversions from the theme. This no doubt was the fruit of his child's-fondness for popular tales, which his maternal grandmother had told him; and the startled critics were at a loss what to say when it was published later on in 1820.

Pushkin's talent, added to his birth and family connections, gave him immediate access to the gayest society of St. Petersburg, when he left the Lyceum; and he plunged so wildly into dissipation that many were seriously alarmed as to the possible effect on his literary future. Intoxicated by his gifts and admiration, he openly and sharply attacked, in clever epigrams, everybody and everything which did not please him. At last he was called to account by the governor of the city, and frankly furnished copies, from memory, of all the offensive couplets. Touched by this, the governor confined his punishment to measures which proved the salvation of the poet, in a literary sense. He was transferred from the ministry of Foreign Affairs (into which the students of the Lyceum all graduated) and sent to southern Russia, provided with traveling expenses, and given a suitable rank in another department of the service; and all possible precautions were taken to administer the lesson without injuring his feelings or dignity. During this period, between 1820 and 1824, he lived chiefly in the south,—first in Kishineff, then in Odessa; made a trip to the Caucasus, whose impressions are recorded in his 'Prisoner of the Caucasus'; visited the Crimea, which resulted in the rendition of the Tatar idyl in 'The Fountain of Baktchisarai'; and strolled for a time with the gypsies, imbibing ideas which he put into 'The Gypsies.' During this period he fell greatly under the influence of Byron, as the portions of 'Evgenie Onyegin' written in Odessa, as well as the poems just mentioned, and short lyric pieces like 'The Nereid,' plainly show. This influence ceased, however, in 1824, after which there is hardly a trace of it; the poet's return to the north being coincident with his return to his true national subjects and style, which he developed with increased power, and never again abandoned. The manner in which he was returned to the place and material which suited his talent is as amusing as it is instructive. He did not get on well with his chief in Odessa, Count M. S. Vorontzoff, whom he displeased by his mode of life, his sharp

utterances, and his heedlessness of public opinion. The end came when Pushkin launched his epigram on Vorontzoff: «Half my-lord, half trader, half wise man and half dunce; half rascal — but there are hopes of his becoming a whole one yet.» Count Vorontzoff dealt as gently as possible with his intractable subordinate, and made a curious report to the government, with the object of not prejudicing the authorities against him. «There are many people here,» ran the official document,— «and at the bathing season their number is greatly augmented,— who, being enthusiastic admirers of Pushkin's poetry, display their sympathy by exaggerated laudations, and thereby render him an inimical service; since they contribute to obscure his mind, and enhance his opinion of himself as a great author, while in reality he is only a weak imitator of a not very respectable model — Lord Byron.» The Count wound up by suggesting that only in some other government could less dangerous society, and the leisure for perfecting his rising talent, be assured to the young poet. As he had been guilty of another indiscretion at this precise moment, he was retired from the service, and ordered to live on the estate of Mikhailovskoe, Pskoff government, which belonged to his parents. His father was invited by the local authorities to undertake his surveillance, in order to obviate the appointment of any other superintendent; but he exercised his office in such an intolerably oppressive manner — as though his son were a criminal of the deepest dye — that Pushkin appealed to the poet Zhukovsky, who was powerful at court, to free him from this persecution. Thanks to Zhukovsky's intervention, matters were improved; the elder Pushkin withdrew in disgust from the estate, leaving his son to the care of the Marshal of Nobility, and to the peace of mind which he required for his work. His solitude was fruitful. Through the influence and folk-tales of his famous old nurse, Arina Rodionovna, he became more and more imbued with the spirit of his native land, more zealous in his studies of it, more enthusiastic in the artistic prosecution of his true vocation. He called listening to his nurse «making up for the defects in his accursed education,» — meaning thereby the French influence. All the folk-tales which he published were derived from Arina Rodionovna, and his study of Shakespeare, undertaken at this time, finally freed him from the influence of Byron.

He lived at Mikhailovskoe until the autumn of 1826, writing with fully matured talents, in the style which constitutes his chief merit. Harmony of versification which has never since been approached, except in a measure by Lermontoff; vivid delineation of character; simple but wonderfully truthful description of every-day life, which all Russian writers had scorned down to that time,— such

are Pushkin's indestructible claims to immortality. In the autumn of 1826 he was summoned to Moscow, to an interview with the Emperor Nikolas I., who thereafter undertook to be the censor of the poet's writings. This return to the society and dissipations of the capitals, in which the greater part of his remaining life was spent, acted as a whole unfavorably on his talent. Nevertheless, he wrote many fine things during his occasional retreats to the country, including 'Boris Godunoff,' which marked an epoch in Russian dramatic literature and historical treatment; 'Poltava'; and a mass of shorter pieces.

Early in 1831 he married Natalya Nikolaevna Gontcharoff, and what we may designate as his prose period began. He and his family were loaded with Imperial favors, pensions, and honors. But his own taste for aristocratic society, and lavish expenditure, coincided but too well with the thoughtless demands of his young and beautiful wife, who was a reigning belle. Anxiety about money haunted the poet during the brief remainder of his life; his father, whom he generously tried to aid, ungratefully accused him of dishonesty; debts accumulated; all inclination to write poetry fled before these disheartening facts, and he plunged into the study of historical documents in the State Archives, to which he was allowed access. This study resulted in 'The History of Pugatcheff's Rebellion'; and in his celebrated story from the same period (Katherine II.), 'The Captain's Daughter,' in which he, almost simultaneously with Gogol, laid the firm foundations of the modern, the true Russian school. In 1836 Petersburg society began to gossip about the lovely Madame Pushkin; and Baron George Hekkeren-Dantes, natural son of the minister from Holland to the Russian court, and a boastful officer in the Chevalier Guards, began to persecute her with his attentions. Pushkin, though he entirely absolved his wife from blame in the matter, felt compelled to challenge Dantes to a duel, because of the anonymous letters sent to him and his relatives. Dantes averted the duel by marrying Pushkin's sister, which offered an apparent excuse for his previous attentions. Nevertheless the gossip continued; Pushkin refused to receive his brother-in-law, and the latter, abetted by his father, persisted in their persecution of Madame Pushkin. At last Pushkin challenged the elder Hekkeren to a duel; the younger Hekkeren (Dantes) adopted the quarrel, and the duel resulted in the death of Pushkin (at St. Petersburg, January 29th, 1837). So great was public indignation against Dantes, that the authorities feared a riot at the poet's funeral, and a catastrophe to the Hekkerens. Accordingly the funeral was appointed to take place in secret, by night, and guards were stationed to insure safety. The Emperor assigned 150,000 rubles for the payment of the poet's debts and the publication of his works, and bestowed a generous pension on his family.

Pushkin cannot be regarded as having derived from abroad his inspiration to turn Russian literature into a new path, in spite of the admitted influence of Lord Byron and his later assiduous study of foreign writers. All the Continental literatures were striving to free themselves from the bonds of servitude to French pseudo-classicism by working out their several national themes; and that was the course which Pushkin instinctively adopted while still a schoolboy, in 'Ruslan and Liudmila.' Moreover, he was the first man who fully realized for Russians the poetic ideal, in his absolute freedom of relations to society and his own work, and in his character and temperament. For all these things, and for his appeal to their national sentiments, his fellow-countrymen adored him. The element of romanticism which complicated his realism in no wise hindered, but rather increased this adoration; though there came a time when it was considered rather blameworthy to read his poetry. But his incomparable union of inward force with beauty and elegance of outward expression was universally recognized by the name of "the Pushkin style of poetry." The special direction in which Pushkin surpasses all other Russian poets is in his marvelously harmonious blending of truth, beauty, delicate appreciation of the fundamental characteristics of the national life, unsurpassed clearness in setting them forth, with a simplicity which enhances but does not exclude the most satisfying completeness. Unfortunately for foreigners, it is impossible to reproduce the melody of his versification; and he suffers accordingly, as all poets must suffer, in any attempt to render his work into another language. It is unlikely that his work as a whole will ever be accessible to foreigners; though in all directions — lyrical pieces, historical and dramatic fragments, prose tales, and correspondence — it is invaluable to the student of the Russian literary movement in this century. 'Ruslan and Liudmila' was used as the libretto for an opera by Glinka, and Dargomishsky made a similar use of the dramatic fragment 'The Water Nymph' ('Rusalka'). Both operas are still included in the repertory of the Imperial Russian Theatre.

'Evgenie Onyegin' is rightly regarded as Pushkin's greatest work. The fact that it was written at intervals, during the period from 1822 to 1829, affords us an opportunity to watch the poet's growth from the days when he was willing to pose, in literature and life, as "the Russian Byron," to the epoch, which he herein inaugurated, of vigorous nationality in thought and expression. Evgenie begins as the Byronic young society man, recalled from his city dissipations and pleasures to the country by his father's death. Here he lives, for a long time avoiding all contact with his neighbors, whose social experiences and culture are not on the level of his sympathies.

Vladimir Lensky, a young poet, the son of one of these landed gentry families, returns from abroad, and a friendship of congenial minds and tastes springs up between him and Onyegin. Lensky has long been betrothed to Olga Larin, and induces Onyegin to call upon her family with him. Olga's elder sister, Tatyana, immediately falls in love with Onyegin, and writes him a letter which is a famous literary piece. Onyegin preaches her a fatherly sermon, and the incident remains unknown to every one except themselves and Tatyana's rather dull old nurse. Shortly afterwards, Lensky persuades Onyegin to go to the Larins on the occasion of Tatyana's Name-day festival. Onyegin, for the sake of keeping up appearances in that gossipy country district, yields and goes. He is placed, at dinner, directly opposite to Tatyana, by the innocent machinations of her family; and finds the situation so embarrassing that he determines, in dull wrath, to revenge himself on the perfectly innocent Lensky by flirting with Olga, who is to become Lensky's wife within a fortnight. Olga, a pretty but weak-natured girl, accepts his attentions at dinner, and the dance which follows, with such interest that Lensky sends Onyegin a challenge to fight a duel. Onyegin, appalled at the results of his momentary unjust anger, would gladly withdraw and apologize, were it not that Lensky has chosen as the bearer of his challenge a local fire-eater and tattler who would misrepresent his motives. Accordingly he accepts—and Lensky falls under his bullet. He then goes off on his travels; Olga soon consoles herself with a handsome officer, and goes with him to his regiment shortly after their marriage. Tatyana, who is of a reserved, intense character, pines under these conditions, refuses all offers of marriage, and is at last, by the advice of friends, taken to Moscow for the winter. There, as a wall-flower at her first ball, she captivates a prince from St. Petersburg, who is also a general, and of high social importance. She obeys the desire of her parents, and marries him. When Onyegin returns to the capital a couple of years later, he finds, to his intense astonishment, that the little country girl whom he has patronized, rejected, almost scorned, is one of the great ladies of the court and society. He falls madly in love with her, in his turn, but receives not the slightest sign of friendship from her. Driven to despair by her cold indifference, he writes her three letters, to which she does not reply; and then, entering her boudoir unexpectedly through the carelessness of her servants, he finds her reading his letter, in tears. To his confession of love, she replies that she loves him still, but will be true to her kind and noble husband. Tatyana, with her reserved power, her frank, deep expression of her passion, her fidelity in love and duty, is regarded as one of the noblest and most profoundly faithful pictures of the genuine Russian woman to be found in Russian

literature, as Onyegin, Lensky, and Olga are also considered typical in their several ways,—Onyegin ranking almost on a level with Tatyana in sympathy, quite on a level as a type. Tschaikovsky has used 'Evgenie Onyegin' for an opera, which is a favorite in Russia.

Pushkin's other epoch-making work, 'Boris Godunoff,' is a drama of the period which immediately followed the death of Ivan the Terrible's son, Feodor, and the ensuing troublous time. Boris Godunoff, brother to Tzar Feodor's wife, and favorite of the late Ivan the Terrible, has had the latter's youngest son, Dmitry, murdered, and is bent on seizing the throne. He forces the nobles, ecclesiastics, and populace of Moscow to entreat his acceptance of that coveted throne with tears. He reigns. In the Tchudoff (Miracles) Monastery, which stands near the Tzar's palace in the Kremlin, a young monk conceives the project of representing himself as the dead Tzarevitch Dmitry, escaped from his murderers, and of wresting the throne from the "usurper." The idea is suggested to him by his conversation with an aged monk (who has written the Chronicles and seen the murdered Dmitry), wherein he learns that his age corresponds to that which Dmitry would have attained, and deplores his own lack of stirring adventure before he immured himself in the monastery. This Grigory Otrepieff, the first of the many Pretenders who racked Russia with suffering in their claims to be the dead Tzarevitch, makes good his escape to Poland; wins the support of the King and nobles, who do not believe in him, but grasp eagerly at the pretext to harass their ancient enemy; and eventually reigns for a short time in Moscow. To his betrothed, Marina Mnishek, the ambitious daughter of one of his noble Polish supporters, he confesses the falsity of his claims. Godunoff and his children naturally suffer at the hands of the fickle multitude which had besought him to rule over them; but this is hinted at, not shown, in the piece. This drama is not only of the greatest interest in itself, and as an absolute novelty,—the foundation of a style in Russian dramatic writing,—but also as showing the genesis of Count Alexei K. Tolstoy's famous 'Dramatic Trilogy' from the same historical epoch written forty years later.

Isabel F. Hapgood

FROM 'BORIS GODUNOFF'

Time, 1603. *Night. Scene: A cell in the Tchudoff (Miracles) Monastery.* Father Pimen, *and* Grigory *asleep.*

FATHER PIMEN—Only one more, one final narrative,
And then my chronicle is ended;
The duty laid on me, a sinful man,
By God, is done. Not vainly did the Lord
For many years set me as witness,
And give me understanding of the bookish art. . . .
I live a new, fresh life in ancient days;
The vanished past flits clear before my eyes:
Some men, a few, my memory hath retained,
Some words, few also, have come down to me;
The rest is lost, lost irretrievably.
But dawn draws nigh; my shrine-lamp waxes dim:
Now one last record, and the very last.

Grigory [*waking*]—
That dream again! Is't possible? For the third time
That cursèd dream! And still before his lamp
The old man sits and writes, and all the night
He has not closed an eye in doze or slumber.
How I do love his tranquil mien,
When, buried in the past, with all his soul
He writes his chronicles; and often, often
I have so longed to guess of what he writes.
. . . . . .

Pimen— Thou hast awakened, brother?
Grigory— Bless me, reverend father.
Pimen— May the Lord bless thee
Both now and ever and forever more. . . .
Grigory— Most reverend father, lo, this many a day
I have desired to ask thee of the death
Of Dmitry the Tzarévitch; at that time
'Tis said, thou wert in Uglitch.
Pimen— Ah, I remember: God let me see a crime,
A bloody deed. That day I was in Uglitch,
In distant Uglitch, sent upon a mission.
At night I came: at morn, when mass was due,
I heard the sudden bells; they pealed alarm:
Shouts, noise,—out ran the royal maidens;
Out ran I also; all the town was there.

I look: with gaping throat there lies
The dead Tzarévitch. Then the crowd pursued
The three assassins fleeing,
And brought them to the still, wan body of the child;
Whereon a marvel,—the dead body quivered.
"Repent, confess!" the people roared at them;
And in their terror, there beneath the axe,
The villains spoke and said Borís had sent them.

Grigory— What age had then the slain Dmitry?

Pimen— Seven years—he would be now—
(Ten years have passed since then—nay, more:
Twelve years)—he'd be about thy age,
And now would reign; but God willed otherwise.—
But I must rest,—'tis time,—
And quench my lamp. The bells are calling
To matin prayers. May the Lord bless
His servants. Give me my crutch, Grigory.

[*Exit.*

Grigory— Borís, Borís, all trembles now before thee,
And not one dares so much as hint to thee
The fate of that unhappy lad.
Yet here, in his dark cell, the anchorite
Records a fearful charge against thee,
And thou shalt not escape the blame of men,
As thou from God's just wrath shalt not escape. . . .

Scene: The Imperial Palace.

The Tzar [*entering*]—

I've reached the highest power;
'Tis six years now that I have reigned in peace;
But there's no happiness within my soul.
Is't not thus—in youth we thirst and crave
The joys of love; but once we've quenched
Our hungry heart with brief possession,
We're tired, and cold, and weary on the spot!
The sorcerers in vain predict long life,
And promise days of undisturbèd power.
Nor power, nor life, nor aught doth cheer my heart;
My soul forebodeth heaven's wrath and woe.
I am not happy. I did think to still
With plenty and with fame my people here;
To win for aye their love with bounties free.
But wasted are my cares and empty toils:

A living power is hated by the herd;
They love the dead alone, only the dead.
What fools we are when popular applause
Or the loud shout of masses thrills our heart!
God sent down famine on this land of ours;
The people howled, gave up the ghost in torture:
I threw the granaries open, and my gold
I showered upon them; sought out work for them:
Made mad by suffering, they turned and cursed me!
By conflagrations were their homes destroyed;
I built for them then dwellings fair and new;
And they accused me — said I set the fires!
That's the Lord's judgment; — seek its love who will!
Then thought I bliss in my own home to find;
I thought to make my daughter blest in wedlock:
Death, like a whirlwind, snatched her betrothed away,
And rumor craftily insinuates
That I am author of my child's widowhood, —
I, I, unhappy father that I am!
Let a man die — I am his secret slayer:
I hastened on the end of Feódor;
I gave my sister, the Tzaritza, poison;
I poisoned her, the lowly nun — still I!
Ah, I know it: naught can give us calm
Amid the sorrows of this present world;
Conscience alone, mayhap:
Thus, when 'tis pure it triumphs
O'er bitter malice, o'er dark calumny;
But if there be in it a single stain,
One, only one, by accident contracted,
Why then, alas! all's done; as with foul plague
The soul consumes, the heart is filled with gall,
Reproaches beat like hammers in the ears,
The man turns sick, his head whirls dizzily,
And bloody children float before my eyes.
I'd gladly flee — yet whither? — horrible!
Yea, sad his state whose conscience is not clean. . . .

Scene: Moscow, Schuisky's house. Present: Schuisky *and numerous guests.*

Pushkin — 'Tis wondrous news my nephew writes me here.
The son of our Tzar Terrible — but wait, —
[*Goes to the door and looks about.*]
The royal child slain by Tzar Borís' rage —

Schuisky — But that's no news.
Pushkin — Defer your judgment:
Dmitry lives.
Schuisky — Well, now, that's news!
The heir alive! That's marvelous, in sooth!
Is that all?
Pushkin — Wait till you hear the end:
Whoe'er he be, — the young Tzarévitch saved,
Or but a phantom in his semblance clad,
Or bold adventurer, aspirant without shame, —
The fact remains: Dmitry hath appeared —
. . . . . .
Schuisky — It cannot be!
Pushkin — Pushkin's own eyes have seen him,
When first he came there to the palace,
And entered in through ranks of Lithuanian nobles
Straight to the privy chamber of the King.
Schuisky — Whence comes the man? Who is he?
Pushkin — That none knows.
'Tis only known he was a serving-man
At Vishnevetzky's; on his bed of sickness
The menial told a priest, under confession's seal:
That haughty lord, learning this secret truth,
Went to him, raised him from his squalid bed,
And led him straight to Sigismund the King.
Schuisky — All this, my friend, is such a tangled web,
That, struggle as one will, the brain doth reel.
We cannot doubt this man is a Pretender;
But I admit, the danger is not small.
Most weighty news, in sooth! And if the herd
Once come to hear it, great will be the crash!
Pushkin — So great, indeed, that scarce can Tzar Borís
Retain the crown upon his clever head.
And serve him right: doth he not rule us now
Like Tzar Ivan? (mention him not near night!)
What matters it that public executions cease?
That we, before the world, on bloody stake, no more
To the Lord Christ chant canons of the Church?
That we're not burned upon the public square
While the Tzar stirs the ashes with his staff?
What safety have we yet for our poor lives?
Exile awaits us every day that dawns,
Siberia, prison, fetters or the cowl of monk;
Then, in the wilds, starvation or a noose. . . .

Scene: Castle of Voevod Mnishek, in Sambor. Night. A garden. A fountain. Present: The Pretender, Marina Mnishek.

Marina— Hour by hour your difficulties, dangers,
Become more dangerous, more difficult.
Already many doubtful rumors fly about:
One novelty usurps another's place,
And Godunoff is active, takes his measures—
Pretender— What's Godunoff to me? Has Borís power
Over thy love, my only source of bliss?
No, no! Indifferently now I look
Upon his throne, upon his royal state.
Thy love—what's life to me without it now,
And glory's halo and the Russian crown?
On the wild steppe, in poor mud-hovel, thou
Of royal diadem for me dost take the place;
Thy love—
Marina— Shame on thee! Dare not to forget
Thy lofty, holy, heavenly vocation!
Thy rank should be unto thee dearer far
Than any joy or flattering dreams of life.
With it there's nothing that thou mayest compare.
Not to the youth with foolish passion burning,
Not to the captive of my beauty's power,
But to the heir of Moscow's royal throne,
To the Tzarévitch, saved from death by fate,
This hand I'll give. Then hear, and mark me well.
Pretender— Torture me not thus, my Marina fair;
Say not it is my rank and not myself
Which thou hast chosen! Dear, thou knowest not
How deeply thou dost wound my heart thereby.
What—what if—oh, cruel doubt most keen!—
Tell me: if something less than royal purple
Had Fate the blind bestowed on me at birth,
And were I not in truth the son of Ivan,
Not that young child, by all men long forgot,
Then—then—wouldst thou then love me still?
Marina— Thou art Dmitry and canst be no other;
None other can I love.
Pretender— Nay, 'tis enough!
I will not share my mistress with the dead,
The mistress who belongs in truth to him.
No, I have feigned enough. Now will I tell
The truth, the whole! Thy Dmitry, heed me well,

Is dead, is buried, will not rise again;
But wouldst thou know who I am?
So be it! hark! A poor monk, nothing more.
Tired of imprisonment, of monastery life,
A daring thought beneath my sombre cowl
Engendered; I prepared the world a marvel—
And fled from out my cell, fled forth at last.
Within their camp the riotous men of Ukraine
Taught me to ride a horse and wield the sword;
I came to you and called myself Dmitry,
And so did fool them all, these witless Poles.
Haughty Marina, what is thy verdict now?
Doth my confession satisfy thy heart?
Why art thou dumb?

Marina— Oh, shame and woe to me!

. . . . . .

What if to all I show thy insolent deceit?

Pretender— Think'st thou I fear thee?
That men will rather trust a Polish maid
Than Russian Tzarévitch? Nay, you must know
That neither king nor noble nor grandee
Careth one jot for truth of that I say.
I am Dmitry, or I'm not—what's that to them?
Still, I'm a pretext for their strife, for war:
That's all they need or reck; and as for you,
Trust me, rebellious maid, they'll silence you.
Farewell!

Marina— Nay, stay, Tzarévitch! Now
At last I hear the man speak, not the boy.
Heed me: awake! 'tis time; delay not!
Lead thy troops quickly into Moscow town,
Clear out the Kremlin, mount the Moscow throne—
Then send for me the wedding messenger;
But—God in heaven hears me—till thy foot
Upon the steps of that great throne doth rest,
And Godunoff hath been dethroned by thee,
I'll listen to no further word of love. Enough. [*Exit.*

EVGENY ONYEGIN

[As it is not possible to reproduce both sense and rhyme, I have attempted only to give a correct translation, and to preserve the simple rhythm where I could, in my lack of poetic powers. I have indicated the scheme of rhyme by numbers attached to the first stanza. — I. F. H.]

. . . . . .

1. Another trouble I foresee:
2. To save the honor of my land
1. I shall be forced, without a doubt,
2. To translate Tatyana's letter.
3. She hardly knew her native Russian,
3. Our newspapers she never read,
4. And could express herself but badly
4. In her own mother tongue.
5. Accordingly, she wrote in French.—
6. What's to be done, again I say?
6. Down to this day a lady's love
5. In Russian ne'er hath been expressed.
7. Down to this day our haughty tongue
7. To prose of letters is not used.

And God forbid that I should meet,
At ball, or parting on the porch,
A yellow-shawled seminarist,
Or Academic in a cap!
Like rosy lips without a smile,
Without grammatical mistakes
I do not love the Russian tongue.
And yet it may be, to my grief,
Of beauties a new generation,
Heeding entreaties of the journals,
To correct speech will make us used.

Tatyana's Letter to Onyegin

I WRITE to you.—What can I more?
What is there left for me to say?
And now, I know, upon your will
Depends my chastisement with scorn.
But if to my unhappy lot
You but one drop of pity spare,
You will not now abandon me.

At first I vowed I would not speak:
Trust me, you ne'er had heard my shame,
Might I at least have had the hope
To see you rarely,—once a week,—
To see you in our village here;
If I might listen to your speech,
Utter a word to you, and then
Think, ever think, of but one thing,
Both day and night until we met.
But you love solitude, they say:
All's dull here in our rural wilds;
And we,—in no way do we shine,
Though truly glad to welcome you.
Why did you ever come to us?
In this remote, deserted spot
Forsaken, then I ne'er had known you,
Nor known this bitterness of pain,—
The tumult of a soul untaught.
I might have tamed, in time, no doubt;
Have found another to my heart
Perchance, and been a faithful wife,
A virtuous, loving mother.
Another! nay, to none on earth
Could I have given e'er my heart.
Heaven's counsel then hath thus decreed;
This is its will, and I am thine.
All, all my life hath been a pledge
Of faithful meeting thus with thee;
I know that God hath sent thee to me;
My guardian unto death art thou.
In dreams I long ago beheld thee,
And, still unseen, I found thee dear.
I languished 'neath thy wondrous glance,
Thy voice rang sweetly through my soul,
Long, long ago,—nay, 'twas no dream!—
Thou cam'st, and in a glance I knew thee;
I was benumbed, yet filled with flame.
My soul within me cried, "'Tis he!"
'Tis true, is't not? I listened to thee;
Thou spak'st with me in silent watches
When I to aid the needy sought,
Or sweetened, by my fervent prayers,
The languors of my troubled soul.
And was't not thou, beloved vision,

Who, at that instant as I prayed,
Didst flit in transparent darkness past me,
And to my pillow gently steal?
And didst thou not, in love and gladness,
Drop in my ear sweet words of hope?
Who art thou then? my guardian angel,
Or crafty tempter of my heart?
I pray thee now, disperse my doubts.
Perchance all this is but the empty
Deception of an untried soul,
And God hath willed quite otherwise:
So be it! From this hour my fate
I trustfully to thee commit;
Before thee burning tears I weep,
And for thy safeguard thee entreat.
Bethink thee, here I stand alone,
And no one here doth comprehend.
My judgment weakens, reason reels,
And I must perish dumb, unheard.
I wait for thee; I pray thee, quicken
With but a look of hope my heart,
Or break at least the numbing dream
With well-deserved reproof — alas!

I'm done! 'Tis terrible to read —
I faint with terror and with shame —
Your honor is my only pledge;
To it I boldly thus confide.
. . . . . .
For a brief space they stood in silence;
And then Onyegin, drawing near,
Spake thus: —
"A while agone you wrote me:
Deny it not, I pray. I read
That sweet outpour of innocent love,
Confession of confiding soul.
To me your frankness is most precious,
And it has roused within my heart
Feelings which long have sleeping lain:
But not for that will I extol you;
And yet for this I will requite
With a confession, artless too.
Accept, I pray, this my confession,
And sit in judgment over me.

"Had I desired my life to limit
Within the bounds of hearth and home;
Had kindly Fate to me dictated
Husband and father e'er to be;
Had family bliss, as a fair vision,
One moment e'er my sense beguiled:
Assuredly I should have chosen
No other bride than you, I vow.
Without a shade of flattery
I say, you'd be my only choice.
In you I'd find my sweet ideal
As partner of my gloomy life,
A pledge of all that is most fair;
And then be happy — if I could!

"But I for bliss was not created;
To that my soul is foreign still:
In vain, in vain are your perfections;
Of them I count myself unworthy.
Believe (I pledge my word upon it),
Marriage for us would torture be.
However much at first I loved you,
At once, with custom, I should hate;
Straightway you'd weep — but could not touch,
With all your tears, my hardened heart,
Which would but more inflame my hate.
Judge for yourself what kind of roses
Hymen would thus for us prepare,—
And, it might chance, for many a day!

"What can be worse in all creation
Than household where the wretched wife
Her thankless spouse doth mourn and grieve,
Sitting alone by day and night;
While weary husband, her worth knowing
(Yet cursing his untoward fate),
Is always taciturn and gloomy,
Enraged, yet coldly jealous still!
And such am I. Is't this thou soughtest
In the love-flame of thy pure soul,
When with such simple innocence
Thou wrot'st so cleverly to me?
And can it be that such a lot
Hath been assigned to thee by fate?

«Our dreams, our years we cannot call back;
My soul I never can renew;—
I love you with a love fraternal—
And tenderer yet, perchance: who knows?
Then listen to me without anger:
Often, I think, in young maids' minds,
Slight dreams succeed to dreams as slight,
As a young tree bears leaves in spring;
And this, it seems, is heaven's will.
Again you'll give your love—and yet
You'll learn of self-control the art.
Not every man will understand you;
And innocence oft leads to woe.»

. . . . . .

Oh, who could not, in that swift flash,
Have read the tale of her dumb pain?
Who, in the princess, could not see
Our Tanya of those former days?
In frantic grief of his compassion,
Onyegin fell low at her feet.
She trembled, but was silent still,
And fixed her eyes upon Onyegin
Without surprise, yet without wrath.
To her his dim and tortured gaze,
Beseeching mien and dumb reproach,
Made all things clear. The simple girl,
With dreams and heart of former days,
Had waked once more within her breast.

She did not raise him to his feet,
But with her eyes still fixed on him,
She lets her senseless fingers lie
Beneath his thirsting, burning lips.
What is it that she dreams of now?
A long, long silence follows then;
And at the last, she softly says:—
«Enough—arise: it is my part
To speak to you quite frankly now.
Onyegin—you recall the hour
When, in our garden in the walk,
Fate made us meet, how meekly I
Gave ear to all your lessons stern?
To-day it is my turn to speak.

"Onyegin, I was younger then;
I think that I was better, too;
I loved you truly. What of that?
What was't I found within your heart,
What answer? Sternness; naught but that.
'Tis true, is't not? 'Twas nothing new
To you, this love of maiden's heart?
How my blood curdles,—O my God!—
When I recall the chilling glance,
And that stern sermon which you gave.
But I blame not: in that dread hour
You acted nobly, for my good,
And honorably towards me then:
For that, receive my heartfelt thanks.

"In that far solitude, 'tis true,
Far from the noise of idle tongues,
I did not please you. Why then now
Do you thus persecute me here?
Why do you deign to heed at all?
Is't not because, at present, I
In loftiest circles must appear?
That I am rich and famous now;
That for the wounds my husband bore
In battle, we are loved at court?
Is't not because this my disgrace
Would now by all be known and seen,
And might, in social circles here,
Lend flattering honor to your name?

"I weep. If you have not forgot
Your Tanya till this present hour,
Then know, the sharpness of your chiding,
The coldness of your stern upbraiding,
Did but the choice lie in my power,
I would prefer to sullying passion,
And to your letters and your tears. . . .

"But list, Onyegin: all this splendor,
Illusion of a stupid life,
My triumphs in the social whirlpool,
My fashionable house and guests,—
What is there in them? I would gladly
Renounce this foolish masquerade,

This tumult all, incense and splendor,
For the wild park, a shelf of books,
And life in our poor, humble manse;—
For the old spots, in short, Onyegin,
Where the first time I met with thee;
Yes, for the quiet, peaceful church-yard,
Where now a cross and shady bough
Bend o'er the grave of my poor nurse.

«And happiness was so near to us,
So possible! But my sad fate
Was shaped already. Indiscreet,
Mayhap, was my behavior then:
My mother, bathed in tears, adjured me;
Poor Tanya felt all fates were one.
And so—I married. 'Tis your duty
To leave me now. I beg you will;
I know you—that your heart containeth
Firm pride and strenuous honor still.
I love you, (why should I conceal it?)
But I am now another's bride,
And I will ne'er betray his trust.»

JULES QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE

(1838–)

THE writer known in French literature under the pen-name of Jules Glouvet is a noble individuality, in addition to being a well-marked one, in contemporary French fiction. He was born at Saumur, July 2d, 1838; began his career as a magistrate in 1862; was a soldier in active service during the war of 1870; and in 1883 (after filling various important provincial positions, also a position as magistrate) he became the Prosecutor-General at Paris. Since then he has been a marked and honored man in his real profession. He has won peculiar distinction in connection with the efforts to repress the Anarchistic movement, and to punish the Anarchist criminals, in his country. He was a most important factor in the trial of General Boulanger; and was bravery itself in the check of that feeble, rash, and yet dangerous intrigue, which concluded in a tragedy. He has done his duty as a magistrate and lawyer at the risk of his life. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire has been called the Father of his Country, as was Cicero proud to be styled when he had shattered the conspiracy of Catiline; and there is a likeness in the two careers.

From such labors at the bar, severe and even personally dangerous, M. de Beaurepaire has turned to writing stories that express peasant-life in certain districts of France, and certain types of French rural character, as no French novelist has done before him. In these stories it was evidently the intention of the writer to show that a novel of humble life could be produced without the grossness of so many of the French authors. The books were auxiliaries in the new campaign against «naturalism.» His scenes of the true rural world of France, his feeling for the relation of human nature and its natural environment, have been exhibited with great fidelity and interest in his books 'Le Forestier' (published in English under the title of 'The Woodman'), and 'Le Berger' (The Shepherd). In each instance, he shows us that he is not only a finished painter of real life, lived in simple conditions, but the possessor of that sort of literary sense which grasps, in part as an artist and in part as a realist, every essential detail of the temperament, course of existence, and scenery to be more or less minutely portrayed.

There is something of the quality of Thomas Hardy in the books of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire; there is something of George Sand;

there is something of many novelists whose dramas of every-day out-of-door life are played in books full of a dramatic impressiveness, enhanced by a perfect scenic artist's skill. But there is likewise an inner moral quality and moral suggestiveness in M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's books distinctly their own. He exhibits with singular beauty and naturalness the countryman in touch with his *milieu;* the finer elements in imperfect rustic character; the promptings of the heart that beats passionately and warmly in the breast of a humble shepherd, or an uneducated and not too honest woodlander. The author of 'The Woodman' and 'The Shepherd' does not carry his realism as far as Zola, even when verging on the same territory; and yet he is in much a truer realist. The pathos of the books impresses us, the simple course of their dramas enlists all our attention; and at the same time a sermon is suggested while none is directly preached—a sermon found, not in the stones and trees and running brooks which so exquisitely serve as background for the author's handful of peasant characters, but in their aspirations, their weaknesses, and all that is to them life and feeling and purpose day by day.

THE FOREST

From 'The Woodman.' Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

THERE is no country more severe and striking in its aspect than the forest range uniting the Department of Maine to that of La Beauce, and extending from Montmirail to Authon. It is an immense extent of wood, intersected by narrow grassy paths, untouched by the hand of man, which have given to the whole region the picturesque name of Chemins-Verts (The Green-Road Country). Absolute solitude reigns; the villages are far off, scattered on the ridges of the hills; the principal hamlet is called Grez-sur-Roc (Stone-on-Rock). This name alone suffices to indicate the wild, rugged scenery of this remote district. In the foreground, on the slopes rising one above another, are a few detached cottages crouching amid the golden broom and furze; the paths between them wind upward toward the forest in sinuous lines that look like serpents springing from the hand of a sorcerer.

The dense forest begins half-way up, and widens as it reaches the valley on the other side; then climbs the opposite height, and stretches itself at its ease over the vast plateau of La Beauce

toward Chapelle Guillaume, where, reduced to brushwood, it follows the vast undulations of the plain, and is finally reflected in the stagnant waters of the surrounding marshes.

A stream, rising in the hills, falls into the ravine, and winds at its own sweet will among the trees; some of which, thrown across from one bank to the other, under hanging festoons of bryony and traveler's-joy, serve as bridges to the dwellers in the forest.

These are a robust, shy, and taciturn race. At the close of day some return to their homes on the distant plain, while others seek their cabins built among the brushwood. Charcoal-burners encamp near their work, the light of the smoldering fires playing over their dark faces; the makers of wooden sabots lie among the shavings in front of their workshops; the wood-cutters, bent with fatigue, hang up their wallets on the branches, trample the wild flowers with their sabots, and settle themselves comfortably on the sloping ground;—all these people live and work together without noise or outward expression. The wind sobbing in the high branches, the sun piercing at rare intervals the leafy roof and shedding a pale ray on the grass beneath, are the only tokens of life and light in the gloom of this vast crypt.

Singing is not in fashion among the foresters; none but the birds ever raise their voices in this solemn silence, and it is remarkable that even their song is sad.

The forest is unique in its aspect; but it may be compared with the sea in its grandeur, its infinitude, its rolling waves, its deep murmurs, and its wild tempests. Look at those venerable oaks: the tallest peasant is less than an ant at their feet. If a water-spout discharges on the Chemins-Verts, its progress is marked by a frightful disruption of these enormous trees, overthrown as easily as a bundle of twigs. Thus, in its calm and in its wrath, the forest lords it over man, and man in this imposing wilderness is driven to silence and contemplation. The inhabitants live exactly as their ancestors lived before them. It is not poverty, but contempt of comfort: their maxim is that the forest ought to provide all they want. Theft is considered lawful; the feeling of mine-and-thine does not exist: they do not steal, they take.

These strange notions of ownership, due to ancient tradition, seem justified by the astonishing fertility of these leafy regions.

The father carries on his back a sack filled with wild plums to make his drink, or loads his barrow with acorns for the pig,—the great resource in winter; the son brings home a block of ash-wood, out of which in the long winter evenings he carves cups and basins for the family; the mother returns with a load of fagots. Do they want an extra bed? she takes her sickle and cuts withes from the willows near the brook. That tall, bare-legged girl gathers mushrooms, with which her little sister fills the basket made over-night. The little boys are employed, after their dinner of nuts, in cleaning moss; and the old grandfather, with tottering step, hobbles towards the copse to cut a stick for his crutch.

The Chemins-Verts is so vast that all these people have elbow-room without disturbing its solitude. From time to time a faint tinkling of bells in the distance announces the arrival of a band of small horses belonging to the charcoal-burners, ambling along with bent knees and backs worn by the loads they carry. The noise of their shoes is muffled by the leafy carpet. No other sound is heard. As for the busy gatherers of the spoils of the forest, they are nowhere to be seen.

The inhabitants are in love with their forest — an unconscious but incurable passion. They can breathe freely only under the shade of their woods. It is true the men are willing to spend a few weeks every year during the harvest in La Beauce, to enable them to lay by a little sum sufficient for their frugal needs,—enough to buy a new blouse, and tobacco to last till the next summer. The forester's work in the plains is scarcely finished before he hastens to hide his money in a corner of his handkerchief, suspend his whetstone from his waistband, throw his scythe merrily over his shoulder, and return in all haste to his forest. As soon as he catches a glimpse of the tall trees he pauses; he is happy, he knows not why.

"Ha! here's the boy as has finished his August," says his old neighbor as soon as he sees him.

"Yes, I have done with La Beauce," he replies, looking slowly round him. "Here I am — no less."

"No less" is the regular expletive used as a superlative on all occasions.

This intense love for the forest is hereditary; it is instinctive in the child, grows with his growth, and never leaves him when

he becomes a man; when away from his woods it becomes a perfect nostalgia. It found its expression in mythology, which after all is only nature — nature symbolized and personified under the names of faun and hamadryad.

The woodman has perpetuated these myths; the Chemins-Verts have their own legends, of which Renaud the Poacher was the hero and type.

A MADWOMAN

From 'The Woodman.' Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

[Jean Renaud, the central figure in the story, has been unjustly imprisoned for poaching; and an old woman, Mère Chauvin, of whom he had taken care, has also been incarcerated for supposed complicity in Renaud's work. His sentence served, Renaud returns to her lonely cottage, only to find the old woman crazy, and their forest life together broken up by tragedy.]

He was soon obliged to set to work again; for his money was exhausted. He presented himself at the saw-pit. His skill was well known to the heads of the trade, and they engaged him. It mattered little to them that he had been in prison. Marcel himself advised them to take him back, as it would be easier to keep an eye upon him when he was close at hand.

At first he was the butt of his companions, who invariably called him Renaud the Poacher. They did not always treat him as a pariah, however, for he knew how to make himself feared; and besides he was an object of admiration to some,—for the woodmen have all more or less a drop of poacher's blood in their veins. Others treated his crime as of little importance. "As long," they said, "as one is neither a murderer nor a thief, there's not much harm."

Determined to bear everything, he pretended not to hear, and by degrees he reconquered his position. The first to arrive, the last to leave, sad, taciturn, he lived apart. No fault could be found with him, and he was soon let alone.

The regularity of his life enabled him partly to recover. He rambled over the forest, found once more his favorite paths, and felt again the friendly branches meet over his head. He still was sad, but his apathy was gone. On Sundays the men who

came to pick up wood saw him at a distance, and said to one another:—

"There's Renaud the Poacher: he's finished his term."

When he had shaken off his torpor he became sensitive; his blood boiled with anger.

"Ah, they are all against me! They call me 'Poacher.' Well, I'll make my name good, and nothing shall prevent me poaching."

This thought awakened another: he stood still, quivering. His gun! had it been found? His grandfather's curse and his old friend's madness had absorbed him. But this fear, once presented to his mind, took entire possession of it. Intense curiosity was mingled with acute, overpowering terror. He longed for night that he might begin his search, and counted the trees meanwhile to distract his thoughts. After each number a loud voice sounded in his ear, repeating, "Has some one carried off your gun?"

At nightfall he stole out, took a circuitous route, and when nearer to the spot laid one ear to the ground to listen,—the frost had hardened the soil and made it sonorous: there was no one about. Then he crept into the bushes on his hands and knees.

When he reached the break in the ground caused by the ditch he felt among the brushwood. No gun was there! He broke into a sweat; he went back into the wood to where the stag had stood. Here was the holly behind which Jean was posted. He felt the trees, one after the other, to the path. What a pity that the night was so dark! He had made a miscalculation of several feet.

The next time he hit upon the place. The frosty leaves cracked; the earth crumbled; something harder opposed itself to his touch. It was the gun!

"My blessed old gun! I've got you at last! How they must have hunted for you! But you were so little hidden that I don't wonder they didn't find you."

This speech exactly describes the simple cunning of the peasant mind.

The gun, full of mold and more rusty than when it served as a pipe, could not have attracted the attention of the most suspicious keeper. Proud and joyful, he carried it away in his arms.

He spent three nights in taking it to pieces, oiling and furbishing it. A fresh hole in the left barrel necessitated a new patch. When he had set it to rights, the climber became thoughtful. He was afraid of everything now. If they came to search his hut? Marcel was too cunning,—the gun must be hidden. He took up a plank in the cellar, slipped the gun into its place as if into a case, with all the powder and ball he had left, hid the opening with a bit of wood covered with dust, cast a threatening glance in the direction of Le Plantis, and returned to put away his oil in the kitchen. He had an inward struggle. Should he go out shooting this very morning? The temptation was strong. But he reflected that it was better to go to see his old friend Mother Chauvin.

For some days the crazy woman had not spoken to him. A sort of shudder passed over her when she saw him, showing that she had a vague perception of his presence. But the recollection vanished before it became clear. She looked at him with astonished curiosity, touched his blouse, smiled as she followed him with her eyes round the room, because he brought food with him: this was the only reason. She often spoke of him just as she spoke of Marcel and the officials, believing him to be absent. Her incoherent, voluble utterances all related to the damaged fruit-trees, the prison, and her Chauvin's broken skull. Now and then she broke out into a fury; Jean was not always able to master her. Every night and morning he came to look after her, and brought food. Mélanie came at noon to make the soup.

When he entered her room this Wednesday morning she was madder than ever. She was pacing the room on tiptoe, uttering threatening sounds. In her hand was a burning log, which she threw upon the bed; it exhaled a sour smell of scorching rags, and a volume of black smoke rose up.

"Wretched woman!" exclaimed Renaud, rushing to the pallet, "do you want to set the place on fire?"

"Let be, Cinet," she cried, clapping her hands: "the house of the accursed must burn!"

Filled with horror, the youth threw the log into the fireplace, and pulled out the blankets already streaked with red. She rushed at him and bit his arm.

Jean put out the fire, hid the matches, did his best to make her sit down, set a basin of milk on her lap, and shut her in.

When he was out of the house he listened. « She will get hungry, » he thought: « that will quiet her fancies. »

He heard the basin crash upon the ground, and the sounds of her crutch showed that the widow was again wandering about the room. Jean was at his wits' end. It was impossible to leave this poor creature to herself. On the other hand, the sun was already high in the heavens, and Besnardeau was expecting him to fell a beech. It was not safe to be unpunctual with Marcel or Besnardeau.

« I have it,—I'll go and fetch Mélanie, and come back as soon as my work is done. »

He ran to call her.

« Mother Chauvin's head is quite turned this morning: most likely it's the new moon, but perhaps she is gone quite mad for good. Could you look after her till midday? »

« Why not? Give me time to feed my chickens, and I'll climb the hill. »

The girl made haste, put her knitting in her pocket and set out, the Little Parisian following her. The child got upon a stone, opened the latch, and passed first through the door. The widow had heard them, for they were talking as they approached. She was standing just behind the door, resting on her crutch. The white hairs on her chin stood on end; her eyes were staring wildly. She was drawing deep breaths at regular intervals, like a mother hushing an infant.

The moment the Little Parisian entered she seized him by the arm. The child, pale with fear and pain, gave a piercing cry.

« Here you are then, my little Marcel, » she said in a coaxing voice. « Your apple-trees must be in blossom by this time? »

She struck the cupboard with her crutch, and continued: « Well, then, you won't show my mitten to the law officers—you'll give it back to me. »

The Little Parisian, frightened almost out of his wits, struggled to get away from her horrible grasp. The madwoman screamed with anger.

« Won't you give it back to me? »

Mélanie got hold of the child's clothes at the back, and tried to draw him towards her. But the madwoman's claw-like fingers held him as tightly as if she had been a bird of prey.

The boy uttered despairing cries: « My 'Lanie! my 'Lanie! »

The strong girl darted forward, and stood suddenly in front of her adopted child. She threw her arms round the old woman, and cried, « Let him alone, or it'll be the worse for you! »

On seeing Mélanie's face so close to her own, the lunatic forgot the child. She was so surprised that no recollection was awakened. « I don't know you at all! Why won't you let Marcel give me back my mitten? »

« Mother Chauvin, listen to me. I am Mélanie. You ought to go to bed. »

But the old woman shook with rage.

« Ah, I know: it's you as had me locked up. You're a witch, and you've bewitched me! Chauvin, my love, make haste, the nightingale is singing at our wedding. We will dance with the keeper. »

She paced the room, her arms stretched over her head. Mélanie was frightened now, and tried to walk backward to the door, hiding the Little Parisian with her skirts.

As soon as they got out they set off running. Mother Chauvin caught sight of them and pursued them, shouting: —

« The witch is carrying off Marcel! Beware of the summons! »

« Come, come, Jacques! » Mélanie repeated, dragging along her little companion.

But he is overwhelmed by terror; his legs give way. He tries his utmost, but cannot stir, as if in a bad dream.

Mother Chauvin catches up to them at the end of the yard, with a triumphant yell. Mélanie again places herself before the child.

« Don't touch my boy, Mother Chauvin! »

« Wicked girl! it's you that drew away the rope from the falling tree, long ago, to make my husband fall! I have found you at last. I insist on your giving me back my mitten. »

« O God! » cried Mélanie: « what will become of us? »

The old woman had lost all trace of humanity. She held her crutch with her two hands, — the crutch was pointed, made out of a thorn hardened in the fire, — and waved it to and fro.

« Will you give it me back? »

She burst into hysterical laughter; and while Mélanie, moving backward, was looking on all sides for help, Mother Chauvin struck her a violent blow on the chest. She gave a deep sigh and fell like a shot.

The madwoman, forgetting the Little Parisian, sat down on the heath, singing:—

"My sweetest friend has begged of me
My breast-knot ribbon white and fair."

Jean Renaud was kept by Besnardeau at the top of his tree till after three o'clock. He had left his old friend in a state which caused him great anxiety. He hastily unbuckled his cramp-hooks and carried his things into a shelter, as snow was beginning to fall. Some workmen from another felling-place were warming themselves on their way.

"Yonder's a dreadful business," said one. "She almost crushed her with the blow."

"Though she's old, her arms are strong; and then your mad folks are stronger than such as we," added another.

The climber, although he did not know what they were talking about, shuddered. He was not in the habit of gossiping, but he could not refrain from questioning them.

"Who are you talking about, pray?"

"Don't you know? Mother Chauvin's gone crazy."

"She has as good as killed Mélanie. The gendarmes have come,—the chief one, along with the new one who is pitted with small-pox: she's going to be shut up in the asylum, they say."

"It's a great pity. The girl was a brave one, and not vicious at all. Nassiquet the widower was thinking of marrying her."

Renaud had already set out, hoping that there might be some mistake. He kept on saying to himself, "No, no: it's impossible." His head was on fire; he could hear his heart beating. The snow was falling in heaps and blinding him. Against his habit he turned into the path. He beheld a sad sight in the road below. Mother Chauvin was seated in an open cart between two gendarmes, one of whom held her wrists on either side. Wrapped in the black cloak, with a hood which is called a *capot* and worn by all old peasant women, she was rocking backward and forward with the movement of the vehicle, her mouth contracted by a hideous grimace. A villager in heavy nailed boots led the pony by the bridle.

Renaud gave a piercing cry on seeing the old friend who had loved him when first he became an orphan. Oh, the way in

which she looked back at the trees was not like a madwoman, for she seemed to be bidding adieu to the forest; and the cabin up there would soon be smothered in briers, never again to be the home of the poor, good old woman.

"Stop, stop!" he exclaimed: "I want to speak to her. I am sure she'll know my voice. I want to ask her to forgive me, for her misfortunes are partly my fault. Mother Chauvin, my Mother Chauvin!"

She looked at him with a glassy eye, and without moving a muscle, she said in a solemn voice:—

"It seems that the people are bewitched here!"

Her head fell heavily on her breast; prostration was setting in.

"Go on," cried the gendarme.

The driver pushed Renaud aside with his whip, and the cart went on softly through the snow.

The climber let himself fall on the bank. Within him all was dark—all was over. No one in his own home—no grandfather—no Mother Chauvin. He was alone in the world; no one would smile on him or call him by his name again. Work as hard as he would, there was no one to give his earnings to. In the long evenings he would have no one moving on the other side of the fire. The owls are happier than he would be, for they have their nests; and when one hoots in the dark there is another to answer him. No doubt he still had his dear forest and its soft breezes, the sweet honeysuckles and green pine-trees; but a forester who goes home and finds no human creature is forlorn and pitiable.

Renaud, in despair, thought of his lost friends, and longed to die. It was getting late.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will let go the rope, like Father Chauvin."

At this moment he heard the faint sound of a bell at regular intervals. A boy in a surplice was ringing it, preceding an old priest who was hurrying along the path, dressed in full canonicals, and carrying, with both hands pressed against his chest, the holy sacrament, the cup covered by a square fringed cloth. They wended silently along the lonely path, their forms looking shadowy as seen through the soft-falling snow, on which no footstep was heard. Now and then they stumbled over a hidden stone; but the priest continued on his way, squaring his elbows to protect his charge.

The acolyte entered the forest. Renaud removed his cap.

"Where are you taking the sacrament?"

The boy rang his bell, and whispered:—

"To Mélanie."

"Ah," sighed the poacher, "I sent her to her death. Poor girl! I must at least bid her good-by."

He followed the priest who was bearing the last consolation to the dying woman through the dark night. . . .

Numbers of people had found their way into the yard. This always happens in the forest. At the slightest disturbance, and on the most deserted spot, a crowd collects. Whence they come and how the rumor reaches them, it is impossible to say. No doubt the sonorous echoes in the forest and the sagacity of its inhabitants are the real causes.—They were watching the priest vanishing through the snow, and talking together.

"Here's a funeral won't be worth much to the parson."

"She had a brother who's at work somewhere. Will *he* be her heir?"

"Ah, she was like me: she had only her bits of furniture, not worth paying duty on."

In the cottage the mother, with the ghastly eagerness of her class, had taken possession of the body to lay it out.

"It's a great loss," said the father with a sigh. "Poor girl!"

The Little Parisian was sobbing.

"Will that boy ever let us have any peace?" said the father.

After a pause he continued:—

"We must decide at once what to do with the bastard."

"I shall soon have done here. Do you mean to feed him?"

The forester gave them a look of extreme astonishment.

"Feed him? one must be able to. One poor girl brought him up with her own money: that was her affair. But I am growing old; my work is too much for me already. It's too much to be expected to bring up other folks' brats."

The mother replied in a low but bitter tone:—

"Well, then, it's best to decide at once. When you go to register the death, take this brat to the maire. He'll make his usher write to Paris."

"Is it possible that you mean to forsake your girl's adopted child?" protested Renaud.

"What right have you to meddle?" said the man; and the old woman grumbled between her teeth, "Prison leavings!"

The climber drew the Little Parisian out of the cabin. For a minute Jean walked on without speaking. The Little Parisian sank down, stupefied, on a stone. Night had come; there was nothing to be seen but the snow, covering the ground like a shroud; a leaden sky overhead. Renaud meditated. This poor little shivering creature was alone in the world like himself,—a bastard without shelter, together with a despised poacher! Mélanie had loved him; now he was to be turned out of the forest—to be taken before a lot of clerks with their pens behind their ears. He was so pretty—a darling—like Jean's little brother! Would he even have anything to eat next day? Poor, sad, deserted child! you have the same fate as Renaud; the deserted Renaud is your only friend.

"Isn't your name Jacques?" he asked at length.

"Yes, Jean, but they always call me the Little Parisian."

"Well then, Jacques, as they have sent you away from here, will you come to me in my home?"

The child opened great, wondering eyes.

"What for?"

"To be my brother. I will do my best for you. We'll talk about your 'Lanie. I'll make you a good fire. And in summer we'll go ever so far into the woods to gather raspberries."

"That I will," the boy replied; "but if my 'Lanie wakes up again I'll come back."

Jean made only one bound to the door. "Good people, don't bother about the Little Parisian,—I'm taking him off with me." He carried him away in his arms; the falling snow lulled the child to sleep.

BROTHERLY LOVE

From 'The Woodman': Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

[The poacher Renaud takes pity on the delicate, friendless orphan lad before mentioned, and cares for him as far as his scanty forest resources and wild life permit.]

This adoption transformed our hero. Every morning and evening, instead of eating with the methodical deliberation characteristic of the peasant, he hastened his meal to have time to clean up his home. He swept away the dust, rubbed up the metals, and put everything in order. He turned himself into a woman to make his little charge comfortable.

When he reached the felling-place, with what a good heart he set to work! At the end of the week he was as keen as a miser after his pay. On Saturday evenings he came home by the town, in order to bring some fresh bread for the child, and almost always a beautiful sweetmeat tied on to a card, or even a red horse in barley-sugar. And how merrily he rubbed his hands when he opened the door! The urchin walked round him in delight, asking anxiously:—

"Have you got anything for little Jacques?"

"To be sure. Look in."

The Little Parisian felt in Jean's pockets and wallet, and at length found the expected dainty, laughing and skipping round his big friend.

On fine days they went together to the felling-place. The little fellow carried the gourd with the comical solemnity peculiar to children when they think they are of use. Renaud carried his tools, and learned to think aloud to amuse his boy. He tried to limp less; for every species of love has its coquettish desire to please. But Jacques was no longer aware of his friend's infirmity,—thanks to habit, which had gradually turned what was at first a subject of astonishment into a matter of course. He would have been more likely to ask the other foresters why they did not limp like Jean.

They ate their dinner in a wooden shelter, with their feet on the grass; and while the climber was felling his tree the Little Parisian roamed about, stirring the ants' nests with a thin stick to see what would happen. On Sundays, when they left the

cemetery, they went into the forest. Jean taught the child how to make a way for himself through the thicket with his arm. The little fellow learned with astonishing facility to share the tastes and habits of his guide. He loved the forest; its sounds, far from frightening him, were sweet in his ears as the voice of a friend. When spring came, it was wonderful to see his interest in every new flower.

"You too like the covert?" the poacher asked, with some emotion.

"Oh yes: it's so amusing to run about in it,—one finds all sorts of things. I used to come sometimes with my 'Lanie, but not as far as this."

"The farther one goes, the more beautiful it seems."

"But, dear Jean, as you are so fond of the trees, why do you hurt them with your axe? You look quite angry when you hit at them."

"Oh no, I'm not angry. I've known those old fellows ever since I was born; and I love them, too; and when the wind whispers among them I can almost make out what the leaves are saying. But when I've got to strip one, and I see him standing up before me with his branches stretched out, he seems to say that I am too weakly. Then I get excited, and there's a singing in my ears. Sometimes when I reach the top, the tree shakes with passion, like a horse shaking off a fly. Then I strike so hard that my heart beats; the branch hits my head in falling, and I strike still harder; I don't know what I'm doing. But as soon as the top is down I'm sorry: the foot trembles so oddly one would think it was alive."

Jacques began to laugh: he was puzzled by a new idea.

"Don't laugh," said Jean: "be sure there's some life in their hearts. Look at my blouse: don't the spots the bark makes look like blood? and when we put a green log on the fire, doesn't it sob?"

"Well, then, we mustn't cut down any more trees."

"Nay, it's a kindness to cut them down when they are stag-headed,—they would rot. And there are the young ones stifled underneath that want to get up. Every one must have his turn."

As they proceed, the child questions Renaud on all the life around them. The poacher knows his forest by heart; he can tell its stories, from the largest beech to the smallest insect.

"What is it one hears in the hole in that tree?"

« It's a swarm of bees. We'll smoke them out to-morrow, and you shall have the honey. »

« And that bird with an acorn in its beak? »

« That's a jay. He's collecting his provisions for the winter; but as he's silly, he'll forget where he puts them, and will starve with the rest. »

« Have some creatures more sense than others? »

« Yes: it's just like us,— there are rascals and fools. Any one who notices their ways knows they understand. »

« But they can't talk like us? »

« You may be sure that they make each other understand in their own way. »

« And perhaps they're not so bad as us, for they don't want gendarmes. »

This last word reminded the child of the poacher's capture: 'Lanie's father had so often talked about it before him. He longed to question his friend, hesitated — at last said: —

« Tell me, Jean, is it true? »

« What? »

« Is it true that you had a sweetheart at Vibraye? »

The climber turned as red as a cherry.

« Stuff and nonsense! I've never set foot in the place. »

« I believe you — but I've heard it said — But tell me, what's the meaning of a sweetheart? »

« I've never had one; but from what they say, it's a sort of lass that one dances with at the assemblies, and takes home through the lanes, and kisses in the dusk. »

« Did you ever meet any in the forest? »

« No, never, because I get out of their way. Girls make too much noise with their chatter, and they make me feel quite silly when they fix their eyes on me. And then it's a waste of time, for what's the good of kissing the hussies? »

« But you had other company in the forest, Renaud. I'm told you went there with — »

« Little goose! with whom? »

« With a gun. »

Jean hung his head without answering.

« Is it true? Oh, how I should have liked to see it. You haven't got it any longer? »

The poacher stammered out: —

« Don't ever talk about that. I have no gun. »

« What a pity. I should have so liked to hear you make it say 'Bang!' We would have gone out together, and you would have shot some nice little creatures for me. »

Jean Renaud trembled all over. He had left off poaching, in order to devote himself to the child. He feared danger now that he had become a father, and the spiders spun their webs undisturbed over the plank which concealed his gun. He had given up thinking about it. The child's caresses had lulled the passion to sleep, and here was the boy awakening it! That gun is at home — actually under his hands. Oh, if he might take the good weapon out of its hiding-place, and aim at a bounding fawn, and smell powder once more! It all comes back to his memory; the fierce passion lights up again; — but no, the orphan has need of him; he must not be imprisoned now. He turns pale with the effort, but he masters himself.

« Let's be off, » he says sadly. « Those are all lies, — the gun was broken long ago. »

The Little Parisian asked every Sunday to be taken farther into the forest; but he was too weak for so much fatigue. Renaud made for him a sort of wheelbarrow with long arms, like those the milkmaids use to carry their milk. He lined it thickly with grass, and insisted on his dear Jacques sitting in it when they went a long way. He wheeled it all along the paths, carefully avoiding the stones and ruts so as not to shake the child.

« You will see quite as well, » he said, « and you won't get tired. »

Sometimes the little fellow, overcome by so much fresh air, would fall asleep in the midst of the woods. Renaud, his perception sharpened by love, would stop on some pretext or other; for it never does to tell a child he is sleepy. It was Jean, the indefatigable Jean, who complained of fatigue. He stretched himself, and said he wanted to go home.

« Oh, I'm not a bit tired, » said Jacques, pouting. And his little eyes closed in spite of his efforts. Jean would rest the curly head softly on his shoulder, lifting the little sleeper carefully, carry him to the barrow, and wheel him slowly home.

It was at this time that the forester learned to sew in order to mend the orphan's clothes. As soon as the little blouse got torn in the brushwood, this man, whose tenderness made a woman of him, might be seen sitting outside his door, gravely

and patiently using his needle with his awkward fingers. The white thread made strange figures on the mended hole. He was so busily engaged that he hardly gave himself time to breathe, he tried so hard to make his darn strong and neat. Often on a Sunday morning he was heard washing a child's shirt in the river, beating it with a wooden beetle.

The two companions lived in this way for about ten months. September had already reddened the first leaves of the maple. They met Mélanie's father at the stone quarry. His manner was never very pleasant; this time he only answered curtly:—

"Good-day."

"Are you going for a walk?"

"Nay, I'm looking for my new spade that I've lost."

"Shall we lend a hand?"

"I don't care much for your company."

"And the child, won't you speak to him?"

"What should I say? I don't admire the way you're bringing him up."

"Really, do you want him to go into the saw-pit at his age?"

"No—nonsense. I should like him to go to church. He's been trusted to you, and you misuse him. But as your grandfather said before me, you're more like a wolf than a man."

Renaud had never thought on the subject. The voices of the forest, and another voice within himself, had whispered to him that there was something greater than the woods and the woodcutters—up there where the stars were shining. But his faith, too abstract not to be vague, was not in any way connected with the Christian ceremonies, which he did not understand. His aspirations were religious, but ignorantly unbelieving when he tried to reason.

"I think I should be bored in heaven," he used to say, "as they have nothing to do but sit still and sing psalms. I'd rather roam about in the woods."

"'Lanie would have taken the boy to church," resumed the old man, "and when he was old enough, to confirmation. You are no better than an *arquelier*."

An *arquelier* means a mischievous vagabond. It is evidently a contemptuous diminutive of the word *arquebusier*, and has remained in use among our country-folk ever since the Middle Ages, when the peasantry suffered from the depredations of the hired soldiery.

« I don't hold much to such devout folks," retorted Renaud. « Isn't every one free to do what he thinks right? But wherever Mélanie would have taken the boy I'll take him."

From that day he took the Little Parisian every Sunday to mass. The two were to be seen standing, silent and motionless, at the entrance near the font. When the priest went up into the pulpit to preach, Jean coughed and spit in imitation of other people; the rest of the time he was perfectly quiet. When the blessed bread was distributed, he put his piece carefully into his cap, to give it to the little one when they left the church.

Jacques generally stood on tiptoe, looking into the choir. Jean remarked this, and looked in the same direction; but saw nothing except the schoolboys ranged in parallel lines, with the schoolmaster at their head. When the mass was over, the little band went out in single file, with a formidable clattering of sabots. Some pushed those in front or overturned a chair by mistake, then hid their mouths with their sleeves to laugh without noise.

« What were you looking at just now, Jacques? You were quite absorbed."

« The schoolboys and the gentleman in spectacles."

« There's nothing curious in them. In old times I too used to go to school. I found it very tiresome."

« I shouldn't find it tiresome. Can you read, Jean?"

« Not a word. What's the good?"

« To know about things. They say that books explain all sorts of nice things."

The climber shrugged his shoulders. But every time they met the schoolboys, Jacques looked at them with envy and talked of books with regret.

« You want, then, to be a scholar?"

« Yes, to be sure, dear Jean. I should be ever so glad to learn."

Renaud considered that the expense would be small, and that the child would be better at school in bad weather than all alone in the woods.

« Well, then, we'll put you to school."

He took the boy, eager and joyful, to the same master who had been the bugbear of his childhood.

« No offense, Jean Renaud," said the latter — « but I hope the little fellow will not be as slow as you were."

"Well now, master, boys are not all alike. This boy is clever. I never was. No offense—but I never was so bored in my life as when I was with you."

"All right: and is this little man your brother?"

Renaud replied, shyly and sadly:—

"Jacques was Mélanie's nursling."

The good man asked no more questions; and the Little Parisian joined the class on the next day.

Renaud watched tenderly over the little scholar. He bought no winter waistcoat for himself, in order that Jacques might have a new suit of clothes. He washed his hands and face carefully every morning. The little wallet was filled with provisions to last all day. Jean made an enormous round to take the child half-way to school before going to his work. When he left him the little chap walked very steadily for fear of tearing his new blouse, and once in school astonished the master by his intelligence. And in the evening what a pleasure it was to follow the shady paths, and join his big brother in the midst of the forest, and then both go home by a short cut! When there, one would light the fire and the other set on the soup; then they pricked two lovely apples, and watched them frothing in the cinders.

Next year, when the Little Parisian had learned to read, Jean became uneasy.

"This boy's too clever for me. I fancy he'll get tired of my company."

And he tried to think of something, besides providing for physical wants, to amuse his little companion. His unselfishness led him even to leave the forest, to frequent the *fêtes* in neighboring towns. He lifted the boy on to the merry-go-rounds, when the wooden horses turned slowly to the sound of a hand-organ; made him take shares in lotteries for macaroons and wine-glasses. They witnessed the rough sports of the young farmers, who drank all the more when they were not thirsty, and whose wit consisted in pinching the waists of the girls and making them scream without being found out. Vehicles filled with whole families drove in, raising a terrible dust. The violin squeaked in the place marked out by ropes for dancing. The dentist "from Paris," established with great pomp on his unhorsed carriage, a huge case of instruments in the front, held firmly on the seat a peasant adorned with a swelled face, and informed the public that he was going to extract the tooth with

the same instrument that he used for crowned heads. At a little distance long tables were spread under sheds, charged with cider and strong-smelling drinks. The landlord's assistant had to make way with his elbows to the billiard table, to separate two sabot-makers who were settling a doubtful game with a fight.

"Do you enjoy the fun, my little Jacques?" said Renaud, trying to look delighted.

"On the contrary, I am bored to death. My head aches, and I feel sick. I like the forest ever so much better."

But there were also *fêtes* in the forest. There they felt at home, and Renaud took his little friend to all of them.

First, there was gathering the lilies-of-the-valley about Ascension Day. The fields are celebrated for their profusion from Grez to St. Agert. Gentle and simple alike love these sweet flowers, whose milky whiteness gleams in the shade, against the deep green of their pointed leaves. All the idle population of the neighboring towns crowds the forest in the charming season when the lilies burst into flower. The woods change their aspect. Young men from town arrive with their great-coats under their arms; young ladies sing in high soprano voices the romances of Louisa Puget; some young men are exchanging words of love with their sweethearts, others pursuing the objects of their fancy. In the evening, nosegays pass from hand to hand. The mothers follow, large and imposing, their caps adorned with artificial flowers, the strings floating in the breeze. Greasy papers cover the ground in open spaces. One hears the bottles knock against each other in the baskets carried by means of a walking-stick passed through the handles by some happy couple.

On the Fête of St. Louis (August 15th) the nutting begins. The strangers come again, and once more fill the forest with noisy merriment. The nuts in their hairy envelopes cover the branches. The draper's wife has stuffed her pockets with them; the policeman has filled his basket. The priest's nephew, a corporal on leave, strikes them down with a quarter-staff; the collector's wife uses her yellow parasol to bend down the branches. Some of the young men get excited, and challenge each other to a gymnastic bout. Elsewhere they are dancing in a ring. No one but the barber, who was formerly a waiter in Courbevoie, refuses to take part, and replies scornfully, "I only care for regular dances."

The Little Parisian draws his friend on one side.

"I don't care for this either: let's be off, brother."

"My darling, you love the real forest, then, as much as I do?"

"Yes, I *do* love it. But you don't know how I wish that what the people said was true—that dear Jean had a gun, and we could hunt the game together."

Renaud the Poacher trembled.

What! again this longing! How often has he cherished it himself during the two years they have lived together!

"What are you talking about?" he broke out: "are you mad? My gun? I swear it's broken; but why—why are you always thinking of sport?"

The Little Parisian looks dreamily up at the green vault over his head; he inhales the scent of the woods; he has all sorts of wild thoughts. The mysterious thicket attracts him; he begins to understand why he loves the Chemins-Verts. He replies:—

"I don't know if I am thinking of sport, but I long to get deeper and deeper into the forest, to watch all that goes on, to catch the birds on the wing."

The dead leaves lay in heaps on the path, the wind had blown them into ridges like the waves of the sea. He stepped over them proudly, and threw back his head, thrilling with youthful excitement, and exclaimed:—

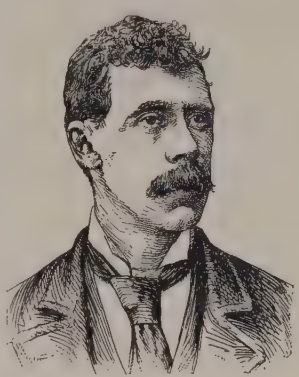
"The forest is ours! this delicious air is ours!"

Renaud saw himself in this enthusiastic child.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

(1863–)

THE fiction of the English writer who began by signing his literary work with the initial "Q.," is among the most virile and pleasing written by the younger British school. A. T. Quiller-Couch — the full name of this author — makes stories that are full of vigor and invention; romantic in treatment, yet realistic in their close observation, and in the understanding sympathy with which he studies the life of humble folk and the types and scenes of his native country. He is a Cornishman, and has given his main attention to the people of that locality, spending most of his time within the sound of the Cornish seas. His novels and short tales in spirit and method affiliate him with Barrie, Kipling, and Stevenson, and he is little inferior to them in strength and originality. Although his literary production includes criticism and poetry, his reputation is based substantially on his stories. 'Dead Man's Rock' in 1887 won him much favor, and other books followed in due course: 'The Astonishing History of Troy Town,' 'The Splendid Spur,' and 'The Blue Pavilions,' historical novels; and the collections of short stories entitled 'Naughts and Crosses,' 'I Saw Three Ships; and other Winter's Tales,' 'The Delectable Duchy,' and 'Wandering Heath.' 'Ia,' a novelette, is a tale of love in a Cornish fishing village. Mr. Quiller-Couch's strongest novel is the brilliant 'The Splendid Spur,' recognized by the critics as one of the most stirring romances by a contemporaneous English novelist. In 'The Delectable Duchy,' which is finely representative of his short-story work, are grouped a number of Cornish tales and sketches, exquisite for truth, pathos, and poetry, rich with feeling for the lights and shadows in the life of the Welsh poor. The writer thus ranges from the dramatic to the idyllic, and is successful in both veins. His fiction as a whole is thoroughly healthy and inspiriting. The unpleasant realism and the decadent pessimism of the day he stands quite apart from. Like R. L. Stevenson, he unites the power of making



A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

stories instinct with adventurous interest, with a literary gift and an insight into character which have gained him the approval of captious critics, and made him a favorite with those who read a story for the story's sake.

In his personality and manner of life, Quiller-Couch seems a man of affairs and of outdoor sports rather than the traditional book-man. He was born November 21st, 1863. His family has lived in Cornwall for generations, and he comes of good stock; father, uncle, and grandfather being distinguished scientists in the fields of biology and medicine. He was educated in various Devonshire schools, then went up to Trinity College, Oxford. As an undergraduate he contributed clever verse to the college paper, adopting the pseudonym "Q." He was and is an athlete,—as one might infer from his books,—and in his day was stroke of the college boat. He took his degree in 1887, and was appointed classical lecturer at Trinity; but soon turned to fiction, went to London, and joined the staff of the Speaker—Barrie being a fellow-worker. This newspaper connection has been retained ever since, although Mr. Quiller-Couch now lives in a charming country house at Fowey in Cornwall. The volume 'Adventures in Criticism' is made up of selected book reviews representing his journalistic work, which is decidedly fresh and good. The Elizabethan anthology, 'The Golden Pomp,' also testifies to his reading and scholarship.

The work of A. T. Quiller-Couch is refutation of the charge that the end-of-the-century in English literature has nothing to offer but the morbid and unwholesome. He is a strong, manly writer, whose steadily growing influence is tonic and welcome.

WHEN THE SAP ROSE: A FANTASIA

From 'The Delectable Duchy.' Copyright 1893, by Macmillan & Co.

An old yellow van, the "Comet," came jolting along the edge of the downs and shaking its occupants together like peas in a bladder. The bride and bridegroom did not mind this much; but the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, who had bound them in wedlock at the Bible Christian Chapel two hours before, was discomforted by a pair of tight boots, that nipped cruelly whenever he stuck out his feet to keep his equilibrium.

Nevertheless, his mood was genial; for the young people had taken his suggestion and acquired a copy of their certificate.

This meant five extra shillings in his pocket. Therefore, when the van drew up at the cross-roads for him to alight, he wished them long life and a multitude of children with quite a fatherly air.

"You can't guess where I'm bound for. It's to pay my old mother a visit. Ah, family life's the pretty life—that ever *I* should say it!"

They saw no reason why he should be cynical, more than other men. And the bride, in whose eyes this elderly gentleman with the tight boots appeared a rosy-winged Cupid, waved her handkerchief until the vehicle had sidled round the hill, resembling in its progress a very infirm crab in a hurry.

As a fact, the Registrar wore a silk hat, a suit of black West-of-England broadcloth, a watch-chain made out of his dead wife's hair, and two large seals that clashed together when he moved. His face was wide and round, with a sanguine complexion, gray side-whiskers, and a cicatrix across the chin. He had shaved in a hurry that morning; for the wedding was early, and took place on the extreme verge of his district. His is a beautiful office—recording day by day the solemnest and most mysterious events in nature. Yet, standing at the cross-roads, between down and woodland, under an April sky full of sun and southwest wind, he threw the ugliest shadow in the landscape.

The road towards the coast dipped—too steeply for tight boots—down a wooded coombe; and he followed it, treading delicately. The hollow of the V ahead, where the hills overlapped against the pale blue, was powdered with a faint brown bloom, soon to be green,—an infinity of bursting buds. The larches stretched their arms upwards, as men waking. The yellow was out on the gorse, with a heady scent like a pineapple's; and between the bushes spread the gray film of coming bluebells. High up, the pines sighed along the ridge, turning paler; and far down, where the brook ran, a mad duet was going on between thrush and chaffinch,—"*Cheer up, cheer up, Queen!*" "*Clip, clip, clip, and kiss me—Sweet!*"—one against the other.

Now, the behavior of the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages changed as he descended the valley. At first he went from side to side, because the loose stones were sharp and lay unevenly; soon he zigzagged for another purpose,—to peer into the bank for violets, to find a gap between the trees where, by

bending down with a hand on each knee and his head tilted back, he could see the primroses stretching in broad sheets to the very edge of the pine woods. By frequent tilting his collar broke from its stud and his silk hat settled far back on his neck. Next he unbuttoned his waistcoat and loosened his braces; but no, he could not skip,—his boots were too tight He looked at each tree as he passed. "If I could only see—" he muttered. "I'll swear there used to be one on the right, just here."

But he could not find it here,—perhaps his memory misgave him; and presently turned with decision, climbed the low fence on his left, between him and the hollow of the coombe, and dropped into the plantation on the other side. Here the ground was white in patches with anemones; and as his feet crushed them, descending, the babel of the birds grew louder and louder.

He issued on a small clearing by the edge of the brook, where the grass was a delicate green, each blade pushing up straight as a spear-point from the crumbled earth. Here were more anemones, between patches of last year's bracken, and on the further slope a mass of daffodils. He pulled out a pocket-knife that had sharpened some hundreds of quill pens, and looking to his right, found what he wanted at once.

It was a sycamore, on which the buds were swelling. He cut a small twig, as big round as his middle finger, and sitting himself down on a barked log close by, began to measure and cut it to a span's length, avoiding all knots. Then, taking the knife by the blade between finger and thumb, he tapped the bark gently with the tortoise-shell handle. And as he tapped, his face went back to boyhood again, in spite of the side-whiskers, and his mouth was pursed up to a silent tune.

For ten minutes the tapping continued, the birds ceased their contention, and broke out restlessly at intervals. A rabbit across the brook paused and listened at the funnel-shaped mouth of his hole, which caught the sound and redoubled it.

"Confound these boots!" said the Registrar, and pulling them off, tossed them among the primroses. They were "elastic-sides."

The tapping ceased. A breath of the landward breeze came up, combing out the tangle that winter had made in the grass, caught the brook on the edge of a tiny fall, and puffed it back six inches in a spray of small diamonds. It quickened the whole copse. The oak saplings rubbed their old leaves one on another,

as folks rub their hands, feeling life and warmth; the chestnut buds groped like an infant's fingers; and the chorus broke out again, the thrush leading,—"*Tiurru, tiurru, chippewee; tio-tee, tio-tee; queen, queen, que-een!*"

In a moment or two he broke off suddenly, and a honey-bee shot out of an anemone-bell like a shell from a mortar. For a new sound disconcerted them—a sound sharp and piercing. The Registrar had finished his whistle and was blowing like mad, moving his fingers up and down. Having proved his instrument, he dived a hand into his tail-pocket and drew out a roll, tied around with ribbon. It was the folded leather-bound volume in which he kept his blank certificates. And spreading it on his knees, he took his whistle again and blew, reading his music from the blank pages, and piping a strain he had never dreamed of. For he whistled of Births and Marriages.

O happy Registrar! O happy, happy Registrar! You will never get into those elastic-sides again. Your feet swell as they tap the swelling earth, and at each tap the flowers push, the sap climbs, the speck of life moves in the hedge-sparrow's egg; while far away on the downs, with each tap the yellow van takes bride and groom a foot nearer felicity. It is hard work in worsted socks; for you smite with the vehemence of Pan, and Pan had a hoof of horn.

The Registrar's mother lived in the fishing-village, two miles down the coombe. Her cottage leant back against the cliff so closely that the boys, as they followed the path above, could toss tabs of turf down her chimney: and this was her chief annoyance.

Now it was close on the dinner-hour, and she stood in her kitchen beside a pot of stew that simmered over the wreck-wood fire.

Suddenly a great lump of earth and grass came bouncing down the chimney, striking from side to side, and soused into the pot, scattering the hot stew over the hearth-stone and splashing her from head to foot.

Quick as thought, she caught up a besom and rushed out around the corner of the cottage.

"You stinking young adders!" she began.

A big man stood on the slope above her.

"Mother, cuff my head, that's a dear. I couldn' help doin' it."

It was the elderly Registrar. His hat, collar, tie, and waistcoat were awry; his boots were slung on the walking-stick over his shoulder; stuck in his mouth and lit was a twist of root-fibre, such as country boys use for lack of cigars, and he himself had used forty years before.

The old woman turned to an ash color, leant on her besom, and gasped.

"William Henry!"

"I'm not drunk, mother: been a Band of Hope these dozen years." He stepped down the slope to her and bent his head low. "Box my ears, mother, quick! You used to have a wonderful gift o' cuffin'."

"William Henry, I'm bound to do it or die."

"Then be quick about it."

Half laughing, half sobbing, she caught him a feeble cuff, and next instant held him close to her old breast. The Registrar disengaged himself after a minute, brushed his eyes, straightened his hat, picked up the besom, and offered her his arm. They passed into the cottage together.

THE PAUPERS

From 'The Delectable Duchy.' Copyright 1893, by Macmillan & Co.

I

οὐ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ γε κρεῖσσον καὶ ἄρειον,
ἠ ὅθ' ὁμοφρονέοντε νοήμασιν οἶκον ἔχητον
*ἀνὴρ ἠδὲ γυνή.**

ROUND the skirts of the plantation, and half-way down the hill, there runs a thick fringe of wild cherry-trees. Their white blossom makes, for three weeks in the year, a pretty contrast with the larches and Scotch firs that serrate the long ridge above; and close under their branches runs the line of oak rails that marks off the plantation from the meadow.

A laboring-man came deliberately round the slope, as if following this line of rails. As a matter of fact, he was treading

*"For greater strength and virtue are there none
Than where with single mind a man and wife
Maintain a household."

the little-used footpath that here runs close alongside the fence for fifty yards before diverging down-hill towards the village. So narrow is this path that the man's boots were powdered to a rich gold by the buttercups they had brushed aside.

By-and-by he came to a standstill, looked over the fence, and listened. Up among the larches a faint chopping sound could just be heard, irregular but persistent. The man put a hand to his mouth, and hailed—

"Hi-i-i! Knock off! Stable clock's gone noo-oon!"

Came back no answer. But the chopping ceased at once; and this apparently satisfied the man, who leaned against the rail and waited, chewing a spear of brome-grass, and staring steadily but incuriously at his boots. Two minutes passed without stir or sound in this corner of the land. The human figure was motionless. The birds in the plantation were taking their noonday siesta. A brown butterfly rested with spread wings on the rail—so quietly, he might have been pinned there.

A cracked voice was suddenly lifted a dozen yards off, and within the plantation:—

"Such a man as I be to work! Never heard a note o' that blessed clock, if you'll believe me. Ab-sorbed, I s'pose."

A thin withered man in a smock-frock emerged from among the cherry-trees with a bill-hook in his hand, and stooped to pass under the rail.

"Ewgh! The pains I suffer in that old back of mine you'll never believe, my son, not till the appointed time when you come to suffer 'em yoursel'. Well-a-well! Says I just now, up among the larches, 'Heigh, my sonny-boys, I can crow over you, anyways: for I was a man grown when Squire planted ye; and here I be, a lusty gaffer, markin' ye down for destruction.' But hullo! where's the dinner?"

"There bain't none."

"Hey?"

"There bain't none."

"How's that? Damme! William Henry, dinner's dinner, an' don't you joke about it. Once you begin to make fun o' sacred things like meals and vittles—"

"And don't you flare up like that, at your time o' life. We're fashionists to-day: dining out. 'Quarter after nine this morning I was passing by the Green wi' the straw-cart, when old Jan

Trueman calls after me, 'Have 'ee heard the news?' 'What news?' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'me an' my misses be going into the House this afternoon — can't manage to pull along by ourselves any more,' he says; 'an' we wants you an' your father to drop in soon after noon an' take a bite wi' us, for old times' sake. 'Tis our last taste o' free life, and we'm going to do the thing fittywise,' he says."

The old man bent a meditative look on the village roofs below.

"We'll pleasure 'en, of course," he said slowly. "So 'tis come round to Jan's turn? But a' was born in the year of Waterloo victory, ten year' afore me, so I s'pose he've kept his doom off longer than most."

The two set off down the footpath. There is a stile at the foot of the meadow, and as he climbed it painfully, the old man spoke again.

"And his doorway, I reckon, 'll be locked for a little while, an' then opened by strangers; an' his nimble youth be forgot like a flower o' the field; an' fare thee well, Jan Trueman! Maria, too — I can mind her well as a nursing mother — a comely woman in her day. I'd no notion they'd got this in their mind."

"Far as I can gather, they've been minded that way ever since their daughter Jane died, last fall."

From the stile where they stood they could look down into the village street. And old Jan Trueman was plain to see, in clean linen and his Sunday suit, standing in the doorway and welcoming his guests.

"Come ye in — come ye in, good friends," he called, as they approached. "There's cold bekkon, an' cold sheep's liver, an' Dutch cheese, besides bread, an' a thimble-full o' gin-an'-water for every soul among ye, to make it a day of note in the parish."

He looked back over his shoulder into the kitchen. A dozen men and women, all elderly, were already gathered there. They had brought their own chairs. Jan's wife wore her bonnet and shawl, ready to start at a moment's notice. Her luggage in a blue handkerchief lay on the table. As she moved about and supplied her guests, her old lips twitched nervously; but when she spoke it was with no unusual tremor of the voice.

"I wish, friends, I could ha' cooked ye a little something hot; but there'd be no time for the washing-up, an' I've ordained to leave the place tidy."

One of the old women answered:—

"There's naught to be pardoned, I'm sure. Never do I mind such a gay set-off for the journey. For the gin-an'-water is a little addition beyond experience. The vittles, no doubt, you begged up at the Vicarage, sayin' you'd been a peck o' trouble to the family, but this was going to be the last time."

"I did, I did," assented Mr. Trueman.

"But the gin-an'-water—how on airth you contrived it is a riddle!"

The old man rubbed his hands together and looked around with genuine pride.

"There was old Miss Scantlebury," said another guest, a smock-frocked gaffer of seventy, with a grizzled shock of hair. "You remember Miss Scantlebury?"

"O' course, o' course."

"Well, she did it better 'n anybody I've heard tell of. When she fell into redooced circumstances she sold the eight-day clock that was the only thing o' value she had left. Brown o' Tregarrick made it, with a very curious brass dial, whereon he carved a full-rigged ship that rocked like a cradle, an' went down stern foremost when the hour struck. 'Twas worth walking a mile to see. Brown's grandson bought it off Miss Scantlebury for two guineas, he being proud of his grandfather's skill; an' the old lady drove into Tregarrick Work'us behind a pair o' grays wi' the proceeds. Over and above the carriage hire, she'd enough left to adorn the horse wi' white favors an' give the rider a crown, large as my lord. Aye, an' at the Work'us door she said to the fellow, said she, 'All my life I've longed to ride in a bridal chariot; an' though my only lover died of a decline when I was scarce twenty-two, I've done it at last,' said she; 'an' now heaven an' airth can't undo it!'"

A heavy silence followed this anecdote, and then one or two of the women vented small disapproving coughs. The reason was the speaker's loud mention of the Workhouse. A week, a day, a few hours before, its name might have been spoken in Mr. and Mrs. Trueman's presence. But now they had entered its shadow; they were "going"—whether to the dim vale of Avilion, or with chariot and horses of fire to heaven, let nobody

too curiously ask. If Mr. and Mrs. Trueman chose to speak definitely, it was another matter.

Old Jan bore no malice, however, but answered, "That beats me, I own. Yet we shall drive, though it be upon two wheels an' behind a single horse. For Farmer Lear's driving into Tregarrick in an hour's time, an' he've a-promised us a lift."

"But about that gin-an'-water? For real gin-an'-water it is, to sight an' taste."

"Well, friends, I'll tell ye: for the trick may serve one of ye in the days when you come to follow me, tho' the new relieving officer may have learnt wisdom before then. You must know we've been considering of this step for some while; but hearing that old Jacobs was going to retire soon, I says to Maria, 'We'll bide till the new officer comes, and if he's a green hand, we'll diddle 'en.' Day before yesterday, as you know, was his first round at the work; so I goes up an' draws out my ha'af-crown same as usual, an' walks straight off for the Four Lords for a ha'af-crown's worth o' gin. Then back I goes, an' demands an admission order for me an' the missus. 'Why, where's your ha'af-crown?' says he. 'Gone in drink,' says I. 'Old man,' says he, 'you'm a scandal, an' the sooner you're put out o' the way o' drink, the better for you an' your poor wife.' 'Right you are,' I says; an' I got my order. But there, I'm wasting time; for to be sure you've most of ye got kith and kin in the place where we'm going, and 'll be wanting to send 'em a word by us."

It was less than an hour before Farmer Lear pulled up to the door in his red-wheeled spring-cart.

"Now, friends," said Mrs. Trueman, as her ears caught the rattle of the wheels, "I must trouble ye to step outside while I tidy up the floor."

The women offered their help, but she declined it. Alone she put the small kitchen to rights, while they waited outside around the door. Then she stepped out with her bundle, locked the door after her, and slipped the key under an old flower-pot on the window ledge. Her eyes were dry.

"Come along, Jan."

There was a brief hand-shaking, and the paupers climbed up beside Farmer Lear.

"I've made a sort o' little plan in my head," said old Jan at parting, "of the order in which I shall see ye again, one by one.

'Twill be a great amusement to me, friends, to see how the fact fits in wi' my little plan."

The guests raised three feeble cheers as the cart drove away, and hung about for several minutes after it had passed out of sight, gazing along the road as wistfully as more prosperous men look in through church-yard gates at the acres where their kinsfolk lie buried.

II

The first building passed by the westerly road as it descends into Tregarrick is a sombre pile of some eminence, having a gateway and lodge before it, and a high encircling wall. The sun lay warm on its long roof, and the slates flashed gayly there, as Farmer Lear came over the knap of the hill and looked down on it. He withdrew his eyes nervously to glance at the old couple beside him. At the same moment he reined up his dun-colored mare.

"I reckoned," he said timidly, "I reckoned you'd be for stopping hereabouts an' getting down. You'd think it more seemly —that's what I reckoned: an' 'tis down-hill now all the way."

For ten seconds and more neither the man nor the woman gave a sign of having heard him. The spring-cart's oscillatory motion seemed to have entered into their spinal joints; and now that they had come to a halt, their heads continued to wag forward and back as they contemplated the haze of smoke, spread like a blue scarf over the town, and the one long slate roof that rose from it as if to meet them. At length the old woman spoke, and with some viciousness, though her face remained as blank as the Workhouse door.

"The next time I go back up this hill, if ever I do, I'll be carried up feet first."

"Maria," said her husband, feebly reproachful, "you tempt the Lord, that you do."

"Thank 'ee, Farmer Lear," she went on, paying no heed: "you shall help us down, if you've a mind to, an' drive on. We'll make shift to trickly 'way down so far as the gate; for I'd be main vexed if anybody that had known me in life should see us creep in. Come along, Jan."

Farmer Lear alighted, and helped them out carefully. He was a clumsy man, but did his best to handle them gently. When they were set on their feet, side by side on the high-road,

he climbed back, and fell to arranging the reins, while he cast about for something to say.

"Well, folks, I s'pose I must be wishing 'ee good-bye." He meant to speak cheerfully, but over-acted, and was hilarious instead. Recognizing this, he blushed.

"We'll meet in heaven, I daresay," the woman answered. "I put the door-key, as you saw, under the empty geranium-pot 'pon the window-ledge; an' whoever the new tenant's wife may be, she can eat off the floor if she's minded. Now drive along, that's a good soul, and leave us to fend for ourselves."

They watched him out of sight before either stirred. The last decisive step, the step across the Workhouse threshold, must be taken with none to witness. If they could not pass out of their small world by the more reputable mode of dying, they would at least depart with this amount of mystery. They had left the village in Farmer Lear's cart, and Farmer Lear had left them in the high-road; and after that, nothing should be known.

"Shall we be moving on?" Jan asked at length. There was a gate beside the road just there, with a small triangle of green before it, and a granite roller half buried in dock leaves. Without answering, the woman seated herself on this, and pulling a handful of the leaves, dusted her shoes and skirt.

"Maria, you'll take a chill that'll carry you off, sitting 'pon that cold stone."

"I don't care. 'Twon't carry me off afore I get inside, an' I'm going in decent or not at all. Come here, an' let me tittivate you."

He sat down beside her, and submitted to be dusted.

"You'd as lief lower me as not in their eyes, I verily believe."

"I always was one to gather dust."

"An' a fresh spot o' bacon-fat 'pon your weskit, that I've kept the moths from since goodness knows when!"

Old Jan looked down over his waistcoat. It was of good West-of-England broadcloth, and he had worn it on the day when he married the woman at his side.

"I'm thinking—" he began.

"Hey?"

"I'm thinking I'll find it hard to make friends in—in there. 'Tis such a pity, to my thinking, that by reggilations we'll be parted as soon as we get inside. You've a-got so used to my little ways an' corners, an' we've a-got so many little secrets

together an' old-fash'ned odds an' ends o' knowledge, that you can take my meaning almost afore I start to speak. An' that's a great comfort to a man o' my age. It'll be terrible hard, when I wants to talk, to begin at the beginning every time. There's that old yarn o' mine about Hambly's cow an' the lawn-mowing machine—I doubt that anybody 'll enjoy it so much as you always do; an' I've so got out o' the way o' telling the beginning —which bain't extra funny, though needful to a stranger's understanding the whole joke—that I 'most forgets how it goes."

"We'll see one another now an' then, they tell me. The sexes meet for Chris'mas-trees an' such-like."

"I'm jealous that 'twon't be the same. You can't hold your triflin' confabs with a great Chris'mas-tree blazin' away in your face as important as a town afire."

"Well, I'm going to start along," the old woman decided, getting on her feet; "or else some one 'll be driving by and seeing us."

Jan too stood up.

"We may so well make our congees here," she went on, "as under the porter's nose."

An awkward silence fell between them for a minute; and these two old creatures, who for more than fifty years had felt no constraint in each other's presence, now looked into each other's eyes with a fearful diffidence. Jan cleared his throat, much as if he had to make a public speech.

"Maria," he began in an unnatural voice, "we're bound for to part, and I can trewly swear, on leaving ye, that—"

"—that for twoscore year and twelve it's never entered your head to consider whether I've made 'ee a good wife or a bad. Kiss me, my old man; for I tell 'ee I wouldn' ha' wished it other. An' thank 'ee for trying to make that speech. What did it feel like?"

"Why, 't rather reminded me o' the time when I offered 'ee marriage."

"It reminded me o' that, too. Com'st along."

They tottered down the hill towards the Workhouse gate. When they were but ten yards from it, however, they heard the sound of wheels on the road behind them, and walked bravely past, pretending to have no business at that portal. They had descended a good thirty yards beyond (such haste was put into them by dread of having their purpose guessed) before the

vehicle overtook them,—a four-wheeled dog-cart carrying a commercial traveler, who pulled up and offered them a lift into the town.

They declined.

Then, as soon as he passed out of sight, they turned, and began painfully to climb back towards the gate. Of the two, the woman had shown the less emotion. But all the way her lips were at work, and as she went she was praying a prayer. It was the only one she used night and morning, and she had never changed a word since she learned it as a chit of a child. Down to her seventieth year she had never found it absurd to beseech God to make her "a good girl"; nor did she find it so as the Workhouse gate opened, and she began a new life.

EDGAR QUINET

(1803–1876)

BY HENRY BÉRENGER

EDGAR QUINET belongs to that generation of great romantic French writers who were at the same time men of thought and men of action, poets and philosophers, historians and critics,— who were in a word models of the complete man, such as modern democracies too rarely succeed in creating. The life of Edgar Quinet was as full as his work is varied; but both are stamped with remarkable unity, both are the double and indissoluble expansion of a true and resolute genius, who was never inconsistent in any hour of his existence or in any line of his writings. Quinet is not only a great writer, he is a national character; and the new generations of France recognize, and will recognize for a long time to come, in him as in Lamartine, as in Victor Hugo, as in Michelet, an ancestor to whom they owe what is best in themselves.

EDGAR QUINET

He was born at the beginning of the nineteenth century, February 17th, 1803, on the southeast frontier of France, at Bourg in the Department of Ain. He seems to have had all his life the strong health and perfect equilibrium of body and mind which characterizes the races of the Jura and of Mâcon, and which was equally manifested by Victor Hugo, born at Besançon, and by Lamartine, born at Mâcon. He was descendant of an old bourgeois and parliamentary family. His father, Jérôme Quinet, who was war commissioner under both the Republic and the Empire, was also a scholar to whom we owe an important work on meteorology. His mother was a Protestant, with a mind both resolute and liberal, steadfast and sprightly, imbued with the ideas of the eighteenth century without having lost the religious gravity of her origin. Edgar Quinet evidently owes much to both his father and mother; but she who directed his early education seems to have exercised a profound moral and intellectual influence over him. He

had from the start a healthy, well-endowed nature, uniting the obstinate tenacity of the combatant to an ideal sensibility of the solitary and the poet. Both frank and sagacious, ardent and acute, there were united within him talents apparently the most opposed; and it was this which gave his genius a character at the same time so practical and so mystical, so occupied with reality while soaring toward the ideal.

After earnest studies, irregular enough, at the schools of Charolles and Bourg, then at the lycée of Lyon (1811 to 1817), and after a very fruitful stay in the paternal home at Certines, among majestic and attractive natural scenes, he started for England and Germany. It was there he discovered Herder, toward whom he was drawn in his first youthful musings upon the philosophy of history. His translation in 1825 of Herder's chief work made a great sensation, and rendered him famous. In 1827 he returned to that Germany of which he loved the dreamy and philosophic genius; there he connected himself with the greatest minds of the time, scholars or poets,—Niebuhr, Uhland, Creuzer. In 1829 he left for Greece, from which he brought back his work upon 'La Grèce Moderne,' and above all, profounder views upon the historical evolution of humanity.

The Revolution of 1830, first revival of the democratic spirit in France, thrust Quinet into action. He was a democrat by nature as well as by origin, but he dreamed of a democracy highly intellectual. His activity from 1830 to 1833 was enormous. He published numerous and remarkable political pamphlets; in philosophy and Romance literature he was the precursor of Fauriel and Paris; finally, after a trip to Italy, he published his noble and celebrated poem, 'Ahasvérus,' a work written in prose by a lyric genius of the first order,—a kind of pilgrimage of the human species across the ages, which made a great stir among the choice scholars of all Europe. He married in Germany, and returning to Paris, for six years he distinguished himself as one of the most brilliant controversialists of the French press; and collected his principal articles under the name of 'Allemagne et Italie.' Although he had shown himself almost hostile to the government of King Louis Philippe, and had already proclaimed his republican faith, it was due not less to his character than to his celebrity that he was appointed professor of literature in the Faculty of Letters of Lyons, in 1839. He exercised so potent an influence over intellectual youth that M. Villemain, then minister, had him appointed professor of the Collège de France in 1841. It was then that, together with his friends Michelet and Mickiewicz, he began that eloquent apostolate to the students of Paris, from which resulted two important works: 'Les Révolutions d'Italie' and 'Les Jésuites.' The character of his instruction was so liberal, so

secularizing, and so republican, that in 1846 the government resolved to put an end to it.

From 1847 Quinet entered active politics. He was one of the promoters and one of the founders of the Republic of 1848. Representative of the people in the Constituent Assembly and the Legislative Assembly, colonel of the National Guard in the days of June, he conducted himself like a wise and clear-sighted citizen. He foretold the Coup d'État of 1851, and vainly attempted to oppose the growing Cæsarism. He was exiled by Bonaparte after the Coup d'État, and remained, like Victor Hugo, nineteen years in exile, conscientiously protesting against the violation of law. This period of exile — first at Brussels (1852–1858), where he was married again, this time to the daughter of the poet Assaki; then at Veylaux in Switzerland (1858–1870) — was extremely fruitful for the thinker and the poet. It was then that he published 'Marnix de Saint-Aldegonde' (1856); 'L'Histoire de Mes Idées' (1858); 'Merlin l'Enchanteur' (1860); and above all, the admirable 'Révolution Française' (1865), which is perhaps the finest book ever written upon the subject, even when compared with the works of Thiers, Michelet, and Taine.

After the fall of the Empire, and the disasters of 1870, Edgar Quinet returned to France. Elected deputy from Paris by two hundred thousand votes, he took a seat with Victor Hugo on the extreme left of the Chamber, and continued to vote against all the laws of clerical and monarchical reaction, and in favor of all the secularizing and democratic laws. Before his death in 1876 he was able to foresee the certain realization of his ideas by the generation whose parliamentary guides were Jules Ferry and Léon Gambetta. In 1874 he had published 'L'Esprit Nouveau,' in which are solemnly affirmed the principal articles of his social, moral, and intellectual creed.

Edgar Quinet as man and as author appears one of the most complete minds of France. By his poetic intuitions he created and rediscovered mysterious legends, in which are incarnated the spirit of the race; by his critical investigations he analyzed and revived the noblest epochs of modern Europe; by his constructive power of thought, he synthesized the evolutionary philosophy of the new humanity; finally, by his enthusiasm and political tenacity, he offered the noble sight of a citizen superior to the ephemeral passions of party. He lacked only a little more sobriety of style, and a little more precision of thought, to be a genius of the first order. Such as he is, he deserves to remain — what he wished to be and what he was to the youth of his time: the initiator of the new France and of the new humanity.

Henry Bérenger

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS

From 'Italy'

When I reached Naples, Vesuvius was in full eruption. During the day the lava rolled its black streams on the side of the Annunziata and Pompeii. Toward evening the torrents changed into a burning belt tying and untying itself in the darkness. I impatiently awaited the morrow, in order to climb to the edge of the crater in the middle of the night.

At eight in the evening I started from the little town of Torre del Greco. After an hour's walk I arrived at the hermitage. The night was very black. I lighted my torch; the hermit wished me a pleasant journey; I went on my way with my guide, and soon reached the foot of the cone.

At that distance I was too near the volcano to see it; but I heard over my head explosions which the echoes magnified formidably, and a rain of stones rolling in the darkness. From this tempest issued a great sigh, like that of a giant who is stoned. The wind put out my torch. I finished my ascent in total darkness. But just as I reached the summit, an infernal light illumined the sky. Behold the spectacle which I had then before me.

The earth trembled; it was warm to the touch. Through its fissures shone the fiery veins of a hidden furnace. In the midst of the great crater to which I had come, a new cone was forming which seemed all in flames. From the mouth of this gulf was exhaled a vast and long-sustained breath. This sigh, and a profound and regular respiration like that of a forge, rose from the bosom of the oppressed mountain. A terrible detonation followed them. Flaming stones were cast in groups beyond our vision, and rattled down noisily on the edges of the cone. For an instant the steep sides and the interior of the abyss were lighted as in broad day.

Lava was issuing from the ground by openings distant from the crater. It rolled crackling from four mouths. Soon afterward the mountain uttered another giant sigh. Glancing toward the sea at the moment of the explosion, I saw distinctly little boats at anchor.

The mountain trembled still more; but the waves were not affected, and nothing seemed to me more beautiful than the sleep

of the sea, smiling under the unchained volcano. The Bay of Naples resembled thus Ariosto's Angelica under the jaws and outstretched wings of the Chimera.

I sat down upon the trembling ground; nature was seized with a vertigo to which I abandoned myself with delight. The intervals in quick succession of noise and silence, of light and darkness, the calm of the night, the calm not less great of the sea, this mountain shaken by starts,—all these contrary effects were strengthened the one by the other. Without seeking why, I found in this spectacle a host of images applicable to the moral state in which I then was, and which had strongly prevailed since my departure from Rome. I passed the night on the summit. When day appeared, I was able to enjoy at my leisure the view of the famous gulf which lay at my feet. In the distance, the island of Capri, which is shaped like an ancient galley, closed the entrance to the sea. The sun rose from the other side of Pompeii; it hovered some time over the tombs like a funeral torch. This was the signal for a multitude of little barks to leave shore and hoist sail. I heard at that moment the noise of the awakening towns and villages. The vines interlaced in the poplars, like gigantic thyrsi, began to shiver under the sea breeze; an instant later the light sparkled on the ruffled waves; a golden vapor like the dust of stars rose from the horizon; the air became charged with perfumes. All nature seemed intoxicated as in a pagan festival; and as long as the volcano continued agitated, this Christian Campania resembled the Sibyl hesitating on her stand.

In Naples, the city of passions, I observe that the most considerable monuments of art are the tombs. Moreover, these tombs nearly all belong to the epoch of Spanish domination. The dead, upright on their mausoleums, torch or dagger in hand, are sustained by a singular pride: they seem still to rule over the living, who pass lightly with furtive step over the soil below them. The towers of Anjou, bathed by the sea, hold also this captive earth. The palace of Jeanne la Folle, abandoned to the waves which are every day seizing upon it, the beautiful arch of Aragon, are other witnesses of the conquest. All the nations have left the traces of their rule here in a particular architecture. Only the Neapolitans are absent from the monuments of Naples.

This mimic people warms itself in the sun. It alone of all Italy has never belonged to itself. Without a past, it has no

regrets; without a near future, it has no desire. It cries, it gesticulates, it spreads its nets, it runs, it declaims, it muses, it menaces,—and all that at once. Polichinel is its hero.

Yet when a soul chances to awaken from the bosom of this mendicant sybarism, it is exalted in spiritualism or armed with boundless energy. Pythagoras and his school, St. Thomas Aquinas, Vico, Spagnoletto, Salvator Rosa, were strange lazzaroni.

Toward the middle of the day, sailors from Chia, from Sicily, from Malta, seat themselves in a circle on the pier; a sail shades the audience, which impatiently awaits the improvisator. At last he appears; he is dressed in sailor's fustian; in his hand he carries a switch instead of the laurel branch of his ancestors. The eyes of the lazzaroni devour his lips in anticipation of the story he is going to narrate. Sometimes he sings in a hoarse voice a recitative with a plaintive modulation, which mingles with the sighing of the vessels in port; sometimes he descends to spoken prose, according to the nature and the more or less lyric circumstances of his narration. He recounts the deeds of the knight Rinaldo, or those of an unfortunate brigand of Calabria. The noble public doubles its attention; the climax is at hand: but behold, the bells sound the *Ave:* the singer stops short; he makes the sign of the cross with a prayer in the name of the virtuous assembly. Beside him the same Olympian sun which grazes Virgil's tomb, gilds with a last ray the brow of Polichinel sleeping at the corner of his theatre. The sail goes down, the crowd disperses on all sides; one day more has passed over the empire of Masaniello.

Meanwhile the young monk of Camaldules, on the mountain, hears at his feet the murmurs rising from the shore. A thousand images of pagan voluptuousness surround him with a circle of damnation. He goes into his cell and prays; and the breeze bears to him the sighs of Chia and Villa-Reale. He opens his holy breviary, and the demon resuscitated from Greece writes upon it playfully, with the end of his claw, litanies of love. Over him bend magic skies; enchantments fasten to his scapulary; from his chalice he quaffs long draughts of the philtre of inexorable regrets. He is fortunate if old age chills his heart prematurely. Only death can deliver him from these cruel delights.

Ah! above all, let him incase himself in triple haircloth when his eyes meet Posilipo, Capri, and white Nisida: for it is there

that memories are forgotten, and vows falsified; heroic projects, fruitful sorrows, are forgotten under those skies which rain love. A voluptuousness more dangerous than befits human lips escapes continually from the mountains, the lakes, the quivering stars. Impalpable sirens languish under the sleeping waves; he only who has escaped their embraces can count on his thick armor.

When the Romans grew corrupt, they became disgusted with the grandeur and severity of Rome. They sought a nature intoxicated as they were, monstrous as they were. If they had been able to tear Rome from its sad and serious foundations they would have done so. The mixture of voluptuousness and terror they were seeking in the time of Tiberius, of Nero, of Caligula, was found on the promontories of Capri and Miseno. There they came to establish their feasts, and to enjoy in peace, in that pagan nature, the last days of paganism.

The villas of Cæsar on the Gulf of Baiæ were close beside Lake Avernus and Lake Acherus, the Elysian Fields, the entrance to the infernal regions,—as though they wished to redouble the insolence of their festivity by this opposition. This great revel of Roman society a few steps from Acheron was the banquet of the ancient Don Juan at the commander's. Little lakes, adjoining the infernal regions, shone in the depths of extinct craters as in cups of lava; on their margins climbed faded garlands of eglantine, poor blossoms which survived the orgy of the empire.

Christianity, which everywhere in Italy has seized upon pagan ruins to replace them with its chapels or hermitages, has abandoned these, as though despairing of stifling the reviving voluptuousness. I ascended Cape Miseno; the infernal trumpets which from this direction troubled Nero's sleep, no longer sounded; the beach was silent; the empty gulf stretched its gaunt arms out in the shadows. It was late. The sea was phosphorescent, the stars were shining. I swam part of the way from Miseno to Pozzuoli in the midst of ringing bells. The pale light of the moon mingled with the electric light of the waves; they alone still guarded the souvenir of imperial pleasures.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

A NIGHT IN THE ORIENT

From 'Ahasvérus'

CHORUS OF STARS—

The griffin and the ibis have led the tribes through the valleys to the land of their inheritance. And us too,—a guide has led us across the mountains and valleys of the firmament, on the cloud where we must sleep to-night.

The Moon—

The patriarch of Chaldea, sitting before his tent, watches his flocks feeding about him on the slope of the mountain. Feed too my flocks of bounding stars, around my silver tent which I have planted on a spring cloud.

A Star—

Every tribe is sleeping in its marble city; every star in its silver robe. My rays hang scattered from the pillars of Persepolis. Nineveh has battlemented towers where they stoop to the windows. But I like better the walls of Babylon; upon her roofs they noiselessly gather and grow drowsy like snowflakes on the summit of mountains.

Another Star—

Perhaps, my sisters, we are taking the same journey as the tribes of men. Astray like them, I would like to converse with them. Gladly I would send them dreams with my golden beams. I would give my words to the wind; the wind would carry them to the desert flower, the flower to the river, the river would repeat them on its way through the cities.

All—

Yes, that is what we must do.

A Flower of the Syrian Desert—

My head bows under the light of the stars; my chalice swells with dew as a heart is filled with a secret which it longs to repeat. In the night my blossom blushed with spots the color of blood, like the robe of a Levite upon the day of sacrifice; the murmur of the stars descended into my chalice and mingled with my perfume. I carry a secret in my chalice; I have the secret of the universe, which escaped it in dream during the night, and no voice with which to repeat it. Ah! tell me where

is the nearest city. Is it Jerusalem or is it Babylon? Let the passers-by come gather the mystery which burdens my crown and inclines my head.

The Euphrates—

Flower of the desert, bend thy head a little lower over my bed, that I may hear thy murmur better; always bounding from wave to wave, I will carry it to the walls of Babylon: tell me thy secret; I will deposit it on the silvery waves at the foot of the towers of the Chaldeans.

Dwellers of Babylon upon their roofs—

See how the Euphrates sparkles under the willows this evening, like the blade of a poniard fallen from the table of a feast. Its murmurs could not be gentler were it rolling over sacred vessels of gold and silver in the depths of its bed.

A Slave—

Or if a whole nation hanging on its banks had let their tears fall in one by one.

A King—

Or if an empire with the tiaras of its priests, with the robe of its kings, with its glittering gods, had been swallowed up for a thousand years on its gravel bed, like a flower of the waters.

Chorus of Priests—

The light of the night illumines the inscriptions of Semiramis engraved on the rock of the mountain of Assur. Every word shines from here like a sword of fire, which writes on the stone the speech of the firmament. How the lyre answers the lyre, as the voices of the stars, as their mute wills, gleam among us with the voices of nations and echoes which endure a century. The Orient has stretched about it its peoples and empires, as the night has its robe embroidered with stars for the gods to attire themselves in by day. But as yet the universe is only just dawning, and He who has rewarmed it with his breath holds it like a young dove in his hand. While the steps of the God of Gods are visible on the grass of Eden and Cashmere, let us note his traces on the heights of the mountains. Neither the sun nor the hearts of men have yet drunk his breath at this hour. As the Arab rises in the night to lick the dew of the desert before noonday, thus we rise in the first days of the universe to draw

from our urns the thought of Eternity before its spring has dried. Drop by drop it falls from the stars, and from the vault of heaven, and from every leaf of the palm-tree; let us intoxicate ourselves with its liquor as with a resinous wine. O you nations of India, of Chaldea, of Egypt, in turn, take and drink the cup of eternity, which he has left filled in quitting his banquet. Let all the new-born peoples lift to their lips, without delay, the vessel in which the Infinite ferments to the brim. After us, our sphinxes; after them, our idols of granite and bronze. If the universe wavers to our eyes,—if it separates into a thousand different gods, birds with the heads of men, serpents with the bodies of women, crowned unicorns,—let it be as in our feasts when the heart is gorged with Idumean wines, and as each guest seems to see the golden vessels totter, clatter together, and break on the porphyry table. Let us hasten from India even to Araxe: who knows if the time is not coming when the universe after centuries will be like a flower withered and scorched at night by an Arabian sun, and if men's lips will not press in vain the cup where we drink, and which then will have no longer its perfume or eternal beverage?

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THE WANDERING JEW

From 'Ahasvérus'

The Brothers of Ahasuerus—

Ahasuerus, come, enter the house. Latch the door. Are you not afraid of the wind which is blowing, and of the noise in the city?

Ahasuerus—

Go in, little brothers; go to sleep on your mats. I wish to stay on my bench, and watch the crowd pass.

The Brothers—

There it is! Let us escape!

The Crowd [*following Christ, who is carrying the cross*]—

Salutation to the king, to the fine king of Judea! Lead him to the summit of Calvary, that he may see farther—see all his

empire. Has the king of Babylon, or Egypt, or Persia, ever mounted a throne so elevated? The precincts of the city are not good enough for him at present. When our high towers are fallen, when serpents are climbing our stairs instead of us, when the desert is at our table, then he shall return if he wishes, with his crown of thorns, with his torn robe, his bleeding feet, to be the king of our ruin.

Ahasuerus—

They are coming. I can hear their steps. My heart beats in my breast.

The Crowd—

Have they restored to Barabbas his sword, his cloak, his horse, and his quiver full of arrows? Give him in his purse ten demers of shining silver. Dress him in red as a messenger; he shall go through the town to tell the robbers, the weavers, the slaves who turn the mills, "Do you know the news? Your king is awaiting you on the platform of his tower of Golgotha."

Ahasuerus—

The voices of these people intoxicate me like a leathern bottle of the wine of Carmel. Their wrath is surely just.

The Crowd—

Pilate, wise Pilate, hast thou taken thy golden ewer? Again, again, see that spot thou hast not removed. Rome washes her hands,—that innocent virgin, who has held only the spindle in her mother's chamber, does not wish to wear a bloody ring on her finger; but we without delay will follow the steps of our King's son. Truly, is he not greater than David? See, he weeps, and he has neither sword nor sling; his cup-bearers are two robbers. If he wishes to punish us, let him command: perhaps this time he will not send us as far as the willows of Babylon. Must we return, with hands tied behind our backs, to the desert, to Egypt? Let us start; for a long time we have known the way —and a short path to return.

Ahasuerus—

They come—they are there—they pass—they recede; their cries fill the street: if this man was indeed a soothsayer, the wind which blows from the desert would overturn the terraces with the towers. He is an impostor: death to him!

The Crowd—

If he is a Chaldean, magician, he has as servants—in the desert, under the remains of cities—marble unicorns, winged lions, whose manes have been trimmed by spirits with scissors of gold; he has as messengers, sphinxes which repose from their courses at the doors of temples in blocks of rock. Let him tell his griffins to come and escort him;—but the wings of his griffins are too heavy, the sleep of his sphinxes is too profound. Before his enchanted troop of unicorns and winged lions leap about him, before the stone hawks and ibises descend from their obelisks to defend him, behold the vultures of Judea who tomorrow shall take the crown from his head to carry it to their nest in the woods. Oh no, do not pause at thy nest, my vulture of Carmel! mount higher than the roc, higher than the cloud, higher than the star; mount to Jehovah! "Knowest thou what I bear in my beak? O Jehovah! in truth, it is not a bit of Joppa wool, it is not a twig of heather,—it is the crown of thorns of Judea, which I took at Calvary from the head of thy son of Nazareth."

Ahasuerus—

As he advances, his halo shines more brightly than that of an elect prophet: that is one of his enchantments.

Christ—

It is thou, Ahasuerus?

Ahasuerus—

I do not know you.

Christ—

I am thirsty: give me a little water from thy spring.

Ahasuerus—

My well is empty.

Christ—

Take thy cup: thou shalt find it full.

Ahasuerus—

It is broken.

Christ—

Help me to carry my cross by this hard way.

Ahasuerus—

I am not your cross-bearer: call a griffin from the desert.

Christ—

Let me sit down on thy bench, at the door of thy house.

Ahasuerus—

My bench is full: there is no place for any one.

Christ—

And on thy sill?

Ahasuerus—

It is empty, and the door is bolted.

Christ—

Touch it with thy finger, and thou shalt enter to get a stool.

Ahasuerus—

Go your way.

Christ—

If thou desired, thy bench should become a golden stool at the door of my father's house.

Ahasuerus—

Go, blaspheme where you will. Already you are making my vine and fig-tree to wither. Do not lean on the railing of my steps: it would crumble at hearing you speak. You wish to enchant me.

Christ—

I wished to save thee.

Ahasuerus—

Soothsayer, depart from my shadow. Your way is before you. Go, go!

Christ—

Why didst thou say it, Ahasuerus? It is thou who shalt continue to go until the last judgment, during more than a thousand years. Go take thy sandals, and thy garments for travel: everywhere thou passest, they shall call thee "The Wandering Jew." Thou shalt not find a place to sit down, or a mountain spring to quench thy thirst. In my stead thou shalt bear the

burden which I leave on the cross. For thy thirst, thou shalt drink what I leave in my chalice. Others shall take my tunic, thou shalt inherit my eternal sorrow. Hyssop shall sprout from thy traveler's staff, absinth shall come in thy leather bottle, despair shall press thy loins in thy leather belt. Thou shalt be the man who never dies. Thy age shall be mine. To see thee pass, the eagles will perch on the edge of their eyries; the little birds will half hide themselves under the crests of the rocks; the star will stoop from its cloud to hear thy tears falling drop by drop in the abyss. I am going to Golgotha: thou shalt walk from ruin to ruin, from kingdom to kingdom, without ever reaching thy Calvary. Thou shalt break thy staircase under thy feet, and be no longer able to descend. The gate of the city shall say to thee, "Go farther, my bench is occupied;" and the stream where thou wishest to sit shall say, "Go farther, go farther, to the sea: my bank is full of brambles." And the sea too—"Farther, farther: are you not the eternal traveler who goes from nation to nation, from century to century, drinking his tears from his cup, who never sleeps day or night either on silk or on stone, and who cannot return on the path by which he came?" The griffins will sit down, the sphinxes will sleep. Thou shalt have neither seat nor sleep. Thou shalt ask for me from temple to temple without ever meeting me. Thou shalt cry "Where is he?" until the dead show you the way to the last judgment. When thou beholdest me again, my eyes will be flaming, my finger will issue from under my robe to summon thee to the valley of Jehoshaphat.

A Roman Soldier—

Did you hear? While he spoke my sword groaned in its scabbard; my lance sweated blood; my horse wept. I have carried my sword and my lance long enough. As I listened, my heart was consumed in my bosom. Open the door, my wife and little ones, that I may hide in my Calabrian hut.

The Crowd—

Why climb farther to Calvary? What if he were perchance a God in an unknown country, or yet a Son whom the Eternal in his old age has forgotten? Let us go hide in our courts before he can recognize us. Put out the lamps on our tables. Did you see the hand of steel which wrote on the house of Ahasuerus,—The Wandering Jew? Let not this name remain on the stone!

Let him who bears it be the scapegoat of Judea. When he passes, Babylon, Thebes, and the surrounding country shall gather a stone from their ruins to hurl at him. But for us, without ever quitting again our homes and our vines, we will fill our bottles for the Passover, with our wine of Carmel.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST ENVIRONMENT

From 'The Story of My Thoughts'

MY PEACE was especially troubled when I listened to the inner voice which called me to letters; for I distrusted this voice, I regarded it as a tempting demon wishing to deceive me. Or if I yielded to it, I felt my powerlessness almost at once. I saw myself alone, with no guide, no model, whom I wished to follow. Everything hindered. I began in several ways at the same time, and could not tell upon which to decide.

My age, my weakness, my ignorance, my isolation, counted for much in this grievous perplexity. The situation of France also had something to do with it. To understand the exhaustion of a poor mind like mine at this first awakening, one must figure to oneself that none of the traces which have been stamped upon the moral world by our generation were then visible. This generation which was to renew so many ideas, so many opinions, and the language itself, had as yet produced nothing.

Not one of the new ideas, of the new forms, had as yet brilliantly burst forth. None of the new names which we have been accustomed to pronounce for forty years had then emerged from obscurity. Those who were to make them illustrious certainly were distrustful of themselves. Every year I spent several weeks with friends at Ouilly, on the other side of the valley of Saint-Point. Who knew that on the opposite side of the hill there was a great poet named Lamartine, hidden under those trees whose shadow reached even to where I was? Did he himself know it then?

Whichever way I looked, I found a great void on the horizon. I felt this void in poetry, in history, in philosophy, in everything. I suffered from it, because I was incapable of filling it, and I did not know that others were suffering from the same ill. Each

in his own obscurity was working to fill the voids of which I was at least conscious.

In my first fever I attempted all the ways at once. Upon each I met the same aridity, the same sterility, through all the moral world, without any work to indicate what direction to follow, or any man to say authoritatively, "This is the way."

I was then sadly distressed at my own impotence, and I may say at the impotence of my time; since I did not see a guide in whom I could trust, or even a companion upon the way which I both trembled and burned to enter. I had a presentiment of an almost entire renewal of the things of the mind. And as I saw no one working at it, I believed myself alone. This solitude was crushing me just at the moment when so many imperishable works were being silently prepared and secretly brooded over.

Although this suffering often became despair, there was nothing in it resembling spleen, weariness of life, all that brought on the wave of passions toward the end of the last century. It seems to me that it was in many ways the opposite of weariness and satiety. It was rather a blind impatience to live, a feverish expectation, a premature ambition for the future, a kind of intoxication of renascent thought, a frenzied thirst of the soul after the desert of the Empire. All that, joined to a consuming desire to produce, to create, to do something, in the midst of a world still empty.

Those whom I questioned later upon those years told me they experienced something similar.

Each one thought himself alone as I did; each one was musing as in a desert island. The renascent force of the century was stirring them all at once, and they were experiencing the pains of moral growth, piercing to the very bones. How many plaints were then exhaled! How many sincere tears were shed! Nature too laments when about to bring forth.

The generation of which I am speaking did not understand itself as yet; that was why it was groaning: but it was about to do its work. At least the seeds were sown; they were beginning to sprout. France resembled the earth in the first days of March after a long winter. Not a leaf, not a flower. Nothing more than short grass piercing the last snows. The birds have not yet returned; all is silent, but all is in expectation of the new season; the good grain germinates silently in the furrow. The laborer has a sure presentiment that the corn is coming up.

I too in my isolation felt — towards the autumn of 1820, in the midst of the forest of Seillon, on the borders of the ponds, in the company of teal and heron — that profound moral vegetating process which, obscurely, silently, was tormenting French brains from one frontier to the other. And this vegetating process, still hidden, intoxicated me with a mysterious irresistible breath.

I was ignorant of all the names which were about to arise, I loved them in advance. I had a morbid desire to anticipate these minds that I was summoning; I experienced all the impatience of a bird at the moment of migration. Not that I wished to depart for a foreign land. I desired to emigrate toward that new moral world — toward those half-seen ideas which escaped me as I approached them. I rushed forward, I fell back almost at once; I had not wings for so great a flight.

I rose again, however; and the idea which we were all then forming of France furnished me with a great resource against this first oppression. France, after her two downfalls, her two invasions, distressed, pierced to the heart, all bleeding, appeared to us so beautiful, so noble, so proud, in her calamities! Her disgraces did not count: they rendered her a hundred times more touching in our eyes. There was not then in the whole world a single man who did not believe her made for truth, for liberty, for all that honors human-kind. With what filial tenderness we looked at and counted her wounds! Who did not wish to cure them at the price of his life? Who did not wish to carry her as homage his work, his book, his sketch, his mite of ideas; or in default of these, a part of his heart?

France was to be reborn, — I could not doubt it. And what prevented us from aiding this renascence? Why should not I too bring to it my grain of sand? Scarcely had this thought appeared to me than I felt myself transformed. What strength to endure everything! What a spur! At those moments I believed myself to be, and I was in truth, capable of something. I beheld as though it were accomplished what I so fervently desired.

I applied myself again to the work. But alas! At once two minds which I found within me embarrassed me, and prevented me from advancing: that of the eighteenth century which desired to go on living, with which I had been reared, nourished; and that of the nineteenth, which claimed its birth. Which should I obey? which heed? There were indeed two spirits

who took for their battle-ground the soul of every man of that time. I did not want to renounce either the one or the other; and I was too new, too unarmed as yet, to attempt to conciliate them. What then did I do? I yielded now to one, now to the other, at the risk of dissipating myself. This violent combat, which I was incapable of determining, was another cause of anguish and profound grief; it was like the torture of Brunehault.

To direct us in this conflict of the two centuries which were enveloping us at the same time, we had two figures only,—those of Châteaubriand and Madame de Staël. But with them the combat, far from ceasing, recommenced. For they differed from each other as much as can be imagined: the one Catholic, the other Protestant; the one turned toward the Middle Ages, the other toward the uncertain regions of the future. In seeing them so opposed in ideas, in sentiments, even in hopes, one felt more astray, more deserted than ever. The choice between such diverse ways, far from being decided by their example, became practically impossible.

By another contradiction, the language of Châteaubriand was emancipated while his thought did not seem to be. His colors dazzled without enlightening me, and his ideas repelled me. I followed them only with distrust, and scarcely admitted them to my mind. On the contrary, the genius of Madame de Staël was free while her expression seemed enchained. In the confused clearness of her oracles I said to myself, "This is the side for me to advance. Here is the century of life; here are all my expectations." I expected the sunrise; but I saw nothing but a vague twilight, never penetrated by the full light of the new day.

From these two figures, if I gazed upon what were then called the masses, I had uncertainty on one side and complete night on the other. On the latter was no apparent desire, no enthusiasm for other ideas than those they believed themselves to possess: on the contrary, doubt, sneers, mockery, at the least effort to leave the beaten paths; the old names opposed to the new like an invincible barrier; no expectation, no presentiment of something unknown; the language impoverished by silence, weakened, become so timid that all thought frightened it.

If a literary philosophical revolution was in preparation, evidently it was to be accomplished not by the will of the greatest

number, but by the ardor, the daring of a few solitary spirits who would undertake at their own risk and peril to reawaken the drowsy crowd. But who would dare begin? I sought far off, I listened, I cried inwardly with anguish, "Is there no one, then?"

The astonishment, the incredulity of others, the anxiety of my mother, were my only answer. These sentiments won me in my turn.

Who? I? Write? What madness! Had I well considered? Even if I could, dare I? Did I know even what an author was? Had I ever beheld one with my eyes? To follow the trail of ideas which existed nowhere in the air, to make one's life and occupation of them, to embark one's destiny on this plank,—was it not the vainest, most senseless of enterprises, perhaps even the most culpable, to judge by the dismay of all my friends?

I awoke with a start as from a beautiful dream. All those vivid lights of our generation which had appeared to me suddenly went out. The premature glories of which I had caught sight disappeared one after another. All the hidden movement, developed in a solitary and inexperienced spirit, made way for reality. Of that expectation, of that presentiment, of that fever of hope, there remained a naked, despoiled land, gleams of will-o'-the-wisps on great leaden lakes, and the eternal sighing of our forests.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

QUINTILIAN

(35 ?–95 ? A. D.)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

MARCUS FABIUS QUINTILIANUS, for many years teacher of rhetoric and pleader of causes at Rome, and author of the most exhaustive treatise upon the art of oratory ever written, offers a marked example of that even balance of qualities and mild uniformity of moral and intellectual tint, which render it peculiarly difficult after a lapse of time either to form a vivid idea of a writer's personality, or to receive a pungent impression from his work. Like his friend the epigrammatist, Martial, Quintilian was a native of Spain; and the two men were very nearly of the same age. Quintilian was born at Catagurris, now Calahorra, on the Ebro, about the year 40 A. D. He was educated at Rome, studying first under one Palæmon, a *grammaticus* or grammar-master, of worthless character but great ability, who had been born a slave; later with the noted rhetorician Domitius Afer of Nîmes, who flourished in the reigns of Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. Concerning the latter, Quintilian once told a class of his own pupils a striking anecdote. Domitius greatly resented, in his old age, the fashion which had sprung up of interrupting a speaker by rounds of applause,—"as if," says Pliny junior, who has preserved the incident, "he were an actor, with a hired *claque*." On one occasion, when Domitius was pleading a case before the Centumviri in his usual grave and deliberate manner, his voice was suddenly drowned by an unseemly uproar. He stopped short until the noise had subsided; then resumed, and was again interrupted. When this had happened for the third time, he abruptly concluded his harangue with the remark,—"Centumvirs, our art is dead!"

The father of Quintilian had also some reputation as a public speaker in Rome. Seneca speaks of having once listened to a declamation "by the Old Quintilian"; and the son, in that part of his *magnum opus* which treats of rhetorical ornament, quotes as a specimen of *paronomasia*, or play upon words, a not particularly brilliant pun of his father's on the verbs *immorior* and *immoror*. Quintilian returned to Spain after his studies were finished, and presumably began the practice of his profession there; but went again to Rome

in the train of Galba, the governor of Spain, when the latter was proclaimed Emperor, upon Nero's death. Quintilian was now (68 A. D.) not far from thirty; and for the twenty succeeding years, though Rome changed rulers five times during the interval, he continued to prosper at the capital, as an orator and instructor in rhetoric. The younger Pliny was one of his pupils; Tacitus the historian was probably another. Quintilian had as a client, upon one occasion, that same Queen Berenice who once went, "with great pomp, to hear Paul of Tarsus plead at Cæsarea;" and the Spaniard also enjoyed the privilege of speaking *apud ipsam*,—in the presence of the royal, though no longer youthful, charmer.

The two collections of speeches which once passed under Quintilian's name are now held to be all spurious; but he himself speaks of having been driven, by the nuisance of garbled reports and unauthorized publications, to edit his plea in the case of one Nævius of Arpinum; and he also makes repeated reference, in his main work, to a previous essay on the Decline of Oratory—which has perished. At the age of about fifty, he retired from the practice of his twofold calling, and applied himself to the composition of the treatise by which his name is remembered,—'Institutionis Oratoriæ XII Libri' (Twelve Books concerning the Education of an Orator), commonly known as the 'Institutes.' Thanks to heavy fees and imperial bounty,—for he was granted by Vespasian a handsome salary from the imperial treasury, and was the first rhetorician ever so endowed,—Quintilian was now a rich man, and had lately married a very young wife; probably out of that senatorial family into which one of his beloved and deeply mourned sons was early adopted. Beside a short preface addressed to his bookseller Trypho, and a general introduction, there are separate introductions to eight out of the twelve books of the 'Institutio'; and from them we gather almost all the remaining facts which are to be learned concerning the life of Quintilian. In the proem to the fourth book he tells his friend Marcellus Victor, to whom the whole work is inscribed, that he finds a fresh incentive to care in its composition, in the fact that the Emperor Domitian has appointed him tutor to his grandnephews, the sons of Flavius Clemens and Vespasian's granddaughter Domatilla. These boys had lately been adopted by the potentate, and named for succession to the throne; and Quintilian also received, at the request of their father, the appointment of Honorary Consul. He does not appear to have been particularly a sycophant; but he would have been more than human, and much more than first-century Roman, if he had not gone on to write of his imperial patron in a strain which is a little sickening when compared with what we know, from other sources, of that dull and ruthless tyrant.

In the preface to the sixth book of the 'Institutes' we see Quintilian in a nobler light, and are brought near for a moment to the unspoiled heart of the man. Very simply and affectingly he makes the avowal that he had all but abandoned, at this point, the labor of his life, in the despair occasioned by those crushing domestic breavements which made his latter days desolate. The girl-wife had died at nineteen, after giving birth to two boys: one of whom followed his mother in early infancy; while the other, a remarkably brilliant and promising child, lived to be only nine, and then succumbed to a long illness attended by great suffering, which he bore with the utmost courage and sweetness. "What shall I do?" cries the stricken father, "or what further use can there be in life for one to whom the gods are so hostile? What good parent could forgive me, if I could go calmly on with my studies, after having survived all my own?" Nevertheless, in the end, like Job when similarly afflicted, he "girded up his loins like a man," and "answered" the Power which had bereft him, by renewed devotion to his work; finding there, no doubt, as many another sufferer has done, the best antidote to pain. It has been supposed by some, on the strength of an epistle of Pliny's (Book vi., xxxi.), that Quintilian married again after sixty, and had a daughter who lived to maturity; but this is most unlikely. The Quintilian for whose daughter the Complete Letter-Writer incloses a wedding present of fifty thousand nummi (about $2500) was plainly another man. Pliny does allude in several places to the orator and his valued instructions, but always as though he were already dead; and the probability is that he did not long survive the accession of Trajan.

The contemporaries of Quintilian, even the most caustic of them, have nothing but good to say of the man. Martial decorates him with a honeyed epigram (Book xi., xc.):

> "Quintiliane vagæ moderator summe juventæ
> Gloria Romanæ, Quintiliane togæ."

And even Juvenal, though protesting in his sixth satire, that only through unparalleled good fortune could a teacher of rhetoric ever have become a consul and a large landed proprietor, yet admits, very handsomely for him, that these distinctions were deserved in Quintilian's case; and that he was "fortunate and handsome and clever; fortunate [again!] and wise, high-minded and open-hearted." In his own writings Quintilian shows himself not merely the loving husband and father, but indulgent and sympathetic with all children; and remarkably gentle in his judgments, and temperate in his strictures upon other writers, — even on one whose foibles, personal and literary, were as distasteful to him as those of Seneca. He knew,

so to speak, all that had been written in his day; and his own taste was excellent. He loved the best, and he loved it unaffectedly. Himself the purest Latin prose-writer of the "silver age," his heart was in the "golden age"; and his feeling for Cicero and Virgil, as well as for Homer and the great Greeks, was almost a religion.

The most interesting portions of the 'Institutionis Oratoriæ' are the General Introduction, in which the scheme of the work is unfolded; the first and second books, which are devoted to infantile and primary-school education; the tenth, which enumerates the authors with whom an accomplished speaker should be familiar, and gives brief but often admirable criticisms of their best-known works; the eleventh, which deals with the personal graces an orator ought most to cultivate; and the twelfth, which amplifies the proposition laid down at the outset, that the orator who would achieve success must be essentially a good man. We note the fact that Quintilian, like the ancients generally, conceives of human knowledge as one organic whole, each of whose parts has a vital and necessary dependence upon all the rest. In Cicero's time, he says, it was taken for granted that a great orator would also be a cultivated and conscientious man: but now Quintilian has to deplore what he rather affectedly calls "a most inartistic division of the great art"; insomuch that the mere *causidicus*, who will talk upon any side for pay, is considered as much an orator as he who gives eloquent expression to his own convictions.

When he comes to treat of elementary instruction, Quintilian starts with the cheerful assumption that the vast majority of children are naturally clever and capable. A dull mind he thinks as rare among them as a deformed body. He would have the future orator's training begin in the cradle; and insists that the nurse to whose charge he is committed for his first three years should be a woman of some instruction, and especially of refined speech, else he will never articulate properly. Our author observes, at this point, that it might be well for the infant also to have had a highly educated father, and a mother as able as the celebrated Cornelia, and the daughters of Lælius the wise. But he seems to admit that this is rather a pluperfect requirement, not easy to be met after the child is an accomplished fact. Let him have, at all events, an ivory alphabet among his playthings; for Quintilian thinks, though he does not clearly say why, that it is better to know the form of the letters by sight, before one learns the sound of them by the ear. He would have the little one taught to speak Greek first; yet not to use it so exclusively as to affect his pronunciation of Latin. He scouts the apparently favorite idea that regular study should not begin before the age of seven. A child, he says, is expected to have learned good manners before he leaves his nurse's hands at three; and why not a little book knowledge

as well? Nevertheless, he is always for a mild, encouraging, indulgent system. Let the child engage in little contests of skill with his elders; *and be allowed to suppose*, he naïvely adds, that he has won the victory.

Quintilian is totally opposed, however, to the idea of private or home instruction for a boy, after his tenderest years are past. Let him be sent early to school. It is all-important that one who is to live and strive with men, especially one who aspires to influence them by his persuasive power, should learn betimes to fight his way and find his level among his kind. Quintilian does not blink the danger that a boy will have his morals corrupted at school, but he thinks it less than that of being permanently enervated by the senseless luxury of a wealthy Roman home. "What will he not expect in after years," he says, "who has *crept upon purple?*" Yet that the little one may have all reasonable defense against the perils of the street and the playground, Quintilian would have the *pædagogus*, or slave who was told off to help the pupil prepare his lessons and attend him to his class, as rare a being in his way, as the ideal *bonne*. The requirements appear excessive; and one wonders how the supply of these highly accomplished attendants can have borne any proportion to the demand, until one remembers the multitude of cultured captives of both sexes, and fugitives from conquered Greek cities, who were then to be had in Rome almost for the asking.

To commit to memory and recite, under careful correction, passages from the best writers, Quintilian considers an indispensable exercise in early youth. Tragedy is in the main good reading for boys. The lyric poetry of Horace (he never so much as names Catullus) will not hurt them if carefully expurgated. Elegy, and sentimental verse generally, he thinks very bad for them; comedy, useful in the way of widening their knowledge of men and things. The archaic Latin authors are healthful, "though most of them are stronger in genius than in art."

When the child has learned of his primary teachers to "read, write, and cipher," and but little more, Quintilian would have him placed in a rhetorical school at an earlier age than is usually thought desirable. Here he would have him learn both music and geometry; using the words in their comprehensive Greek sense,—the former to include the whole range of the liberal arts; the latter, every branch of what then passed for physical science. Quintilian makes very light of the fear that the powers of a growing lad will be too heavily taxed by this extensive curriculum. Overstudy, in fairly vigorous youth, seems to him almost an impossibility. At no period of life, he truly says, is there so little suffering from fatigue; at none are impressions received and facts and precepts acquired so easily.

But all this broad and varied culture is only preliminary to the special training which will be needful for the finished orator. That part of the 'Institutio' (Books iv. to ix. inclusive) which treats of the subject-matter and proper arrangement of a speech, and of elocution, gestures, and the outward graces of oratory, is excessively technical and minute; and Quintilian, with habitual humility before his idol, almost apologizes in his last book for having ventured so far beyond the bound observed by Cicero in his more popular essay 'De Oratore.' Of the maxims laid down in this main body of the work, some are now entirely obsolete; while others perhaps only appear trivial because they have so long been accepted without question. Quintilian writes always with the same good sense, good temper, and carefully chosen language; in a style which is as like Cicero's as reverent imitation can make it. But then Cicero has a dozen styles — ranging all the way from the closest argumentation to the lightest chaff — and Quintilian has only one. He abounds in figures and illustrations; but these disappoint the reader a little by being taken so much more from other authors than from daily life and personal experience, whereby they shed little light upon Roman scenes and the manners of the time. Vivid pictures caught in passing, like that of the patrician baby upon its purple rug, and the «smooth-faced» dandy, with «hair fresh from the curling-tongs, and an unnaturally brilliant complexion,» are extremely rare in Quintilian. Now and then, however, he estimates a talent, or sums up a reputation, in a few strong and very apt words: as where he says that if Julius Cæsar had chosen to devote himself wholly to the forum he could have had no rival except Cicero, and that he spoke with the same fire with which he fought; and of Cicero's friend Cælius, that he had much ability and a pleasant wit, and was «a man worthy to have had better thoughts and a longer life.»

After the series of literary appreciations (Book x.), which the historian Gibbon said he had read many times, and never without both pleasure and profit, Quintilian returns, at the end of his treatise, to the moral qualifications of the perfect orator; and argues with much cogency and skill for the original proposition, that a great speaker must needs be a good man. When he descends to particulars under this head, it becomes evident that his standards were not always those which are held in our own time to be the highest. He thinks that one may sometimes tell a lie, or even excuse a vice, to promote a virtuous object; and he quite approves of endeavoring ingeniously to divert the attention of a judge from inconvenient aspects of the truth. He is an impenitent utilitarian, yet a high-minded one; and the sophisms which he gravely permits are mostly of the kind which are more apt, even now, to be condemned in theory than scrupulously avoided in forensic and parliamentary practice.

The resurrection of the 'Institutes' at the Renaissance was due to the ardent researches of the humanist, Gian Francesco Poggio Bracciolini, in the convent library of St. Gall. He copied the whole of the MS. with his own hand, and that copy is still preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence. The Editio Princeps of Quintilian was printed in Rome in 1470; but he has been much less frequently edited than most of the acknowledged Latin classics, and the only complete and trustworthy English translation of his works is that of the Rev. John Selby Watson, head-master of Stockwell Grammar School (included in Bohn's Classical Library), from which the following quotations have been made.

ON THE OBJECT AND SCOPE OF THE WORK

From the 'Institutes'

We are to form, then, the perfect orator, who cannot exist unless as a good man; and we require in him, therefore, not only consummate ability in speaking, but every excellence of mind. For I cannot admit that the principles of moral and honorable conduct are, as some have thought, to be left to the philosophers; since the man who can duly sustain his character as a citizen, who is qualified for the management of public and private affairs, and who can govern communities by his counsels, settle them by means of laws, and improve them by judicial enactments, can certainly be nothing else but an orator. Although I acknowledge, therefore, that I shall adopt some precepts which are contained in the writings of the philosophers, yet I shall maintain, with justice and truth, that they belong to my subject, and have a peculiar relation to the art of oratory. If we have constantly occasion to discourse of justice, fortitude, temperance, and other similar topics, so that a cause can scarce be found in which some such discussion does not occur; and if all such subjects are to be illustrated by invention and elocution, can it be doubted that wherever power of intellect and copiousness of language are required, the art of the orator is to be there pre-eminently exerted? These two accomplishments, as Cicero very plainly proves, were, as they are joined by nature, so also united in practice, so that the same persons were thought at once wise and eloquent. Subsequently the study divided itself, and through want of art it came to pass that the arts were considered to be diverse: for as soon as the tongue became an

instrument of gain, and it was made a practice to abuse the gifts of eloquence, those who were esteemed as eloquent abandoned the care of morals; which, when thus neglected, became as it were the prize of the less robust intellects. Some, disliking the toil of cultivating eloquence, afterwards returned to the discipline of the mind and the establishment of rules of life, retaining to themselves the better part, if it could be divided into two: but assuming at the same time the most presumptuous of titles, so as to be called the only cultivators of wisdom,—a distinction which neither the most eminent commanders, nor men who were engaged with the utmost distinction in the direction of the greatest affairs and in the management of whole commonwealths, ever ventured to claim for themselves; for they preferred rather to practice excellence of conduct than to profess it. That many of the ancient professors of wisdom, indeed, both delivered virtuous precepts, and even lived as they directed others to live, I will readily admit; but in our own times the greatest vices have been hid under this name in many of the professors: for they did not strive, by virtue and study, to be esteemed philosophers; but adopted a peculiarity of look, austerity of demeanor, and a dress different from that of other men, as cloaks for the vilest immoralities.

But those topics which are claimed as peculiar to philosophy, we all everywhere discuss; for what person (if he be not an utterly corrupt character) does not sometimes speak of justice, equity, and goodness? who, even among rustics, does not make some inquiries about the causes of the operations of nature? As to the proper use and distinction of words, it ought to be common to all who make their language at all an object of care.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON THE EARLY PRACTICE OF COMPOSITION

From the 'Institutes'

From boys perfection of style can neither be required nor expected; but the fertile genius, fond of noble efforts, and conceiving at times a more than reasonable degree of ardor, is greatly to be preferred. Nor, if there be something of exuberance in a pupil of that age, would it at all displease me.

I would even have it an object with teachers themselves to nourish minds that are still tender with more indulgence, and to allow them to be satiated, as it were, with the milk of more liberal studies. The body which mature age may afterwards nerve, may for a time be somewhat plumper than seems desirable,—hence there is hope of strength; while a child that has the outline of all his limbs exact commonly portends weakness in subsequent years. Let that age be daring; invent much, and delight in what it invents, though it be often not sufficiently severe and correct. The remedy for exuberance is easy: barrenness is incurable by any labor. That temper in boys will afford me little hope, in which mental effort is prematurely restrained by judgment. I like what is produced to be extremely copious, profuse even beyond the limits of propriety. Years will greatly reduce superfluity; judgment will smooth away much of it; something will be worn off, as it were, by use, if there be but metal from which something may be hewn and polished off,—and such metal there will be if we do not make the plate too thin at first, so that deep cutting may break it. That I hold such opinions concerning this age, he will be less likely to wonder who shall have read what Cicero says: "I wish fecundity in a young man to give itself full scope."

Above all, therefore, and especially for boys, *a dry master* is to be avoided, not less than a dry soil, void of all moisture, for plants that are still tender. Under the influence of such a tutor they at once become dwarfish; looking, as it were, towards the ground, and daring to aspire to nothing above every-day talk. To them leanness is in place of health, and weakness instead of judgment; and while they think it sufficient to be free from fault, they fall into the fault of being free from all merit. Let not even maturity itself, therefore, come too fast; let not the must, while yet in the vat, become mellow; for so it will bear years, and be improved by age.

Nor is it improper for me, moreover, to offer this admonition: that the powers of boys sometimes sink under too great severity in correction; for they despond, and grieve, and at last hate their work,—and what is most prejudicial, while they fear everything they cease to attempt anything. There is a similar conviction in the minds of the cultivators of trees in the country, who think that the knife must not be applied to tender shoots, as they appear to shrink from the steel, and to be unable as yet

to bear an incision. A teacher ought therefore to be as agreeable as possible, that remedies which are rough in their own nature may be rendered soothing by gentleness of hand: he ought to praise some parts of his pupils' performances, to tolerate some, and to alter others, giving his reasons why the alterations are made; and also to make some passages clearer by adding something of his own. It will be of service at times, also, for the master to dictate whole subjects himself, which the pupil may imitate and admire for the present as his own. But if a boy's composition were so faulty as not to admit of correction, I have found him benefited whenever I told him to write on the same subject again, after it had received fresh treatment from me, observing that "he could do still better"; since study is cheered by nothing more than hope. Different ages, however, are to be corrected in different ways; and work is to be required and amended according to the degree of the pupil's abilities. I used to say to boys when they attempted anything extravagant or verbose, that "I was satisfied with it for the present; but that a time would come when I should not allow them to produce compositions of such a character." Thus they were satisfied with their abilities, and yet not led to form a wrong judgment.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON NATURE AND ART IN ORATORY

From the 'Institutes'

I AM aware that it is also a question whether *nature* or *learning* contributes most to oratory. This inquiry, however, has no concern with the subject of my work, for a perfect orator can be formed only with the aid of both; but I think it of great importance how far we consider that there is a question on the point. If you suppose either to be independent of the other, nature will be able to do much without learning, but learning will be of no avail without the assistance of nature. But if they be united in equal parts, I shall be inclined to think that when both are but moderate, the influence of nature is nevertheless the greater; but finished orators, I consider, owe more to learning than to nature. Thus the best husbandman cannot improve soil of no fertility, while from fertile ground something good will be

produced even without the aid of the husbandman; yet if the husbandman bestows his labor on rich land, he will produce more effect than the goodness of the soil of itself. Had Praxiteles attempted to hew a statue out of a millstone, I should have preferred to it an unhewn block of Parian marble; but if that statuary had fashioned the marble, more value would have accrued to it from his workmanship than was in the marble itself. In a word, nature is the material for learning; the one forms and the other is formed. Art can do nothing without material; material has its value even independent of art: but perfection of art is of more consequence than perfection of material.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON EMBELLISHMENTS OF STYLE

From the 'Institutes'

I COME now to the subject of *embellishment;* in which doubtless, more than in any other department of oratory, the speaker is apt to give play to his fancy. For the praise of such as speak merely with correctness and perspicuity is but small; since they are thought rather to have avoided faults than to have attained any great excellence. *Invention* of matter is often common to the orator and to the illiterate alike; *arrangement* may be considered to require but moderate learning, and whatever high arts are used, are generally concealed, or they would cease to deserve the name of art: and all these qualities are directed to the *support* of causes alone. But by polish and embellishment of style, the orator recommends himself to his auditors in his proper character; in his other efforts he courts the approbation of the learned, in this the applause of the multitude. Cicero, in pleading the cause of Cornelius, fought with arms that were not only stout, but dazzling; nor would he merely by instructing the judge, or by speaking to the purpose and in pure Latin and with perspicuity, have caused the Roman people to testify their admiration of him not only by acclamations, but even tumults of applause. It was the sublimity, magnificence, splendor, and dignity of his eloquence, which drew forth that thunder of approbation. No such extraordinary commendation would have attended on the speaker if his speech had been of an every-day character,

and similar to ordinary speeches. I even believe that his audience were insensible of what they were doing; and that they gave their applause neither voluntarily nor with any exercise of judgment, but that, being carried away by enthusiasm, and unconscious of the place in which they stood, they burst forth instinctively into such transports of delight.

But this grace of style may contribute in no small degree to the success of a cause, for those who listen with pleasure are both more attentive and more ready to believe: they are very frequently captivated with pleasure, and sometimes hurried away in admiration. Thus the glitter of a sword strikes something of terror into the eyes; and thunder-storms themselves would not alarm us so much as they do if it were their force only, and not also their flame, that was dreaded. Cicero, accordingly, in one of his letters to Brutus, makes with good reason the following remark: "That eloquence which excites no admiration, I account as nothing." Aristotle also thinks that to excite admiration should be one of our greatest objects.

But let the embellishment of our style (for I will repeat what I said) be manly, noble, and chaste; let it not affect effeminate delicacy, or a complexion counterfeited by paint, but let it glow with genuine health and vigor. Such is the justice of this rule, that though, in ornament, vices closely border on virtues, yet those who adopt what is vicious disguise it with the name of some virtue. Let no one of those, therefore, who indulge in a vicious style, say that I am an enemy to those who speak with good taste. I do not deny that judicious embellishment is an excellence, but I do not allow that excellence to them. Should I think a piece of land better cultivated, in which the owner should show me lilies, and violets, and anemones, and fountains playing, than one in which there is a plentiful harvest, or vines laden with grapes? Should I prefer barren plane-trees, or clipped myrtles, to elms embraced with vines, and fruitful olive-trees? The rich may have such unproductive gratifications; but what would they be if they had nothing else?

Shall not beauty, then, it may be asked, be regarded in the planting of fruit-trees? Undoubtedly: I would arrange my trees in a certain order, and observe regular intervals between them. What is more beautiful than the well-known quincunx, which, in whatever direction you view it, presents straight lines? But a regular arrangement of trees is of advantage to their growth, as

each of them then attracts an equal portion of the juices of the soil. The tops of my olive, that rise too high, I shall lop off with my knife; it will spread itself more gracefully in a round form, and will at the same time produce fruit from more branches. The horse that has thin flanks is thought handsomer than one of a different shape, and is also more swift. The athlete, whose muscles have been developed by exercise, is pleasing to the sight, and is so much the better prepared for the combat. True beauty is never separate from utility. But to perceive this requires but a moderate portion of sagacity.

What is of more importance to be observed, is, that the graceful dress of our thoughts is still more becoming when varied with the nature of the subject. Recurring to our first division, we may remark that the same kind of embellishment will not be alike suitable for *demonstrative*, *deliberative*, and *judicial* topics. The first of these three kinds, adapted only for display, has no object but the pleasure of the audience; and it accordingly discloses all the resources of art, and all the pomp of language: it is not intended to steal into the mind, or to secure a victory, but strives only to gain applause and honor. Whatever, therefore, may be attractive in conception, elegant in expression, pleasing in figures, rich in metaphor, or polished in composition, the orator — like a dealer in eloquence, as it were — will lay before his audience for them to inspect, and almost to handle; for his success entirely concerns his reputation, and not his cause. But when a serious affair is in question, and there is a contest in real earnest, anxiety for mere applause should be an orator's last concern. Indeed, no speaker should be very solicitous about his words where important interests are involved. I do not mean to say that no ornaments of dress should be bestowed on such subjects, but that they should be as it were more close-fitting and severe, and thus display themselves less; and they should be, above all, well adapted to the subject. In deliberations the Senate expects something more elevated, the people something more spirited; and in judicial pleadings, public and capital causes require a more exact style than ordinary: but as for private causes, and disputes about small sums, which are of frequent occurrence, — simple language, the very reverse of that which is studied, will be far more suitable for them. Would not a speaker be ashamed to seek the recovery of a petty loan in elaborate periods? or to display violent feeling in speaking

of a gutter? Or to perspire over a suit about taking back a slave?

But let us pursue our subject; and as the embellishment, as well as the perspicuity of language, depends either on the choice of single words, or on the combination of several together, let us consider what care they require separately, and what in conjunction. Though it has been justly said that perspicuity is better promoted by *proper* words, and embellishment by such as are *metaphorical*, we should feel certain, at the same time, that whatever is *improper* cannot *embellish*. But as several words often signify the same thing (and are called synonyms), some of those words will be more becoming, or sublime, or elegant, or pleasing, or of better sound, than others; for as syllables formed of the better sounding letters are clearer, so words formed of such syllables are more melodious; and the fuller the sound of a word, the more agreeable it is to the ear; and what the junction of syllables effects, the junction of words effects also, proving that some words sound better in combination than others.

But words are to be variously used. To subjects of a repulsive character, words that are harsh in sound are the more suitable. In general, however, the best words, considered singly, are such as have the fullest or most agreeable sound. Elegant, too, are always to be preferred to coarse words; and for mean ones there is no place in polished style. Such as are of a striking or elevated character are to be estimated according to their suitableness to our subject. That which appears sublime on one occasion, may seem tumid on another; and what appears mean when applied to a lofty subject, may adapt itself excellently to one of an inferior nature. In an elevated style a low word is noticeable and indeed a blemish; and in like manner a grand or splendid word is unsuited to a plain style, and is in bad taste, as being like a tumor on a smooth surface.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON THE HANDLING OF WITNESSES IN COURT

From the 'Institutes'

SINCE, then, there are two sorts of witnesses, those who appear voluntarily and those whom the judge summons according to law, . . . let us distinguish the duty of the pleader who produces witnesses from that of him who refutes their testimony.

He that produces a *voluntary* witness may know what he has to say, and consequently appears to have the easier task in examining him. But even this undertaking requires penetration and watchfulness: and we must be cautious that the witness may not appear timid, or inconsistent, or foolish; for witnesses may be confused or caught in snares by the advocates on the opposite side, and when they are once caught, they do more harm than they would have done service if they had been firm and resolute. They should therefore be well exercised before they are brought into court, and tried with various interrogatories such as are likely to be put by an advocate on the other side. By this means they will either be consistent in their statements, or if they stumble at all, will be set upon their feet again, as it were, by some opportune question from him by whom they were brought forward. But even in regard to those who are consistent in their evidence, we must be on our guard against treachery; for they are often thrown in our way by the opposite party, and after promising everything favorable, give answers of a contrary character, and have the more weight against us when they do not refute what is to our prejudice, but confess the truth of it. We must inquire, therefore, what motives they appear to have for declaring against our adversary: nor is it sufficient to know that they *were* his enemies,—we must ascertain whether they have ceased to be so; whether they may not seek reconciliation with him at our expense; whether they have been bribed; or whether they may not have changed their purpose from penitential feelings,—precautions not only necessary in regard to witnesses who know that which they intend to say is true, but far more necessary in respect to those who promise to say what is false. For they are more likely to repent, and their promises are more to be suspected; and even if they keep to their word, it is much more easy to refute them.

Of witnesses who are *summoned* to give evidence, some are willing to hurt the accused party, and some unwilling; and the accuser sometimes knows their inclination, and is sometimes ignorant of it. Let us suppose for the moment that he knows it; yet in either case, there is need of the greatest circumspection on the part of him who examines them. If he find a witness disposed to prejudice the accused, he ought to take the utmost care that his disposition may not show itself; and he should not question him at once on the point for decision, but proceed to it circuitously, so that what the examiner chiefly wants him to say

may appear to be wrung from him. Nor should he press him with too many interrogatories, lest the witness, by replying freely to everything, should invalidate his own credit; but he should draw from him only so much as it may seem reasonable to elicit from one witness. But in the case of one who will not speak the truth unless against his will, the great happiness in an examiner is, to extort from him what he does not wish to say; and this cannot be done otherwise than by questions that seem wide of the matter in hand: for to these he will give such answers as he thinks will not hurt his party; and then, from various particulars which he may confess, he will be reduced to the inability of denying what he does not wish to acknowledge. For, as in a set speech we commonly collect detached arguments, which taken singly seem to bear but lightly on the accused, but by the combination of which we succeed in proving the charge,—so a witness of this kind must be questioned on many points regarding antecedent and subsequent circumstances, and concerning places, times, persons, and other subjects: so that he may be brought to give some answer; after which he must either acknowledge what we wish, or contradict what he himself has said. If we do not succeed in that object, it will be manifest that he is unwilling to speak; and he must be led on to other matters, that he may be caught tripping, if possible, on some point, though it be unconnected with the cause. He may also be detained an extraordinary time, that by saying everything, and more than the case requires, in favor of the accused, he may make himself suspected by the judge; and he will thus do no less damage to the accused than if he had stated the truth against him. But if (as we supposed in the second place) the accuser be ignorant of the witness's disposition, he must sound his inclination cautiously; interrogating him, as we say, step by step, and leading him gradually to the answer which is necessary to be elicited from him. But as there is sometimes such art in witnesses, that they answer at first according to an examiner's wish, in order to gain greater credit when they afterwards speak in a different way, it is wise in an orator to dismiss a suspected witness before he does any harm.

For advocates that appear on behalf of defendants, the examination of witnesses is in one respect *more easy*, and in another *more difficult*, than for those who are on the side of the prosecutor. It is *more difficult* on this account,—that they can seldom or never know, before the trial, what the witness is going to say;

and it is *more easy*, inasmuch as they know, when he comes to be questioned, what he has said. Under the uncertainty, therefore, which there is in the matter, great caution and inquisition is necessary to ascertain what sort of character he is that prosecutes the defendant; what feeling he entertains against him; and from what motives: and all such matters are to be exposed and set aside in our pleading, whether we would have the witnesses appear to have been instigated by hatred, or by envy, or by desire of favor, or by money. If the opposite party too produce but few witnesses, we may reflect on their *small number;* if they are extraordinarily numerous, we may insinuate that they are *in conspiracy;* if they are of humble rank, we may speak with contempt of their *meanness;* if persons of consequence, we may deprecate their *influence.* It will be of most effect, however, to expose the motives on which the witnesses speak against the defendant, which may be various, according to the nature of causes and the parties engaged in them; for to such representations as I have just mentioned, the opposite party can answer with commonplace arguments: as, when the witnesses are few and humble, the prosecutor can boast of his simple honesty, in having sought for none but such as were acquainted with the case in hand; while to commend a large number, or persons of consideration, is a somewhat easier task. But occasionally, as we have to commend witnesses, so we have to decry them. . . . As to what we should say against the witnesses respectively, it can only be drawn from their individual characters.

The manner of questioning witnesses remains to be considered. In this part of our duty, the principal point is to know the witness well: for if he is timid, he may be frightened; if foolish, misled; if irascible, provoked; if vain, flattered; if prolix, drawn from the point. If, on the contrary, a witness is sensible and self-possessed, he may be hastily dismissed as malicious and obstinate; or he may be confuted, not with formal questioning, but with a short address from the defendant's advocate; or he may be put out of countenance, if opportunity offer, by a jest; or if anything can be said against his moral character, his credit may be overthrown by infamous charges. It has been advantageous, on certain occasions, not to press too severely on men of probity and modesty; for those who would have fought against a determined assailant are softened by gentle treatment.

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ON ANCIENT AUTHORS

Homer

As Aratus, then, thinks that "we ought to begin with Jupiter," so I think that I shall very properly commence with Homer; for, as he says that "the might of rivers and the courses of springs take their rise from the ocean," so has he himself given a model and an origin for every species of eloquence. No man has excelled him in sublimity on great subjects, no man in propriety on small ones. He is at once copious and concise, pleasing and forcible; admirable at one time for exuberance, and at another for brevity; eminent not only for poetic, but for oratorical excellence. To say nothing of his laudatory, exhortatory, and consolatory speeches, does not the ninth book of the Iliad, in which the deputation sent to Achilles is comprised, or the contention between the chiefs in the first book, or the opinions delivered in the second, display all the arts of legal pleadings and of councils? As to the feelings, as well the gentle as the more impetuous, there is no one so unlearned as not to acknowledge that he had them wholly under his control. Has he not at the commencement of both his works—I will not say observed, but established, the laws of oratorical exordia? for he renders his reader *well affected* towards him by an invocation of the goddesses who have been supposed to preside over poets; he makes him *attentive* by setting forth the grandeur of his subjects, and *desirous of information* by giving a brief and comprehensive view of them. Who can state facts more concisely than he who relates the death of Patroclus, or more forcibly than he who describes the combat of the Curetes and Ætolians? As to similes, amplifications, illustrations, digressions, indications, and proofs of things, and all other modes of establishment and refutation, examples of them are so numerous in him that nearly all those who have written on the rules of rhetoric produce from him illustrations of their precepts. What peroration of a speech will ever be thought equal to the entreaties of Priam beseeching Achilles for the body of his son? Does he not indeed, in words, thoughts, figures, and the arrangement of his whole work, exceed the ordinary bounds of human genius? So much indeed that it requires a great man even to follow his excellences, not with rivalry (for rivalry is impossible) but with a just conception of them.

Virgil and Other Roman Poets

Accordingly, as Homer among the Greeks, so Virgil among our own countrymen, presents the most auspicious beginning;—an author who of all poets of that class, Greek or Roman, doubtless approaches nearest to Homer. I will here repeat the very words which when I was a young man I heard from Domitius Afer, who, when I asked him what poet he thought came nearest to Homer, replied, "Virgil is second to him, but nearer the first than the third. Indeed, though we must give place to the divine and immortal genius of Homer, yet in Virgil there is more care and exactness, for the very reason that he was obliged to take more pains; and for what we lose in the higher qualities we perhaps compensate in equability of excellence."

All our other poets will follow at a great distance. Macer and Lucretius should be read indeed, but not in order to form such a style as constitutes the fabric of eloquence: each is an elegant writer on his own subject, but the one is tame and the other difficult. Varro Atacinus, in those writings in which he has gained a name as the interpreter of another man's work, is not indeed to be despised, but is not rich enough in diction to increase the power of an orator. Ennius we may venerate, as we venerate groves sacred from their antiquity; groves in which gigantic and aged oaks affect us not so much by their beauty as by the religious awe with which they inspire us.

There are other poets nearer to our own times, and better suited to promote the object of which we are speaking. Ovid allows his imagination to wanton, even in his heroic verse, and is too much a lover of his own conceits; but deserves praise in certain passages. Cornelius Severus, though a better versifier than poet, yet if he had finished his 'Sicilian War,' as has been observed, in the manner of his first book, would justly have claimed the second place in epic poetry. But an immature death prevented his powers from being brought to perfection; yet his youthful compositions display very great ability, and a devotion to a judicious mode of writing which was wonderful, especially at such an age.

Historians and Orators

In history, however, I cannot allow superiority to the Greeks: I should neither fear to match Sallust against Thucydides, nor should Herodotus feel indignant if Livy is thought equal to him,—an author of wonderful agreeableness and remarkable perspicuity in his narrative, and eloquent beyond expression in his speeches, so admirably is all that is said in his pages adapted to particular circumstances and characters; and as to the feelings (especially those of the softer kind), no historian, to speak but with mere justice, has succeeded better in describing them. Hence, by his varied excellences, he has equaled in merit the immortal rapidity of Sallust: for Servilius Nonianus seems to me to have remarked with great happiness that they were rather equal than like,—a writer to whom I have listened while he was reading his own histories; he was a man of great ability, and wrote in a sententious style, but with less conciseness than the dignity of history demands. That dignity Bassus Aufidius, who had rather the precedence of him in time, supported with admirable effect, at least in his books on the German war; in his own style of composition he is everywhere deserving of praise, but falls in some parts below his own powers. . . .

But our *orators* may, above all, set the Latin eloquence on an equality with that of Greece; for I would confidently match Cicero against any one of the Greek orators. Nor am I unaware how great an opposition I am raising against myself, especially when it is no part of my design at present to compare him with Demosthenes; for it is not at all necessary, since I think that Demosthenes ought to be read above all other orators, or rather learned by heart. Of their great excellences I consider that most are similar; their method, their order of partition, their manner of preparing the minds of their audience, their mode of proof, and in a word, everything that depends on invention. In their style of speaking there is some difference: Demosthenes is more compact, Cicero more verbose; Demosthenes argues more closely, Cicero with a wider sweep; Demosthenes always attacks with a sharp-pointed weapon, Cicero often with a weapon both sharp and weighty; from Demosthenes nothing can be taken away, to Cicero nothing can be added; in the one there is more study, in the other more nature. In wit and pathos, certainly,—two stimulants of the mind which have great influence in oratory,—we have the

advantage. Perhaps the custom of his country did not allow Demosthenes pathetic perorations; but on the other hand, the different genius of the Latin tongue did not grant to us those beauties which the Attics so much admire. In the epistolary style, indeed, though there are letters written by both, and in that of dialogue in which Demosthenes wrote nothing, there is no comparison. We must yield the superiority, however, on one point: that Demosthenes lived before Cicero, and made him in a great measure the able orator that he was; for Cicero appears to me, after he devoted himself wholly to imitate the Greeks, to have embodied in his style the energy of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the sweetness of Isocrates. Nor did he by zealous effort attain only what was excellent in each of these, but drew most or rather all excellences from himself, by the felicitous exuberance of his immortal genius. He does not, as Pindar says, "collect rainwater, but overflows from a living fountain;" having been so endowed at his birth, by the special kindness of Providence, that in him eloquence might make trial of her whole strength. For who can instruct a judge with more exactness, or excite him with more vehemence? What orator had ever so pleasing a manner? The very points which he wrests from you by force, you would think that he gained from you by entreaty; and when he carries away the judge by his impetuosity, he yet does not seem to be hurried along, but imagines that he is following of his own accord. In all that he says, indeed, there is so much authority that we are ashamed to dissent from him; he does not bring to a cause the mere zeal of an advocate, but the support of a witness or a judge: and at the same time, all these excellences, a single one of which any other man could scarcely attain with the utmost exertion, flow from him without effort; and that stream of language, than which nothing is more pleasing to the ear, carries with it the appearance of the happiest facility. It was not without justice, therefore, that he was said by his contemporaries "to reign supreme in the courts"; and he has gained such esteem among his posterity, that Cicero is now less the name of a man than that of eloquence itself. To him, therefore, let us look; let him be kept in view as our great example; and let that student know that he has made some progress, to whom Cicero has become an object of admiration.

RABELAIS

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

(1495?–1553)

BY HENRY BÉRENGER

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS was born toward the end of the fifteenth century: in 1483 according to some, in 1495 according to others. The second hypothesis accords better with most of the important facts of his life. The chronological legend would have you believe that he was born the same year as Martin Luther. While Luther, however, was born in a peasant's hut at Eisleben, in the shadow of the Gothic towers and the forests of dreamy Germany, François Rabelais was born in an apothecary's shop or the inn of a publican, at Chinon, on the banks of the sluggish Loire, among the songs of drinkers which awoke him in his cradle. At the threshold of the sixteenth century these two powerful and popular geniuses, both vowed to the monastic state, still half sheathed in the past, escape from the convent to create the future.

Rabelais studied first at the convent of Seville; then at the convent of the Franciscans of La Baumette, near Angers, where at first he was novice. In 1509 he went to finish his novitiate at the convent of Fontenay-le-Comte, where he became priest about 1519, and lived until 1523. Thus his early youth was passed among those rich and gracious landscapes of Touraine, where Honoré de Balzac also was to be born, and to grow up three centuries later, with the same exuberant and magnificent talents of reason and imagination as his great elder and compatriot, François Rabelais.

The first convents in which young Rabelais studied were prisons rather than refuges. The mendicant monks among whom he dwelt at La Baumette and at Fontenay-le-Comte were ignorant, sensual, and superstitious beings, who detested the intellectual life. It was in such an environment, however, but secretly, that Rabelais acquired that passion for study which never quitted him. As long as he studied only Latin and the old French authors, he was unmolested. But one day they discovered some Greek books in his cell. This was a case of heresy. The Greek books were confiscated, and Rabelais was forced to flee in order to escape the stake or the oubliettes. The Pope, Clement VII., was more liberal than these monks, and in 1524 he authorized Rabelais to enter the order of St. Benedict.

Just at this time he became regular canon of the abbey of Maillezais. He remained there only a short time. He then passed to the secular clergy, and was attached to the household of Guy d'Estissac, bishop of Maillezais. He seems to have lived there very happily.

Soon afterward the taste for travel seized him. He visited France, and studied at her chief universities. On the 16th of September, 1530, we know that he took his first registry at the Faculty of Medicine of Montpellier. He received all the degrees of that University, and rapidly achieved a great medical reputation. He was appointed physician of the great hospital of Lyons in 1532, and exercised that function until February 1534. During the same period he published 'Gargantua' and the first book of 'Pantagruel.' In 1534 he left Lyons to accompany as physician the bishop of Paris, Jean du Bellay, uncle of Joachim, the celebrated poet of the Pleiade,—who was sent to Rome as ambassador extraordinary of Francis I. to the Holy See, from which mission he was to win the cardinal's cap. He possessed a noble and liberal spirit, and always protected Rabelais against the rage of his enemies. Rabelais followed him again to Rome in 1536–1537. Thanks to the protection of the Cardinal du Bellay, Pope Paul III. granted him absolution for his apostasy (that is, for his change of costume), and moreover permitted him to become a Benedictine again, and to exercise the profession of medicine. Strong in these two authorizations, Rabelais took at the Faculty of Montpellier, where he had been received doctor in 1537, a course in anatomy. Later he was consulting physician in different cities,—Narbonne, Castres, and Lyons. His faithful patron, the Cardinal du Bellay, who was also abbot of St. Maur as well as bishop of Paris, had him appointed canon of the abbey of St. Maur-les-Fossés. Not being bound to reside there, he continued to travel. He was in Poitou; then in his dear native land of Touraine; then again in Piedmont with the vice-king Guillaume de Langey (brother of the Cardinal du Bellay), where he continued to act as physician. In 1545 he obtained from the King, Francis I., permission to publish the third book of his work. After the death of the King he was in great anxiety; for the Cardinal du Bellay was not in favor with the new King, Henry II. But he found new protectors in the houses of Châtillon and of Lorraine, who recalled him from Metz and from Rome, where he had gone, in a measure to find refuge. In 1550 he was allowed to publish his fourth book, which he dedicated to the Cardinal de Châtillon. The same year he was appointed parish priest of Meudon by Cardinal du Bellay. We do not know whether Rabelais exercised his priestly functions. Everything indicates that he did, however, for he possessed a practical spirit desirous of action. But at the beginning of the year 1552 he resigned his two charges, just as

his fourth book appeared. Doubtless he wished to be more independent, unless he simply quitted these too exacting functions on account of his health; indeed, he died in 1553. The fifth book of his work, part of which seems apocryphal, was not published until 1562.

Considering this life as a whole, it appears that of a laborious as well as daring genius, and of one independent as well as able. Man of free studies and free pleasures, Rabelais was above all the enemy of whatever constrained him. Action was life to him. On coming into the world, he found about him all kinds of fetters: first those of the convent, then those of the Sorbonne, and later those of Parliament; finally those of fanatics, both papists and Huguenots. Rabelais never posed as apostle or martyr, but far more as a shrewd and witty dilettante, whose device, framed by himself, was — *Primo vivere, deinde philosophari.* In order to live, he sought protectors. Like Jean de Meung before him, and Molière after him, he relied upon royalty. He went to Rome to solicit the Pope. He obtained protection against the monks from the high dignitaries of the Church. And having once taken these precautions against the malice and stupidity of subalterns, he composed, at his own leisure and convenience, one of the most vehement and most revolutionary works ever directed by human thought against the social institutions among which it struggles.

The work of Rabelais is divided into five books, of which the first is entitled 'La Vie Très-Horrifique du Grand Gargantua, Père de Pantagruel' (The Astounding Life of the Great Gargantua, Father of Pantagruel); the second, 'Pantagruel, Roi des Dipsodes, avec ses Faits et Prouesses Épouvantables' (Pantagruel, King of the Drunkards, with his Heroic Acts and Achievements); while the last three narrate 'Les Faits et Dicts Heroïques du Bon Pantagruel' (The Heroic Deeds and Sayings of Good Pantagruel). This work was written at different times during a period of twenty years, and among all kinds of journeys and occupations, from 1532 to 1553. Therefore those who look upon it as a work composed once for all, issuing harmoniously from the artist's brain like Minerva all armed issuing from the brain of Jupiter, are entirely wrong. It is rather a Gothic monument like the cathedrals of the same period, to which have been added one after another a portal, a tower, a gable, a gallery, rose-windows, gargoyles, with no thought of unity other than that of the general inspiration. Strange monument built of mud and of marble, bathed in shadow and in sunshine, decked with a thousand monstrous forms, with riddles and logogriphs, and upon which the artist has carved innumerable sacred or grotesque personages, angels, beasts, monks, maidens, wise men and fools, devils and phantoms! But this monument is already illuminated by the classic glimmers of the Renaissance; rays of ancient wisdom penetrate it, and reveal here and

there passages worthy of a place beside the works of Homer, of Plato, or of Plutarch. The religion of human reason and of natural beauty ennobles this architecture, apparently so barbarous and monstrous. An encyclopædic genius, stationed on the boundary between two epochs, two civilizations, and two countries, between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, between the north and the south,—Rabelais is the heir of the free-singers, of the bold story-tellers and farce-lovers of past time, from Maître Renart to the Basoche. In this immense monument still resound all the echoes of the Gallic spirit, and already vibrates the alarum of the classic spirit. The abbey of Thélème is vast enough to harbor at one time Plato, St. Paul, Virgil, Socrates, Jean de Meung, Patelin, François Villon; and also those macaronic poets of Italy whose unctuous joviality and gigantomachia had so greatly diverted him during his stay at Rome. Rabelais combined in his work all these inspirations, as he blended in his style all the dialects of Picardy, Normandy, Touraine, Champagne, Provence, etc.

'Gargantua' and 'Pantagruel' are, under a diverting and fantastic form, the epic of the sixteenth century, as the Iliad and Odyssey were the epic of ancient Greece; as the 'Divine Comedy' was the epic of mediæval Catholicism; as the 'Comédie Humaine' of Balzac is the epic of modern democracy. Châteaubriand was right in defining Rabelais as «a mother-genius»; for he has conceived and given life to most of the great French geniuses who followed him. In a tragic and tumultuous age, filled with public calamities, with the follies of royal ambition, with the mania for military conquests, with the fury of intellectual controversies, with the nascent rage for civil wars, with the Parliament's sentences to death, with the decrees and the fagots of the Sorbonne, Rabelais attempted to restore his contemporaries to mental health by making them laugh at their own maladies. The powerful mocker cast such ridicule upon bad kings (Picrochole), bad priests (Janotus de Bragmardo), bad magistrates (Grippemihaud, etc.), all kinds of fanatics (Coresme-Prenant, Autyrhysis), that he almost destroyed their infernal power by the mere force of his genial buffoonery. And he did not content himself merely with destroying; he constructed. He was as sublime an idealist as he was a profound, sometimes coarse, realist. He invented the succession of good kings (Grangousier, Gargantua, Pantagruel), he created the type of the good educator (Ponocrates), of the good monk (Brother Jean des Entommeures), he dreamed the Utopia of the new society, more tolerant, more generous, happier than the old; and over the ruins accumulated by his terrible and avenging irony he built the abbey of Thélème,—that is, of Free Will. On the front he inscribed, «Do what thou wilt;» thus answering the old cry of the Dominican Izarn

at the stake of the Albigeois, "Believe as you do, and you shall be burned." Rabelais is a powerful emancipator of modern thought, and the natural ancestor of the Voltaires and the Diderots.

But he is at the same time a great and incomparable artist. He had the gift of creating types and the power of creating a language. A key to Rabelais has been made and remade twenty times: the commentators have striven to attach a historic name to every character. According to the usual opinion, Grangousier is Louis XII.; Gargantua, Francis I.; Pantagruel, Henry II.; Picrochole, either Maximilien Sforza, Ferdinand of Aragon, or Charles V.; Brother Jean, the Cardinal du Bellay; Panurge, the Cardinal of Lorraine, or the author himself. It singularly lessens and lowers Rabelais to reduce him to the rôle of a contemporary portrait painter; and thus doing, one understands nothing of the essence or the scope of his work. The truth is that Rabelais's imagination transformed the matter upon which it worked, brought out its essential features,—the figures worthy of preservation,—and composed those imperishable types, mixtures of fancy and truth, which, rooted in their own time, reach to the most distant future. And Rabelais is not only an epic genius: he is also the first of the great comic poets of France. Before Corneille and Molière, no author possessed to such a degree the sense of action, the art of scenic effect, and that of writing dialogue. The meeting of Pantagruel and the Limousin student, the visit to Rondibilis, the bargain with Dindenant, the consultation of Panurge with the philosopher Trouillogan, are scenes of the most living comedy.

Finally, his style, like his thought, is magnificent in contrasts, in exuberance, in fancy and profoundness, lights and shadows. It has the opulence of Rubens, the irony of Callot, the sublimity of Rembrandt. The sentence, capricious and unrestrained, is curiously chiseled, clear, and finished; it is embellished and embroidered at pleasure, like the ornamental stone of the Gothic monuments under the hands of the great artists of the Middle Ages. The vocabulary, one of unequaled wealth, is a heap of diamonds and of waste matter for the future to sort out. The syntax is a curious one: complex, multiform, sheathed in Latin, not quite emancipated from dialect, but already singularly flexible, agile, undulating; realistic or lyrical, brutal or winged, at his will. Finally, it is French language forged and shaped from pure Latin and Romance metal, with great blows of the hammer, by the first and most vigorous of its workers of genius. Every great French writer proceeds from Rabelais, as every great Italian writer proceeds from Dante.

Such is this strong and jovial figure, both comic and serious, like the spectacle of life itself. Great philosopher, great artist, and great author, Rabelais compels the admiration of the centuries — in spite

of his masks, voluntarily coarse and jocose — as the first complete type of French genius; of the genius of tolerance, of liberty, of generous irony, which since Rabelais, and from century to century, has given us Molière, Voltaire and Diderot, Balzac and Hugo.

Henry Bérenger

THE CHILDHOOD OF GARGANTUA

From 'The Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua'

GARGANTUA, from three years to five, was nourished and instructed in all proper discipline by the commandment of his father, and spent that time like the other little children of the country,— that is, in drinking, eating, and sleeping; in eating, sleeping, and drinking; and in sleeping, drinking, and eating. Still he wallowed in the mire, blackened his face, trod down his shoes at heel; at the flies he did oftentimes yawn, and willingly ran after the butterflies, the empire whereof belonged to his father. He sharpened his teeth with a slipper, washed his hands with his broth, combed his head with a bowl, sat down between two stools and came to the ground, covered himself with a wet sack, drank while eating his soup, ate his cake without bread, would bite in laughing, laugh in biting, hide himself in the water for fear of rain, go cross, fall into dumps, look demure, skin the fox, say the ape's *paternoster*, return to his sheep, turn the sows into the hay, beat the dog before the lion, put the cart before the horse, scratch where he did not itch, shoe the grasshopper, tickle himself to make himself laugh, know flies in milk, scrape paper, blur parchment, then run away, pull at the kid's leather, reckon without his host, beat the bushes without catching the birds, and thought that bladders were lanterns. He always looked a gift-horse in the mouth, hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall, and made a virtue of necessity. Every morning his father's puppies ate out of the dish with him, and he with them. He would bite their ears, and they would scratch his nose.

The good man Grangousier said to Gargantua's governesses: — "Philip, King of Macedon, knew the wit of his son Alexander,

by his skillful managing of a horse; for the said horse was so fierce and unruly that none durst adventure to ride him, because he gave a fall to all his riders, breaking the neck of this man, the leg of that, the brain of one, and the jawbone of another. This by Alexander being considered, one day in the hippodrome (which was a place appointed for the walking and running of horses) he perceived that the fury of the horse proceeded merely from the fear he had of his own shadow; whereupon, getting on his back he ran him against the sun, so that the shadow fell behind, and by that means tamed the horse and brought him to his hand. Whereby his father recognized the divine judgment that was in him, and caused him most carefully to be instructed by Aristotle, who at that time was highly renowned above all the philosophers of Greece. After the same manner I tell you, that as regards my son Gargantua, I know that his understanding doth participate of some divinity,—so keen, subtle, profound, and clear do I find him; and if he be well taught, he will attain to a sovereign degree of wisdom. Therefore will I commit him to some learned man, to have him indoctrinated according to his capacity, and will spare no cost."

Whereupon they appointed him a great sophister-doctor, called Maître Tubal Holophernes, who taught him his A B C so well that he could say it by heart backwards; and about this he was five years and three months. Then read he to him Donat, Facet, Theodolet, and Alanus *in parabolis*. About this he was thirteen years, six months, and two weeks. But you must remark that in the mean time he did learn to write in Gothic characters, and that he wrote all his books,—for the art of printing was not then in use. After that he read unto him the book 'De Modis Significandi,' with the commentaries of Hurtebise, of Fasquin, of Tropditeux, of Gaulehaut, of John le Veau, of Billonio, of Brelingandus, and a rabble of others; and herein he spent more than eighteen years and eleven months, and was so well versed in it that at the examination he would recite it by heart backwards, and did sometimes prove on his fingers to his mother *quod de modis significandi non erat scientia*. Then did he read to him the 'Compost,' on which he spent sixteen years and two months, and that justly at the time his said preceptor died, which was in the year one thousand four hundred and twenty. Afterwards he got another old fellow with a cough to teach him, named Maître Jobelin Bridé, who read unto him Hugutio, Hebrard's

'Grécisme,' the 'Doctrinal,' the 'Parts,' the 'Quid Est,' the 'Supplementum'; Marmotret 'De Moribus in Mensa Servandis'; Seneca 'De Quatuor Virtutibus Cardinalibus'; Passavantus 'Cum Commento' and 'Dormi Securé,' for the holidays; and some other of such-like stuff, by reading whereof he became as wise as any we have ever baked in an oven.

At the last his father perceived that indeed he studied hard, and that although he spent all his time in it, he did nevertheless profit nothing, but which is worse, grew thereby foolish, simple, doted, and blockish: whereof making a heavy regret to Don Philip des Marays, Viceroy of Papeligosse, he found that it were better for him to learn nothing at all than to be taught such-like books under such schoolmasters; because their knowledge was nothing but brutishness, and their wisdom but toys, bastardizing good and noble spirits and corrupting the flower of youth. "That it is so, take," said he, "any young boy of the present time, who hath only studied two years: if he have not a better judgment, a better discourse, and that expressed in better terms, than your son, with a completer carriage and civility to all manner of persons, account me forever a chawbacon of La Brène."

This pleased Grangousier very well, and he commanded that it should be done. At night at supper, the said Des Marays brought in a young page of his from Ville-gouges, called Eudemon, so well combed, so well dressed, so well brushed, so sweet in his behavior, that he resembled a little angel more than a human creature. Then he said to Grangousier, "Do you see this child? He is not as yet full twelve years old. Let us try, if it pleaseth you, what difference there is betwixt the knowledge of the doting dreamers of old time and the young lads that are now."

The trial pleased Grangousier, and he commanded the page to begin. Then Eudemon, asking leave of the viceroy, his master, so to do, with his cap in his hand, a clear and open countenance, ruddy lips, his eyes steady, and his looks fixed upon Gargantua, with a youthful modesty, stood up straight on his feet and began to commend and magnify him, first, for his virtue and good manners; secondly, for his knowledge; thirdly, for his nobility; fourthly, for his bodily beauty; and in the fifth place, sweetly exhorted him to reverence his father with all observancy, who was so careful to have him well brought up.

In the end he prayed him that he would vouchsafe to admit of him amongst the least of his servants; for other favor at that time desired he none of heaven, but that he might do him some grateful and acceptable service.

All this was by him delivered with gestures so proper, pronunciation so distinct, a voice so eloquent, language so well turned, and in such good Latin, that he seemed rather a Gracchus, a Cicero, an Æmilius of the time past, than a youth of his age. But all the countenance that Gargantua kept was, that he fell to crying like a cow, and cast down his face, hiding it with his cap; nor could they possibly draw one word from him. Whereat his father was so grievously vexed that he would have killed Maître Jobelin; but the said Des Marays withheld him from it by fair persuasions, so that at length he pacified his wrath. Then Grangousier commanded he should be paid his wages, that they should make him drink theologically, after which he was to go to all the devils. "At least," said he, "to-day shall it not cost his host much, if by chance he should die as drunk as an Englishman."

Maître Jobelin being gone out of the house, Grangousier consulted with the viceroy what tutor they should choose for Gargantua; and it was betwixt them resolved that Ponocrates, the tutor of Eudemon, should have the charge, and that they should all go together to Paris, to know what was the study of the young men of France at that time.

THE EDUCATION OF GARGANTUA

[The mare on which Gargantua rode to Paris was as big as six elephants: she was brought by sea in three corvettes and a brigantine. With the whisking of her tail she laid low a whole forest. Mounted on her, Gargantua was received with great admiration by the Parisians, who, says Rabelais, are more easily drawn together by a fiddler or a mule with bells than by an evangelical preacher,—a peculiarity which they still preserve. The young giant rewarded their admiration by carrying away the bells of Notre Dame to hang round the neck of his mare. To recover these bells the Parisians sent their most esteemed orator, Maître Janotus de Bragmardo, who came, like the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, duly preceded by three bedells, and followed by six Masters of Arts—Artless Masters, "Maistres Inerts," Rabelais calls them. His oration is a parody on the pretensions of the old-fashioned scholars, the ostentatious parade of bad Latin, and the learned discourses of doctors. The bells are restored and the orator rewarded. Then we leave the realms of

the miraculous and become human again. Gargantua ceases, except at intervals, to be a giant; and Rabelais develops—it is the best, the wisest, the most useful chapter of his book—his theory of what the education of a prince should be.]

PONOCRATES appointed that for the beginning, he should do as he had been accustomed; to the end he might understand by what means, for so long a time, his old masters had made him so foolish, simple, and ignorant. He disposed, therefore, of his time in such fashion that ordinarily he did awake between eight and nine o'clock, whether it was day or not; for so had his ancient governors ordained, alleging that which David saith, *Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere.* Then did he tumble and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up his vital spirits, and appareled himself according to the season; but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze, lined with fox fur. Afterwards he combed his head with the German comb, which is the four fingers and the thumb; for his preceptors said that to comb himself otherwise, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. Then to suppress the dew and bad air, he breakfasted on fair fried tripe, fair grilled meats, fair hams, fair hashed capon, and store of sippet brewis. Ponocrates showed him that he ought not to eat so soon after rising out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered: "What! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself? I rolled myself six or seven turns in my bed before I rose. Is not that enough? Pope Alexander did so, by the advice of a Jew, his physician; and lived till his dying day in despite of the envious. My first masters have used me to it, saying that breakfast makes a good memory; wherefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Maître Tubal, who was the first licentiate at Paris, told me that it is not everything to run a pace, but to set forth well betimes: so doth not the total welfare of our humanity depend upon perpetual drinking *atas, atas,* like ducks, but on drinking well in the morning; whence the verse—

"'To rise betimes is no good hour,
To drink betimes is better sure.'"

After he had thoroughly broken his fast, he went to church; and they carried for him, in a great basket, a huge breviary. There he heard six-and-twenty or thirty masses. This while, to

the same place came his sayer of hours, lapped up about the chin like a tufted whoop, and his breath perfumed with good store of syrup. With him he mumbled all his kyriels, which he so curiously picked that there fell not so much as one grain to the ground. As he went from the church, they brought him, upon a dray drawn by oxen, a heap of paternosters of Sanct Claude, every one of them being of the bigness of a hat-block; and thus walking through the cloisters, galleries, or garden, he said more in turning them over than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study for some paltry half-hour with his eyes fixed upon his book; but as the comic saith, his mind was in the kitchen. Then he sat down at table; and because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of hams, dried neats' tongues, mullet's roe, chitterlings, and such other forerunners of wine. In the meanwhile, four of his folks did cast into his mouth, one after another continually, mustard by whole shovelfuls. Immediately after that he drank a horrific draught of white wine for the ease of his kidneys. When that was done, he ate according to the season meat agreeable to his appetite, and then left off eating when he was like to crack for fulness. As for his drinking, he had neither end nor rule. For he was wont to say, that the limits and bounds of drinking were when the cork of the shoes of him that drinketh swelleth up half a foot high.

Then heavily mumbling a scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his teeth with the foot of a pig, and talked jovially with his attendants. Then the carpet being spread, they brought great store of cards, dice, and chessboards.

After having well played, reveled, passed and spent his time, it was proper to drink a little, and that was eleven goblets the man; and immediately after making good cheer again, he would stretch himself upon a fair bench, or a good large bed, and there sleep two or three hours together without thinking or speaking any hurt. After he was awakened he would shake his ears a little. In the mean time they brought him fresh wine. Then he drank better than ever. Ponocrates showed him that it was an ill diet to drink so after sleeping. "It is," answered Gargantua, "the very life of the Fathers; for naturally I sleep salt, and my sleep hath been to me instead of so much ham." Then began he to study a little, and the paternosters first, which the better and more formally to dispatch, he got up on an old mule which had

served nine kings; and so mumbling with his mouth, doddling his head, would go see a coney caught in a net. At his return he went into the kitchen, to know what roast meat was on the spit; and supped very well, upon my conscience, and commonly did invite some of his neighbors that were good drinkers; with whom carousing, they told stories of all sorts, from the old to the new. After supper were brought in upon the place the fair wooden gospels — that is to say, many pairs of tables and cards — with little small banquets, intermined with collations and reer-suppers. Then did he sleep without unbridling, until eight o'clock in the next morning.

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another kind; but for a while he bore with him, considering that nature does not endure sudden changes without great violence. Therefore, to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Maître Theodorus, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course. The said physician purged him canonically with Anticyran hellebore, by which medicine he cleansed all the alteration and perverse habitude of his brain. By this means also Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors. To do this better, they brought him into the company of learned men who were there, in emulation of whom a great desire and affection came to him to study otherwise, and to improve his parts. Afterwards he put himself into such a train of study that he lost not any hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge. Gargantua awaked then about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were rubbing him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter; and hereunto was appointed a young page born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to revere, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God whose word did show his majesty and marvelous judgments. Then his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. They then considered the face of the sky, if it was such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done, he was appareled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which

time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before. He himself said them by heart, and upon them grounded practical cases concerning the estate of man; which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours there was reading. This done, they went forth, still conferring of the substance of the reading, and disported themselves at ball, tennis, or the *pile trigone;* gallantly exercising their bodies, as before they had done their minds. All their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased; and that was commonly when they did sweat, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well dried and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently recite some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the mean time Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal there was read some pleasant history of ancient prowess, until he had taken his wine. Then if they thought good, they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at that table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of flesh, fish, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing. By means whereof, he learned in a little time all the passages that on these subjects are to be found in Pliny, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Ælian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things, many times, to be more the certain, they caused the very books to be brought to the table; and so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in that time there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning; and ending their repast with some conserve of quince, he washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some fine canticle, made in praise of the Divine bounty and munificence. This done, they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science; and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice: so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practice thereof, that

Tonstal the Englishman, who had written very largely of that purpose, confessed that verily in comparison of him he understood nothing but double Dutch; and not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, music. For while waiting for the digestion of his food, they made a thousand joyous instruments and geometrical figures, and at the same time practiced the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme, as it best pleased them. In matter of musical instruments, he learned to play the lute, the spinet, the harp, the German flute, the flute with nine holes, the violin, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, he betook himself to his principal study for three hours together, or more, as well to repeat his matutinal lectures as to proceed in the book wherein he was; as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters. This being done, they went out of their house, and with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his clothes, he mounted on any kind of a horse, which he made to bound in the air, to jump the ditch, to leap the palisade, and to turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolishness in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilts or in fight. A carpenter can do even as much. But it is a glorious and praiseworthy action with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies. Therefore with a sharp, strong, and stiff lance would he usually force a door, pierce a harness, uproot a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a saddle, with the mail-coat and gauntlet. All this he did in complete arms from head to foot. He was singularly skillful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground. He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle; for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-axe, which he so dexterously wielded that he was passed knight of arms in the field and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the back sword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed, unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target. Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow

deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, and the bustard. He played at the great ball, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot. He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, nor a hopping, nor yet at the German jump; "for," said Gymnast, "these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use:" but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, climb after this fashion up against a window, the height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his face, on his back, sidewise, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river Seine without wetting, and dragging along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulfs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in its course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the bulwarks, set the compass, tackled the bowlines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again. He climbed up trees like a cat, leaped from the one to the other like a squirrel. He did pull down the great boughs and branches, like another Milo: then with two sharp well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house like a rat; then suddenly come down from the top to the bottom, with such an even disposal of members that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practice the javelin, the boar-spear or partisan, and the halbert. He broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest cross-bows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, traversed the cannon; shot at the butts, at the papegay, before him, sidewise, and behind him, like the Parthians. They tied a cable-rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top; then came down again so sturdily and firmly that you could not on a plain meadow have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole fixed upon two trees.

There would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid rope with so great swiftness, that hardly could one overtake him with running.

Then to exercise his breast and lungs, he would shout like all the devils. I heard him once call Eudemon from the Porte St. Victor to Montmartre. Stentor never had such a voice at the siege of Troy.

Then for the strengthening of his nerves, they made him two great pigs of lead, each in weight 8,700 quintals. Those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them so without stirring three quarters of an hour or more, which was an inimitable force.

He fought at barriers with the stoutest; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet that he abandoned himself unto the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old,—in imitation of whom he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him.

The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, and refreshed with other clothes, they returned fair and softly; and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page called Rhizotomos had charge — together with hoes, picks, spuds, pruning-knives, and other instruments requisite for herbarizing. Being come to their lodging, whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which has been read, and then sat down at table. Here remark, that his dinner was sober and frugal, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach; but his supper was copious and large, for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him: which indeed is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic, although a rabble of fond physicians counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner as long as they thought good; the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After that they had given thanks, they set themselves to sing musically, and play upon harmonious instruments, or at those pretty sports made with

cards, dice, or cups,—thus made merry till it was time to go to bed; and sometimes they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travelers in strange countries. At full night they went unto the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, oppositions, and conjunctions of the stars.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done, and understood in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, falling down before him, and strengthening their faith towards him, and glorifying him for his boundless bounty; and giving thanks unto him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to his Divine clemency for the future. Which being done, they entered upon their repose.

If it happened that the weather were rainy and inclement, the forenoon was employed according to custom, except that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air. But after dinner, instead of their wonted exercitations, they did abide within, and by way of Apotherapie, did recreate themselves in bottling hay, in cleaving and sawing wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn.

Then they studied the art of painting or carving; or brought into use the antique game of knucklebones, as Leonicus hath written of it, and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. While playing, they examined the passages of ancient authors wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it.

They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance: they went to see the lapidaries, the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones, the alchemists, coiners of money, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watchmakers, looking-glass-makers, printers, organists, dyers, and other such kind of artificers; and everywhere giving them wine, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trades.

They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn Acts, the repetitions, the declamations, the pleadings of the gentle lawyers, and sermons of evangelical preachers.

He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters of all weapons, and showed them by experience that he knew as much in it as, yea, more

than they. And instead of herbarizing, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, and strange unguents, as also how they did compound them.

He went to see jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quack-salvers, and considered their cunning, their shifts, their summersaults, and their smooth tongues; especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and brave gibers of fibs, in manner of green apes.

At their return they did eat more soberly at supper than at other times, and meats more desiccative and extenuating; to the end that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinity, might by this means be corrected, and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise.

Thus was Gargantua governed; and kept on in this course of education, from day to day profiting, as you may understand such a young man of good sense, with such discipline so continued, may do. Which, although at the beginning it seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless, Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intention of spirit, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day, to go out of the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charenton-bridge, or to Vanves, or St. Cloud, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised; sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crayfish. But though that day was passed without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for in the said meadows they repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's 'Agriculture,' of Hesiod, and of Politian's 'Husbandry'; would set abroach some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into rondeaux and ballades in the French language. In their feasting they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed — as Cato teacheth, De re rustica, and Pliny — with an ivy cup; would wash the wine in a basin full of water, and take it out again with a funnel; would make the water go from one glass to another, and would contrive little automatic engines,— that is to say, machines moving of themselves.

THE ABBEY OF THELEMA

THERE was left only the monk to provide for; whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seuillé, but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent which was better, or both if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. "For how shall I be able," said he, "to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you, any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy." The motion pleased Gargantua very well; who thereupon offered him all the country of Thelema by the river Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Huaut. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others.

"First, then," said Gargantua, "you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about."

Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world whereof the custom is, if any women come in,—I mean honorable and honest women,—they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon; therefore was it ordained that if any man or woman, entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed.

And because in other monasteries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities, and incident occasions, all their works should be disposed of;—"for," said Gargantua, "the greatest loss of time that I know is to count the hours. What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater folly in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion."

Item, Because at that time they put no women into nunneries but such as were either one-eyed, lame, humpbacked, ill-favored, misshapen, foolish, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt; nor encloistered any men but those that were either sickly, ill-bred, clownish, and the trouble of the house:—

("Apropos," said the monk,—"a woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she?" "To make a nun of," said Gargantua. "Yea," said the monk, "and to make shirts.")

Therefore, Gargantua said, was it ordained, that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and also of a sweet disposition.

Item, Because in the convents of women men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth: it was therefore enacted that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

Item, Because both men and women that are received into religious orders after the year of their novitiate were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life: it was ordered that all of whatever kind, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

Item, For that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows,—to wit, those of chastity, poverty, and obedience: it was therefore constituted and appointed that in this convent they might be honorably married, that they might be rich, and live at liberty. In regard to the legitimate age, the women were to be admitted from ten till fifteen, and the men from twelve till eighteen.

For the fabric and furniture of the abbey, Gargantua caused to be delivered out in ready money twenty-seven hundred thousand eight hundred and one-and-thirty of those long-wooled rams; and for every year until the whole work was completed he allotted threescore nine thousand gold crowns, and as many of the seven stars, to be charged all upon the receipt of the river Dive. For the foundation and maintenance thereof he settled in perpetuity three-and-twenty hundred threescore and nine thousand five hundred and fourteen rose nobles, taxes exempted from all in landed rents, and payable every year at the gate of the abbey; and for this gave them fair letters patent.

The building was hexagonal, and in such a fashion that in every one of the six corners there was built a great round tower, sixty paces in diameter, and were all of a like form and bigness. Upon the north side ran the river Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic. Going towards the

east there was another called Calær, the next following Anatole, the next Mesembrine, the next Hesperia, and the last Criere. Between each two towers was the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole edifice was built in six stories, reckoning the cellars underground for one. The second was vaulted after the fashion of a basket-handle; the rest were coated with Flanders plaster, in the form of a lamp foot. It was roofed with fine slates of lead, carrying figures of baskets and animals; the ridge gilt, together with the gutters, which issued without the wall between the windows, painted diagonally in gold and blue down to the ground, where they ended in great canals, which carried away the water below the house into the river.

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonivet; for there were in it nine thousand three hundred and two-and-thirty chambers, every one whereof had a withdrawing-room, a closet, a wardrobe, a chapel, and a passage into a great hall. Between every tower, in the midst of the said body of building, there was a winding stair, whereof the steps were part of porphyry, which is a dark-red marble spotted with white, part of Numidian stone, and part of serpentine marble; each of those steps being two-and-twenty feet in length and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every landing-place. On every landing were two fair antique arcades where the light came in; and by those they went into a cabinet, made even with, and of the breadth of the said winding, and they mounted above the roof and ended in a pavilion. By this winding they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls into the chambers. From the Arctic tower unto the Criere were fair great libraries in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish, respectively distributed on different stories, according to their languages. In the midst there was a wonderful winding stair, the entry whereof was without the house, in an arch six fathoms broad. It was made in such symmetry and largeness that six men-at-arms, lance on thigh, might ride abreast all up to the very top of all the palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were fair great galleries, all painted with the ancient prowess, histories, and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another ascent and gate as we said there was on the river-side.

In the middle of the lower court there was a stately fountain of fair alabaster. Upon the top thereof stood the three Graces, with horns of abundance, and did jet out the water at their breasts, mouth, ears, and eyes. The inside of the buildings in this lower court stood upon great pillars of Cassydonian stone, and porphyry in fair ancient arches. Within these were spacious galleries, long and large, adorned with curious pictures — the horns of bucks and unicorns; of the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus; the teeth and tusks of elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodging of the ladies took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mesembrine. The men possessed the rest. Before the said lodging of the ladies, that they might have their recreation, between the two first towers, on the outside, were placed the tilt-yard, the hippodrome, the theatre, the swimming-bath, with most admirable baths in three stages, well furnished with all necessary accommodation, and store of myrtle-water. By the river-side was the fair garden of pleasure, and in the midst of that a fair labyrinth. Between the two other towers were the tennis and fives courts. Towards the tower Criere stood the orchard full of all fruit-trees, set and ranged in a quincunx. At the end of that was the great park, abounding with all sort of game. Betwixt the third couple of towers were the butts for arquebus, crossbow, and arbalist. The stables were beyond the offices, and before them stood the falconry, managed by falconers very expert in the art; and it was yearly supplied by the Candians, Venetians, Sarmatians, with all sorts of excellent birds, eagles, gerfalcons, goshawks, falcons, sparrow-hawks, merlins, and other kinds of them, so gentle and perfectly well trained that, flying from the castle for their own disport, they would not fail to catch whatever they encountered. The venery was a little further off, drawing towards the park.

All the halls, chambers, and cabinets were hung with tapestry of divers sorts, according to the seasons of the year. All the pavements were covered with green cloth. The beds were embroidered. In every back chamber there was a looking-glass of pure crystal, set in a frame of fine gold garnished with pearls, and of such greatness that it would represent to the full the whole person. At the going out of the halls belonging to the ladies' lodgings were the perfumers and hair-dressers, through whose hands the gallants passed when they were to visit the

ladies. These did every morning furnish the ladies chambers with rose-water, musk, and angelica; and to each of them gave a little smelling-bottle breathing the choicest aromatical scents.

The ladies on the foundation of this order were appareled after their own pleasure and liking. But since, of their own free will, they were reformed in manner as followeth:—

They wore stockings of scarlet which reached just three inches above the knee, having the border beautified with embroideries and trimming. Their garters were of the color of their bracelets, and circled the knee both over and under. Their shoes and slippers were either of red, violet, or crimson velvet, cut *à barbe d'écrévisse.*

Next to their smock they put on a fair corset of pure silk camblet; above that went the petticoat of white, red tawny, or gray taffety. Above this was the *cotte* in cloth of silver, with needlework either (according to the temperature and disposition of the weather) of satin, damask, velvet, orange, tawny, green, ash-colored, blue, yellow, crimson, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, or some other choice stuff, according to the day.

Their gowns, correspondent to the season, were either of cloth of gold with silver edging, of red satin covered with gold purl, of taffety, white, blue, black, or tawny, of silk serge, silk camblet, velvet, cloth of silver, silver tissue, cloth of gold, velvet, or figured satin with golden threads.

In the summer, some days, instead of gowns, they wore fair mantles of the above-named stuff, or capes of violet velvet with edging of gold, or with knotted cordwork of gold embroidery, garnished with little Indian pearls. They always carried a fair plume of feathers, of the color of their muff, bravely adorned with spangles of gold. In the winter-time they had their taffety gowns of all colors, as above named, and those lined with the rich furrings of wolves, weasels, Calabrian martlet, sables, and other costly furs. Their beads, rings, bracelets, and collars were of precious stones, such as carbuncles, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, turquoises, garnets, agates, beryls, and pearls.

Their head-dressing varied with the season of the year. In winter it was of the French fashion; in the spring of the Spanish; in summer of the fashion of Tuscany, except only upon the holy-days and Sundays, at which times they were accoutred in the French mode, because they accounted it more honorable, better befitting the modesty of a matron.

The men were appareled after their fashion. Their stockings were of worsted or of serge, of white, black, or scarlet. Their breeches were of velvet, of the same color with their stockings, or very near, embroidered and cut according to their fancy. Their doublet was of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, velvet, satin, damask, or taffety, of the same colors, cut, embroidered, and trimmed up in the same manner. The points were of silk of the same colors, the tags were of gold enameled. Their coats and jerkins were of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, gold tissue, or velvet embroidered, as they thought fit. Their gowns were every whit as costly as those of the ladies. Their girdles were of silk, of the color of their doublets. Every one had a gallant sword by his side, the hilt and handle whereof were gilt, and the scabbard of velvet, of the color of his breeches, the end in gold, and goldsmith's work. The dagger of the same. Their caps were of black velvet, adorned with jewels and buttons of gold. Upon that they wore a white plume, most prettily and minion-like parted by so many rows of gold spangles, at the end whereof hung dangling fair rubies, emeralds, etc.

But so great was the sympathy between the gallants and the ladies, that every day they were appareled in the same livery. And that they might not miss, there were certain gentlemen appointed to tell the youths every morning what colors the ladies would on that day wear; for all was done according to the pleasure of the ladies. In these so handsome clothes, and habiliments so rich, think not that either one or other of either sex did waste any time at all; for the masters of the wardrobes had all their raiments and apparel so ready for every morning, and the chamber-ladies were so well skilled, that in a trice they would be dressed, and completely in their clothes from head to foot. And to have these accoutrements with the more conveniency, there was about the wood of Thelema a row of houses half a league long, very neat and cleanly, wherein dwelt the goldsmiths, lapidaries, embroiderers, tailors, gold-drawers, velvet-weavers, tapestry-makers, and upholsterers, who wrought there every one in his own trade, and all for the aforesaid friars and nuns. They were furnished with matter and stuff from the hands of Lord Nausiclete, who every year brought them seven ships from the Perlas and Cannibal Islands, laden with ingots of gold, with raw silk, with pearls and precious stones. And if any pearls began to grow old, and lose somewhat of their natural whiteness and lus-

tre, those by their art they did renew by tendering them to cocks to be eaten, as they used to give casting unto hawks.

All their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good; they did eat, drink, labor, sleep, when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did constrain them to eat, drink, nor do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed:—

FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS

Because men that are free, well born, well bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions and withdraws them from vice, which is called honor. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break the bond of servitude; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied.

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation: to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say, "Let us drink," they would all drink. If any one of them said, "Let us play," they all played. If one said, "Let us go for our delight into the fields," they went all. If it were to go a-hawking or a-hunting, the ladies, mounted upon well-paced nags, carried on their lovely fists (miniardly begloved every one of them) either a sparrow-hawk, or a laneret, or a merlin, and the gallants carried the other kinds of birds. So nobly were they taught, that there was not one amongst them but could read, write, sing, play upon musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen knights so valiant, so noble and worthy, so dexterous and skillful both on foot and a-horseback, more active, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons, than were there. Never were seen ladies so proper, so miniard, less forward, or more ready with hand and needle in every honest and free action belonging to that sex, than were there.

For this reason, when the time came that any man of the said abbey, either at the request of his parents or for some other cause, had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies,—namely, her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress,—and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Thelema lived in devotion and amity, much more did they continue therein in the state of matrimony; and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigor and fervency than at the very day of their wedding.

All the foregoing citations are made from 'Readings from Rabelais,' by Walter Besant

JEAN BAPTISTE RACINE.

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JEAN RACINE

(1639–1699)

BY FREDERICK MORRIS WARREN

By the time French classical tragedy had reached Racine, in its development from the Latin drama of Seneca, its form and style had become definitely fixed. Like its Latin progenitor it consisted of five acts, subdivided into scenes; was written in long lines,—the Alexandrine verse of twelve syllables,—and observed in its stage setting and the duration of its action the unities of place and time. But in the process of assimilation to modern requirements the chorus of the ancients had been dropped, their monologues had been shortened and subjected to interruptions by the theatrical device of confidants, and Seneca's lyricism had been given a stronger admixture of the dramatic element, by the pressure of audiences which had been trained to the action and episodes of the old miracle plays. All the questions of scenic art which had been agitated for four generations, and from which Corneille's early years were not exempt, were settled before Racine began. He had only to take his structure as he found it, and fill it in with such material as would be in harmony with the French conception of tragedy.

Racine was genius enough to make a place for himself, while conforming to these limitations. Corneille had produced his dramatic effects by opposing the passion of love to some general conception of duty, honor, or patriotism. His plays treat these topics subjectively, didactically. They abound in maxims. Their characters are ideal, perhaps. Their heroes often win attention away from the heroines. Racine's method is different. He belongs to another, a new generation, inspired by a different spirit. Instead of being general, his treatment is individual. His themes relate to private life, not public. He is objective, studying humanity around him. He indulges rarely in abstract ideas. If we might apply a modern term to him we might call him realistic. Certainly he stood, as did Molière, in the eyes of his contemporaries, for a close adherence to the plain facts of existence. And in the judgment of the eighteenth century Racine was «natural.»

Furthermore he worked from within outward. It is an analysis of character which he aims at, or rather a study of the effects of some

passion — almost always love, or its concomitant emotions of jealousy, hatred, revenge, or remorse, rarely ambition or bigotry — on the human heart, with the actions that result from it. The dramatic solution in Racine is obtained by the clash of such passions. In other words, Racine's situations are brought about by his characters, whereas with Corneille it was the situations which produced the characters. And it so happens, whether from the very nature of things or from a fixed purpose, that most of Racine's characters are women. Few of his men can support comparison with them.

Racine's career shows an impulsive temperament, — the temperament of a poet. He was born at the small town of La Ferté-Milon, some distance to the northeast of Paris, on December 21st, 1639. His Christian name, Jean, was in the family. His parents dying before he was three years old, he fell to the care of his relatives, who sent him to the college at Beauvais. Leaving this institution at the age of sixteen, he entered the Jansenist school at Port Royal, where he imbibed that love for the Greek poets which was to manifest itself so vigorously in his later works. The foundations of an ardent piety were evidently laid here also, though they were to be hidden many years by other interests and occupations. On leaving Port Royal in 1658, and entering Harcourt College at Paris, to receive his final training, Racine, with his literary instincts and his capacity for enjoying life, was quickly admitted to a pleasure-loving set of authors and amateurs, of whom La Fontaine the fabulist was one. Encouraged by them, he threw himself into poetry, and in 1660 attracted public attention and royal munificence by an ode, 'The Nymph of the Seine,' written on the occasion of Louis XIV.'s marriage. His devout family connections, alarmed for his salvation, rusticated him to the south of France, where he was to study for orders. But in 1663 this experiment was abandoned. Racine returned to Paris, met La Fontaine again, formed acquaintance with Boileau and Molière, and under their sanction began his theatrical career.

After one unsuccessful venture, his 'Thébaïde' (1664) was played by Molière's company. It was followed the next season by 'Alexandre.' Both of these dramas reflect the ideas of older authors, particularly Corneille. But in 1667, with 'Andromaque,' a delineation of maternal love in conflict with a widow's fidelity, set off by the love and jealousy of suitors and rivals, Racine found his peculiar and lasting manner. The enthusiasm aroused by the psychological analyses of 'Andromaque' had been exceeded in Paris only by the delight occasioned by the romantic declamations of 'The Cid.' He next tried a comedy of an Aristophanic bent, 'The Pleaders' (1668), a satire of legal procedure. But this was Racine's sole deviation from the tragic path. 'Britannicus' (1669), on the imperiousness of

Agrippina and the baseness of Nero; 'Bérénice' (1670), the idyl of the Jewish princess forsaken by her lover Titus, for reasons of State; 'Bajazet' (1672), the vengeance of a queen on her rival and faithless lover; 'Mithridate' (1673), the Oriental despot, the enemy of Rome, disputing a girl's heart with his own son; 'Iphigénie' (1674), a mother's love, oblivious of all but the object of its passion, contrasted with filial affection and obedience,—all these pictures of the heart of woman were summed up, reached their culmination, in the love, shame, jealousy, revenge, and remorse which the poet imagined in the story of 'Phèdre' (1677). The great parts in Racine were for the heroines. The heroes rarely attained the level of being even counterpoises.

A literary cabal in favor of the rhymester Pradon prevented the immediate success of 'Phèdre'; and this circumstance, coupled with his reviving devotion, led Racine to renounce the stage and its surroundings. He was made historiographer of the King, married, and divided his time between his family and the court. But the old fire was only smoldering within him. It burst forth into new and brighter flame when at the summons of Madame de Maintenon a religious drama was demanded for the girls' school at St. Cyr. The fusion of Racine's piety with the gratification of his poetic ideals was now possible; and 'Esther' (1689), a Scriptural idyl built on the model of French tragedy, with the addition of the lyric choruses of the Greeks, displayed his talent at its best. Another sacred tragedy with choruses, 'Athalie' (1691), was lost to Racine's contemporaries by doubts about the wisdom of schoolgirls acting. The remainder of our author's life was passed in the exercise of his official duties, in the composition of religious hymns, and the penning of biting epigrams ridiculing the playwrights of the time. He died the last year of the century, on April 26th.

The first part of Racine's dramatic work, from 'Andromaque' to 'Phèdre,' being strictly within the canons of French classical tragedy, calls for no further mention. But the second part, though consisting of but two plays, drawn from sacred sources, presents certain novelties. The addition of the choruses, imitated as they evidently were from Greek models, suggests that French tragedy, in its conflict with its rival the opera, would not be above borrowing some of that rival's attractions. Besides, 'Athalie,' which is regarded by many as the best example of French tragedy, takes certain liberties with the scenery and the number of persons in evidence on the stage; and this points to a modification, an enlarging, of the scope of the traditional play.

'Athalie' is also to be noticed for its plot. The element of love does not enter into it. It is the strife of an unscrupulous, ambitious,

yet fluctuating woman with the direct and persevering enthusiasm of a strong man who summons the miraculous to his aid. For these divergences from the ordinary run, and for its intrinsic excellence, 'Athalie' was the constant preoccupation of French dramatists down to the reaction in the nineteenth century against all tragedy, classical or romantic. It powerfully aided in confirming Racine in the supremacy which his method, his psychology, his measured language and harmonious versification, had combined in awarding to him. The subsequent history of French tragedy is hardly more than a commentary on Racine.

The best edition of Racine's complete works is published at Paris by Hachette et Cie., in the series of 'Les Grands Écrivains' (8 vols., 8vo). It is edited by Paul Mesnard. Nearly every French critic has written on Racine, but F. Brunetière's chapters (Lectures 5 and 7) in his 'Époques du Théâtre Français' (Paris, 1892), and G. Lanson's comments in his 'Histoire de la Littérature Française' (Paris, 1895), pages 532–547, are especially valuable.

C. M. Warren.

THE RIVALS

From 'Bajazet'

Scene: The private apartments of Bajazet *at Byzantium. Present:* Roxana, Bajazet, Atalide, Zara.

ROXANA — Come, Bajazet, 'tis time to show yourself,
That all the court may recognize its master:
All that these walls contain, many in number,
Gathered by my command, await my wishes.
My slaves (the rest will follow where they lead)
Are the first subjects that my love allots you.
[*To Atalide*] —
This sudden change from wrath to milder mood
May well surprise you, madam. For, but now,
Determined to take vengeance on a traitor,
I swore he should not see another day;
Yet almost ere he spoke my heart relented:
'Twas love imposed that oath, and love revokes it.
Reading deep passion in his wild distraction,
His pardon I pronounced, and trust his promise.

Bajazet— Yes, I have promised, and my word is pledged
Ne'er to forget all that to you I owe:
Have I not sworn that constant care and kindness
Shall duly pay my debt of gratitude?
If on these terms your favor I may claim,
I go to wait the harvest of your bounty. [*Exit.*

Roxana— Heavens! What amazement strikes me at this moment!
Is it a dream? and have mine eyes deceived me?
What mean these frigid words, this sombre greeting,
Which seems to cancel all that passed between us?
What hope does he imagine mine, for which
I banished my resentment, and restored him
To favor? He, methought, swore that his heart
Would own me mistress to his dying day.
Does he repent already of the peace
That we had signed? Was I just now deluded?
But was he not conversing with you, madam?
What did he say?

Atalide— To me? He loves you always.

Roxana— His life at least depends on my belief
That it is so. But tell me, pray, when joy
Should triumph, how can you explain the gloom
That settled on his features as he left me?

Atalide— Madam, I saw no cloud upon his brow.
Oft has he told me of your gracious kindness,
And he just now was full of it; at parting
He seemed to me the same as when he entered.
But be that as it may, need it surprise you
That on the eve of such important issues
He should be troubled, and some signs escape him
Of anxious thoughts that on his mind intrude?

Roxana— Such plausible excuses do you credit
For skill that pleads on his behalf more fairly
Than he could do himself.

Atalide— What other cause—

Roxana— Enough! I read your motive, madam, better
Than you suppose. Leave me, for I would be
Alone a little while. I too am troubled,
And anxious cares are mine as well as his,
To which I owe a moment's thought in secret. . . .

Roxana— How must I construe all that I have seen?
Are they in league together to deceive me?
Wherefore this change, those words, that quick departure?
Did I not catch a glance that passed between them?

Were they not both struck with embarrassment?
Ah! why has Heaven doomed me to this affront?
Is this the fruit of all my blind affection?
So many painful days and sleepless nights,
Plots and intrigues, treason too deep for pardon!
And shall they all turn to a rival's profit?
But yet, too ready to torment myself,
I may too closely scan a passing cloud,
And take for passion what is mere caprice.
Surely he would have carried to the end
His wiles; and in full prospect of success,
He could have feigned at least a moment longer.
Love, uncontrolled by reason, quakes at shadows:
Let me take courage. Why should Atalide
Be dreaded as my rival? What has he
To thank her for? To which of us to-day
Owes he the sceptre?
But too well I know
Love is a tyrant; and if other charms
Attract, what matter crowns, or life itself?
Can benefits outweigh the heart's attachment?
I need but search mine own. Did gratitude
Constrain me to his brother, when this wretch
Bewitched me? Ah! if other tie were absent,
Would the idea of marriage so alarm him?
He gladly would have seconded my wishes,
And not have braved destruction by refusal.
Just cause —
But some one comes to speak with me.
What can she want?

Enter Fatima

Fatima — Forgive me this intrusion:
But there is come a courier from the army;
And though the seaward gate was shut, the guards,
On bended knees, without delay unlocked it
To orders from the Sultan, to yourself
Addressed, — and strange to say, 'tis Orcan brings them.
Roxana — Orcan!
Fatima — Yes, he; of all the Sultan's slaves
The one most trusted for his faithful service,
Blackest of those whom Afric's sun has scorched.
Madam, he asks impatiently for you:

I thought it best to give you timely notice,
And lest you should be taken by surprise,
I have detained him in your own apartments.
Roxana — What new disaster comes to overwhelm me?
What can his bidding be? What my reply?
Doubtless the Sultan, in his mind perturbed,
Has Bajazet condemned a second time.
Without my sanction none will dare to take
His life; for all obey me here. But ought I
To shield him? Bajazet or Amurath —
Which claims allegiance? One have I betrayed;
The other may be false to me. Time presses;
I must resolve this fatal doubt, nor let
The precious moments pass. Love, when most cautious,
Cannot conceal its secret inclination.
I will watch Bajazet and Atalide:
Then crown the lover, or destroy the traitor.

Translation of R. B. Boswell.

THE APPEAL OF ANDROMACHE

From 'Andromaque'

Scene: The palace of Pyrrhus, at Buthrotum in Epirus. Present: Andromache, Hermione, Cleone, Cephissa.

ANDROMACHE [*to Hermione*] —
Why fly you, madam? Is it not a sight
To please you, Hector's widow at your knees,
Weeping? But not with tears of jealousy
I come, nor do I envy you the heart
Surrendered to your charms. A cruel hand
Robbed me of him whom only I admired.
Love's flame was lit by Hector long ago,
With him it was extinguished in the tomb.
But he has left a son. Some day you'll know
How closely to one's heart a son can cling;
But you will never know, I wish it not,
How keen the pang when danger threatens him,
And they would take him from you,— all that's left
To soothe a blighted heart. Ah, when worn out
With ten long years of woe, the Trojans sought
Your mother's life, on Hector I prevailed

To succor her. O'er Pyrrhus you have power
As I had then o'er Hector. Can they dread
The infant he has left? Him let me hide
In some far distant isle. And they may trust
My fears to keep him there, taught but to weep
With me.

Hermione— I feel for you, but duty holds
My tongue tied, when my sire declares his will:
It is by him that Pyrrhus's wrath is stirred.
But who can bend him better than yourself?
His soul has long been subject to your eyes:
Make him pronounce the word, and I'll consent.

Andromache—
How scornfully did she refuse my prayer!

Cephissa— Accept her counsel. See him, as she says;
One look of yours may Greece and her confound—
But look, he seeks you of his own accord.

Enter Pyrrhus *and* Phœnix

Pyrrhus [*to Phœnix*]—
Where is the princess? Said you not that she
Was here?

Phœnix— I thought so.

Andromache [*to Cephissa*]— Now you see what power
My eyes have over him!

Pyrrhus— What says she?

Andromache— All
Is lost!

Phœnix— Hermione is gone, and we
Will follow.

Cephissa— Speak! Why obstinately dumb?

Andromache—
Has he not promised them my child?

Cephissa— But not
Given him up.

Andromache— Vain are my tears,—his death
Is certain.

Pyrrhus— How her pride disdains to look
My way!

Andromache— I should but irritate him more.
Let us retire.

Pyrrhus— Come, Hector's son shall be
Yielded to Greece.

Andromache [*throwing herself at his feet*]—
Stop, sire. What will you do?
Give up the son? Why not the mother, then?
Where is the kindness that you swore to me
So lately? Can I touch no chord at least
Of pity? Does this sentence bar all hope
Of pardon?
Pyrrhus— Phœnix knows my word is pledged.
Andromache—
No dangers were too great for you to brave
On my behalf!
Pyrrhus— Blind then, I now can see.
Your wishes might have won his pardon once;
You ne'er so much as asked it. Now you come
Too late.
Andromache— Full well you understood, my lord,
The sigh that feared repulse. Forgive the trace
Of pride, that died not with my royal rank,
And made me shrink from importunity.
My lord, you know, had it not been for you,
Andromache would never have embraced
A master's knees.
Pyrrhus— No, in your secret soul
You hate me, scorn to owe me anything.
This son, the only object of your care,—
You would have loved him less, had he been saved
Through me. You hate me with a bitter scorn,
And worse than all the other Greeks combined.
Enjoy at leisure such a noble rage.
Come, Phœnix.
Andromache— I will go where Hector's gone.
Cephissa— Madam—
Andromache— What further can I say to him?
The author of my woes, he knows them all.
[*To Pyrrhus*]—
See to what state you have reduced me, sire!
I've seen my father slain, our walls enwrapt
In flames, and all our family cut off,
My husband's bloody corpse dragged through the dust,
His only son reserved for chains with me.
For his sake I endure to live a slave.
Yea, more, this thought has sometimes brought relief,—
That fate has fixed my place of exile here;
The son of many kings beneath your sway

Is happier as a slave than he could be
Elsewhere, and I had hoped his prison walls
Might be a place of refuge. Priam found
Achilles could respect his fallen state:
I thought his son more generous still. That trust,
My Hector, pardon, when I deemed thy foe
Too noble to commit a dastard's crime!
Ah, had he but allowed us to abide
Where for thine ashes I had raised a tomb,
And ending there his hatred and our woes,
Parted us not from thy beloved remains!

Pyrrhus— Go and await me, Phœnix.—
Madam, stay.
Your tears may yet win back this cherished son.
Yes, I regret that, moving you to weep,
I armed you with a weapon 'gainst myself;
I thought I could have brought more hatred here.
You might at least consent to look at me:
See, are my eyes those of an angry judge,
Whose pleasure 'tis to cause you misery?
Why force me to be faithless to yourself?
Now for your son's sake let us cease to hate.
'Tis I who urge you, Save the child from death.
Must sighs of mine beg you to spare his life?
And must I clasp your knees to plead for him?
Once more, but once,—Save him and save yourself.
I know what solemn vows for you I break,
What hatred I bring down upon myself.
Hermione shall go, and on her brow
For crown I set a burning brand of shame;
And in the fane decked for her marriage rites
Her royal diadem yourself shall wear.
This offer, lady, is no longer one
You can afford to scorn. Perish or reign!
A year's contempt has made me desperate,
Nor can I any longer live in doubt,
Harassed by fears and mingling threats with groans.
To lose you is to die,—'tis death to wait.
I leave you to consider, and will come
To bring you to the temple where this child
My fury shall destroy before your eyes,
Or where in love I crown you as my queen.

THE CONFESSION OF PHÆDRA

From 'Phèdre'

Scene: The palace at Trœzen, in the Peloponnesus. Present: Phædra, Hippolytus, Œnone.

PHÆDRA [*to Œnone*] — There I see him!
My blood forgets to flow, my tongue to speak
What I am come to say.
Œnone — Think of your son,
How all his hopes depend on you.
Phædra — I hear
You leave us and in haste. I come to add
My tears to your distress, and for a son
Plead my alarm. No more has he a father,
And at no distant day my son must witness
My death. Already do a thousand foes
Threaten his youth. You only can defend him.
But in my secret heart remorse awakes,
And fear lest I have shut your ears against
His cries. I tremble lest your righteous anger
Visit on him ere long the hatred earned
By me, his mother.
Hippolytus — No such base resentment,
Madam, is mine.
Phædra — I could not blame you, prince,
If you should hate me. I have injured you:
So much you know, but could not read my heart.
T' incur your enmity has been mine aim:
The selfsame borders could not hold us both;
In public and in private I declared
Myself your foe, and found no peace till seas
Parted us from each other. I forbade
Your very name to be pronounced before me.
And yet if punishment should be proportioned
To the offense, if only hatred draws
Your hatred, never woman merited
More pity, less deserved your enmity.
Hippolytus — A mother jealous of her children's rights
Seldom forgives the offspring of a wife
Who reigned before her. Harassing suspicions
Are common sequels of a second marriage.
Of me would any other have been jealous
No less than you, perhaps more violent.

Phædra— Ah, prince, how Heaven has from the general law
Made me exempt, be that same Heaven witness!
Far different is the trouble that devours me!
Hippolytus— This is no time for self-reproaches, madam.
It may be that your husband still beholds
The light, and Heaven may grant him safe return,
In answer to our prayers. His guardian god
Is Neptune, ne'er by him invoked in vain.
Phædra— He who has seen the mansions of the dead
Returns not thence. Since to those gloomy shores
Theseus is gone, 'tis vain to hope that Heaven
May send him back. Prince, there is no release
From Acheron's greedy maw. And yet, methinks,
He lives and breathes in you. I see him still
Before me, and to him I seem to speak;
My heart—
Oh, I am mad! Do what I will,
I cannot hide my passion.
Hippolytus— Yes, I see
The strange effects of love. Theseus, though dead,
Seems present to your eyes, for in your soul
There burns a constant flame.
Phædra— Ah, yes, for Theseus
I languish and I long; not as the Shades
Have seen him, of a thousand different forms
The fickle lover, and of Pluto's bride
The would-be ravisher, but faithful, proud
E'en to a slight disdain, with youthful charms
Attracting every heart, as gods are painted,
Or like yourself. He had your mien, your eyes,
Spoke and could blush like you, when to the isle
Of Crete, my childhood's home, he crossed the waves,
Worthy to win the love of Minos's daughters.
What were you doing then? Why did he gather
The flower of Greece, and leave Hippolytus?
Oh, why were you too young to have embarked
On board the ship that brought thy sire to Crete?
At your hands would the monster then have perished,
Despite the windings of his vast retreat.
To guide your doubtful steps within the maze
My sister would have armed you with the clue.
But no, therein would Phædra have forestalled her.
Love would have first inspired me with the thought
And I it would have been whose timely aid

Had taught you all the labyrinth's crooked ways.
What anxious care a life so dear had cost me!
No thread had satisfied your lover's fears:
I would myself have wished to lead the way,
And share the peril you were bound to face;
Phædra with you would have explored the maze,
With you emerged in safety or have perished.

Hippolytus—Gods! What is this I hear? Have you forgotten
That Theseus is my father and your husband?

Phædra— Why should you fancy I have lost remembrance
Thereof, and am regardless of mine honor?

Hippolytus—Forgive me, madam. With a blush I own
That I misconstrued words of innocence.
For very shame I cannot bear your sight
Longer. I go—

Phædra— Ah! cruel prince, too well
You understood me. I have said enough
To save you from mistake. I love. But think not
That at the moment when I love you most
I do not feel my guilt; no weak compliance
Has fed the poison that infects my brain.
The ill-starred object of celestial vengeance,
I am not so detestable to you
As to myself. The gods will bear me witness,
Who have within my veins kindled this fire;
The gods, who take a barbarous delight
In leading a poor mortal's heart astray.
Do you yourself recall to mind the past:
'Twas not enough for me to fly,—I chased you
Out of the country, wishing to appear
Inhuman, odious; to resist you better,
I sought to make you hate me. All in vain!
Hating me more, I loved you none the less:
New charms were lent to you by your misfortunes.
I have been drowned in tears, and scorched by fire;
Your own eyes might convince you of the truth,
If for one moment you could look at me.
What is't I say? Think you this vile confession
That I have made is what I meant to utter?
Not daring to betray a son for whom
I trembled, 'twas to beg you not to hate him
I came. Weak purpose of a heart too full
Of love for you to speak of aught besides!
Take your revenge, punish my odious passion;

Prove yourself worthy of your valiant sire,
And rid the world of an offensive monster!
Does Theseus's widow dare to love his son?
The frightful monster! Let her not escape you!
Here is my heart. This is the place to strike.
Already prompt to expiate its guilt,
I feel it leap impatiently to meet
Your arm. Strike home. Or if it would disgrace you
To steep your hand in such polluted blood,
If that were punishment too mild to slake
Your hatred, lend me then your sword, if not
Your arm. Quick, give 't.

Œnone— What, madam, will you do?
Just gods! But some one comes. Go, fly from shame;
You cannot 'scape if seen by any thus.

Enter Theramenes

Theramenes—
Is that the form of Phædra that I see
Hurried away? What mean these signs of sorrow?
Where is your sword? Why are you pale, confused?

Hippolytus—Friend, let us fly. I am, indeed, confounded
With horror and astonishment extreme.
Phædra—but no; gods, let this dreadful secret
Remain forever buried in oblivion.

Translation of R. B. Boswell.

ALFRED RAMBAUD

(1842–)

ALFRED RAMBAUD, like many of his predecessors at the head of the Board of Education in France, taught in the ranks before he rose to be Grand Master of the University. He was born in 1842 at Besançon, in the province of Franche-Comté, whose children are supposed to be peculiarly hot-headed and tenacious of opinion. But M. Rambaud is no fanatic: he is liberal and conciliatory, with an ardent desire for the education of the masses. He is a disciple of Jules Ferry, who first called him to a leading position in the direction of public affairs, as private secretary and *chef de cabinet* at the ministry of Public Affairs in 1879. After three years at the École Normale, M. Rambaud was successively professor of history at Caen and at Nancy. On quitting the ministry he returned to his duties as professor, and was appointed to the Faculty of Letters in Paris.

His works are educational and historical. His favorite occupation is looking over and preparing the great work he has undertaken in collaboration with his friend and colleague, Ernest Lavisse, the historian dear to French youth; namely, the 'General History from the Fourth Century to Our Day.' The first number of this serial history appeared in 1892. It is carefully done, clear, and in a widely liberal, philosophical spirit. M. Rambaud contributes the portion on Russia. He is an authority on all things Russian, knowing the language and having traveled in the country.

His speeches form an important part of his "literary luggage," as the French say. He speaks well, but not in the florid, ornamental style common in France. He is *journalier* ("touch-and-go"), and must warm to his subject before mastering it. No one knows what will warm him; the man himself probably less than any one. But once warmed, his voice never falters in its soft, far-reaching wave of sound. His gestures are slow and propitiatory; he turns his head slyly from left to right, and sees very well with those small, dark, sharp yet merry eyes of his, that are surmounted, not shaded, by the thin regular arch of eyebrows, like notes of interrogation on his high narrow forehead. He has a great deal of dry humor, both as speaker and writer, and doubtless often laughs to himself at his opponents as he sits comfortably on the ministerial bench of the Chamber of

Deputies. The present looks small to a man who studies the past. Like most of his countrymen, he mingles the politics of the day with speeches on literary, artistic, or educational subjects, and spangles them with quotations from the classics and similes boldly drawn from practical illustrations. One day at the Franco-English Guild, at a meeting presided over by the British minister, M. Rambaud in a little improvisation on the two countries, «who never,» said he, «need be enemies, though their differences were so great,» compared them to «twin piston-rods, impelling with equal beat the onward march of liberty, order, and peace.» Elsewhere he calls them «the Siamese twins of political economy.»

M. Rambaud is a linguist, a colonialist, and a Russophil,—uniting the three fads of the French of to-day. He wrote a preface and notes to a translation of Seely's 'Expansion of England'; contributed to a geographical work, 'La France Coloniale,' and to the articles on Russia in the 'General History of Europe'; and has written two books on Russia,—'La Russie Épique,' a translation of popular and heroic song, and a 'History of Russia.' This last won a prize at the French Academy. It is clear and concise. Every sentence contains a fact. The description of Nicholas I. (Chapter xxxvi., page 638) is striking:—«He was a living incarnation of despotism. His giant stature, his stately manner, his mystic pride in his imperial office, his unwearied attention to business in its smallest details, his iron will, his love of military grandeur, uniform, and display, all tended to strike awe. When his power was shattered, a nation rose full grown from its ruins.» The work closes with the following words:—«With the government of Russia, France has often been in conflict; with her people, since she has become a nation, France sympathizes and is at one.»

The most important of his educational works is the 'History of Civilization in France' from the earliest times to the French Revolution, with a concluding chapter on general events up to our day. This chapter has been developed into a volume of seven hundred and fifty closely packed pages, 'The History of Contemporary Civilization in France': an interesting, amusing summing-up of the progress made since 1789 in all branches of human knowledge. It contains a declaration of principle, and a theory of the duty of a citizen. Extracts are given illustrating these points.

M. Rambaud has further written a 'History of the Greek Empire in the Tenth Century'; a 'History of the French Revolution, 1789–1799'; a novel for the young—a story of ancient Gaul, 'L'Anneau de César'; and 'French Rule in Germany,' in two volumes,—the first entitled 'The French on the Rhine, 1792–1804,' and the second 'Germany under Napoleon, 1804–1811.' These last-named volumes are

written to refute the accusation of cruelty, tyranny, and perfidy, made by recent German historians against France. The extracts given further on show the line of argument.

The 'General History' has reached Vol. x., No. 109,—'The Congress of Verona,' 1822. Chapter vi. of Vol. viii., entirely from the pen of M. Rambaud, treats of Russia, Poland, and the East. The late Greco-Turkish conflict gives interest to the section on Catharine II.'s attempt at founding a Russo-Greek empire, a passage from which is given.

M. Rambaud gives his facts in general with little comment, wasting few words in explanation or ornament. The broad lines that show the important events are straight and clear, without twirl or flourish. Impartial, philosophical, and at times anecdotal, his style differs entirely from the French writers we are accustomed to: unlike Michelet, who was a poet rather than a historian, unlike Thiers, who was a politician and wrote his books in his leisure hours, this scholar of a new school loves the quiet of his study better than the noise of the forum, the depths of historical research better than the shallow stream of popular favor. Yet he must speak, because speech in France is the great organ of education. No man who has not lived in France can understand the power of spoken words over Frenchmen, whether in private or public life.

His first speech was delivered at Besançon in 1880, where he represented the minister, Jules Ferry, at the unveiling of a statue of Victor Hugo. His latest was at the palace of the Trocadero in June last (1897), where he told his fellow-citizens that peoples who would be free must depend on individual effort rather than on government support. Jules Ferry often said the same thing; indeed, M. Rambaud never fails to recall with rare and dignified gratitude, on every occasion, what he owes to his patron: an uncommon thing in these forgetful, hurried times, and a bold thing some years ago in France, where the mention of Jules Ferry's name at a public meeting was shaking a red rag at a bull.

M. Rambaud does speak much and often: he is a minister, and his duties are migratory. He flits from place to place, presiding, discoursing, distributing rewards, and giving good advice. Indeed, the Liberal Republicans are everywhere setting the sound good sense of their teaching against the eloquently worded promises of the reactionary socialist party, who, like all attacking bodies, are very active. Of late M. Rambaud has become a protectionist; imitating Jules Ferry, who did so to please his electors in the east of France. The flame of his eloquence burns low and long; it lights the way without dazzling, it guides without exciting.

HALTING STEPS TOWARD DEMOCRACY

From the 'History of Civilization in France'

NAPOLEON, as First Consul and Emperor, modeled his court on that of former kings, and endeavored to give good manners to his officers and their wives, and to attract the members of the old noblesse; saying, "They alone know how to serve." The revolution of 1848 gave back to the popular classes their rights and power; but the impatience of the workmen and the apathy of the peasants let a new Cæsar rise, who treated democracy and universal suffrage as children. To-day they are full-grown men. Among the nations of Europe, France stands alone as being the sole important State at once democratic, republican, and with universal suffrage.

FRENCH GOVERNMENTAL EXPERIMENTS

From the 'History of Contemporary Civilization in France'

CONTEMPORARY history should not be separated from politics; nor can politics be, as some seem to think, a matter of opinion, of prejudice, passion, or excitement. When well understood they are a science, and even belong to experimental science; and as such, are of course still uncertain, hypothetical in conclusions: but must tend, if judged in a truly scientific spirit, to laws as sure as those of physics, chemistry, or natural history. . . . In politics, the heat of passion is always in inverse ratio to a man's scientific education. Ignorant people are always violent. . . .

In my study of the different forms of government we have tried, it will be seen that I have denied the merits of none: neither the generous, humane ideas of the Constituent, nor the patriotic energy of the Convention, nor the administrative genius of Napoleon I., nor the parliamentary honesty of the two constitutional monarchies, nor the ardent spirit of social justice which animated the Second Republic [1848], nor the great material progress accomplished under the Second Empire. At the same time, these studies show that none of these forms of government realized the ideal of liberty, equality, and public order, which every party worthy of the name should have in view. . . .

French royalty had not been strong enough to realize equality: it was too strong to permit liberty. Timid with regard to the historical rights of clergy and nobility, it had been tyrannical towards its people. . . .

The population of France was divided into three estates: the clergy, nobility, and Third Estate. It formed three distinct classes, each having its own laws. The clergy alone numbered 130,000 priests; the nobility 140,000 persons; the Third Estate twenty-five million. . . .

The great revolution is not an accident in our history. It was prepared and brought on by the preceding eight centuries. Its results may be described in three words,—Unity, Equality, Liberty.*

* The last paragraph is from the main work, 'History of Civilization in France.'

RUSSIAN EXPANSION WEST AND SOUTH

From the 'General History'

The Greek Project of Catharine II.

She intended, if successful in driving out the Turks, to create a Greek empire under a Russian Grand-Duke independent of Russia. She gave a Greek name, Constantine, a Greek nurse and playmates, to her grandson born in 1779; and invited the Emperor to visit her in South Russia and settle the European Turkish question. Her progress through New Russia in 1787 was a triumphal march, where all was not show; for the colonization of New Russia, lately a desert exposed to the incursions of Cossacks and Tartars (now peopled with six million human beings), was commenced. On Catharine's return to her capital, war was declared (1787). Neither party was well prepared. French and Prussian officers drilled the Ottoman recruits.

Poland and Kosciuszko

Poland was waking up from its intestine quarrels. The Jesuits were dismissed by a bull of Clement XIV. This was no misfortune: they had taught the Poles intolerance and the exterior forms of religion; moreover, they had taught Latin to the exclusion of Polish. On their disappearance there was a

national awakening; at least in the hearts of the middle classes, who were educated better than the nobles, less apart from European civilization, already imbued with French ideas, and who were deeply saddened by the misfortunes of their country, which they compared to the wonderful success of the French Revolution against the allied kings. Some nobles were animated with the same sentiments.

Such was Thadeus Kosciuszko. Born in 1757, in the district of Novogrodek (Lithuania), he had entered in 1764 the cadet school founded by Czartoryski. This son of a country gentleman received, one after another, two cruel lessons of social equality: his father was assassinated by some exasperated peasants; while he himself, having fallen in love with the daughter of a nobleman of high rank, found himself scornfully refused.

In America, where Washington appointed him colonel, and where he distinguished himself at Saratoga, Kosciuszko learned what real liberty was, and completed the knowledge he had first sought in our philosophers. During the last war, he was the only Polish general who had been victorious. After the second partition of Poland he became a Russian subject, but refused to serve in the Russian army. He passed into Saxony, and thence to Paris on a mission. Already the Legislative Assembly had named him a French citizen.

BENEFITS TO GERMANY FROM FRENCH INVASIONS

From 'Germany under Napoleon, 1804–1811'

The Germans complain of the harm we have done them in the wars, almost always defensive, which our kings carried on against the ambition of Austria. Who could calculate the harm done to us by their princes, when in 1791 they turned France from her task of reorganization; when they stirred up hatred between our working classes and our nobility, between the Assembly and Royalty; when they caused the Revolution to end in the Terror? Afterwards, even if the Emperor, the King of Prussia, and the Ecclesiastic Electors did declare war, the people called and welcomed us. After a glorious defensive war, we were able to wage the most humane, the most beneficial of propagating wars. . . . Even under Napoleon I., French

intervention in Germany was essentially different from German invasion of France: the former brought with it the elements of progress. Thus it may be said that in all times, and under every form of government, we have done more good than harm to the Germans; and a Prussian empire, founded on a so-called right of revenge of Germany against us, is based on injustice and falsehood. . . .

It is strange that Germany should accept from Prussia, along with new laws, its opinions ready-made. . . . What magic spell has its new masters used to make Germany forget history? . . . Before the Revolution there was no trace of hatred between France and Germany; and that is why the wars of the Revolution were none of them a war of races. All western Germany accepted French influence willingly. Our language was written and spoken there, our literary traditions and our fashions were followed with even too much docility. Frenchmen were enticed to dwell there; but not always chosen with sufficient discernment, so that adventurers by whom the Germans were duped gave a sorry idea of our nation. On the other hand, the feeling of hostility against England dates very far back. It is that nation which, from the first, made us understand what a foreigner was, and by trampling on France revealed her to herself. . . .

Large German States owe their prosperity to French political and religious refugees. Nor was the influx less from Germany into France. Princes came as pilgrims to the shrine of Versailles to admire and worship the kingliest King; to Paris, where they found the greatest number of men of genius and of sharpers, the wittiest ladies, and the lightest women. There came those who wished to serve in the army; like Maurice of Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, and the Count of Löwendal, the victor of Berg-op-Zoom. The Rhenish provinces were but a continuation of France beyond the frontier; their sons fought under French colors: war and hate were not between the peoples, they were the business of the governments. Men were cosmopolitan, citizens of the world, rather than French, German, or Prussian.

The Revolution of 1803 in Germany was relatively as radical as the French Revolution. The German people looked on it with indifference, neither rejoicing nor grieving at the fall of its past; because there was a great difference between the two revolutions. The sacrifices exacted from the privileged classes

of France had served to found the unity of a great people, had brought liberty into the State and equality among the citizens. In Germany no such advantages had been obtained. The French had despoiled themselves for the grandeur of their country; in Germany for some great or petty sovereign, often more a princeling than a prince.

It was not as an enemy but as an Emperor that Napoleon was received. Princes and people crowded to see the small lank-haired man, so unlike the legendary Charlemagne, whose sallow complexion, sinister unfathomable glance, and Roman features, reminded them of the pagan Cæsar who had first crossed the mighty river.

CIVIL LIFE IN FRANCE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

From the 'History of French Civilization'

If justice was cruel, the police of Paris were feeble. The multiplicity of jurisdictions among which Paris was divided, and the right of sanctuary allowed to nearly all the churches and abbeys, permitted criminals to elude pursuit.

Paris, although Philip Augustus had paved some streets and filled up the filthy holes which infected his palace, was still horribly dirty.

The narrow streets, with the houses overhanging in successive corbelings so that the upper stories touched, were incumbered with stalls, sign-boards, and goods exposed for sale. Swine, geese, and cattle wandered through them. There the butchers slaughtered their beasts at night; there was no light except that of the moon when it shone. The police were not responsible for anything after sunset. When once the curfew had rung, the honest bourgeois went to his home and shut himself in securely. The watch — that is, the *prevost's* archers — were too few to control the dangerous classes. To thrash the watch was a student's sport: naturally, ill-doers feared it little.

Sometimes a watchman like Gautier Rallard found an ingenious means of never entering into a fight with the robbers: he made his rounds preceded by music. The night watchman who went through the streets in a coat embellished with tears and death's-heads, — armed with a lantern and a bell, announcing

the hours, and calling the sleepers to "pray for the dead,"—scarcely interfered with the cutpurses and the pillagers of shops.

The robbers, assassins, beggars, vagabonds, were organized in corporations just like the honest folk. They had their regular chiefs, their rules of apprenticeship, their trials for the mastery, their places of reunion. In Paris they formed a State apart,—the Kingdom of Argot,—where was spoken the "*langue vert*," and across the boundaries of which the archers of the watch did not venture. Their elected chief was the great Coësre or King of Thune, who was drawn in a cart by dogs. He held his court—his Court of Miracles—sometimes in the cul-de-sac Saint Sauveur, sometimes in the rue des Frams-Bourgeois, or near the Convent of the Filles-Dieu, or in the streets of Grande and Petite Truanderie. He had in each province, like the king, his bailiff,—called the *cagou*. Sometimes he summoned a sort of States-General in the Pré aux Gueux (Beggars' Field) near Notre Dame d'Auray. His immense people, including all the beggars, blacklegs, and vagabonds of France, were divided into numerous classes. All paid a tribute to the King of Thune, and rendered him homage.

Another powerful monarch was the King of Egypt, sovereign of the Gipsies. In 1427 the advance guard of these mysterious Asiatics had appeared in Paris; a duke, a count, ten knights, followed by a hundred men, women, and children. These people, known as Bohemians, Saracens, Egyptians, Tsiganes, were soon swarming on the roads and at the gates of the towns, as showmen of bears and apes, as tinkers, counterfeiters, fortune-tellers.

From these swarming crowds the army of crime was recruited. From time to time justice cast in her net, and exposed her capture in the pillory of the Halles or on the gibbet of Montfauçon; but the mass was not thereby diminished. If the *prevost* hung some scamp in broad day, the King of Thune in turn hung in broad night some rash bourgeois or too inquisitive sergeant.

As in India there were pariahs, despised even by the slave, and whose contact was pollution, so in France there were outcast races. These were called *marrons* in Auvergne; *cagots* or *cagoux* in the Pyrenees; *gaffots*, *caffots*, *capots*, in Béarn and Navarre; *cagueux*, *cacuas*, *cacoux*, in Bretagne; *gahets*, *gaffets*, in Guyenne. Whence came they, and who were they? Were they, as was said, descendants of the Mussulmans left in France by Abderrahman, or of the Spaniards who were driven from their homes by the

Arabs, or of converted heretics, or of ancient lepers? No one knew, not even those who persecuted them. The only sure thing is, that they were treated like veritable lepers, forbidden to frequent churches, taverns, public festivals; forced in Bretagne and Béarn to wear a red costume, and not permitted to go barefoot on the roads or to carry arms. Marriage or any contact with them was refused. They lived in isolated villages hidden in the country, or in obscure valleys; intermarrying, hated by all and hating all the world.

Although ancient slavery had disappeared from our soil through transformation into serfdom, there was a tendency to reconstitute it in Europe at the expense of the infidels taken in war. The Italian republics trafficked in their captives. In the twelfth century they were sold at fairs in Champagne, and Saracen slaves were bequeathed in a will to the bishop of Béziers. In the thirteenth century, slaves were traded in Provence. The new slavery was then in force in Roussillon,—which was not French territory,—but royal France spurned it. Then was established the maxim by virtue of which every slave who touched French soil became free. In 1402 and in 1406 the municipality of Toulouse applied this to the profit of fugitive slaves from Perpignan.

In the Middle Ages, the duty of charity toward the poor was generally discharged. The pouch full of money which hung at the belts of nobles and bourgeois, men and women, was called an alms-purse; a chaplain was an almoner. Kings, nobles, and ladies were often surrounded, as they walked, by the poor whom they maintained. King Robert allowed them to enter so freely into his palace, to go under his table, to sit on the floor beside him, almost between his legs, that on a certain day one of them cut a gold acorn from his clothing. Not only did alms-givers aid the poor with money, food, and clothing; but seeing in them the image of suffering Christ, they gloried in sometimes serving them at table, and in washing their feet upon Holy Thursday. The religious orders, founded for the relief of the poor, consecrated to them at least a part of their revenues. In certain convents there were cells reserved for the poor; in nearly all, distributions of soup and bread were made at the door of the monastery.

Nevertheless, this charity of the Middle Ages was unintelligent enough. The kings would have done better to aid their people

instead of surrounding themselves with a few tatterdemalions; the monasteries, while distributing their charity, became by seizing upon the land a cause of impoverishment for a vast radius around them. They relieved a few poor people; but these were infinitely less to be pitied than thousands of peasants crushed under feudal laws, the ecclesiastical tenth, or the laws of the royal treasury. The problem of how to aid the poor without increasing pauperism and without offering a reward to idleness, so difficult even to modern France, was not one which the Middle Ages could solve. Moreover, the French of the thirteenth century, thoroughly imbued with religious ideas, were charitable not from philanthropy, but from piety; to secure salvation. The "virtuous poor," with knees worn callous by many prostrations, with mouths full of prayers, well trained and indoctrinated by the Church, always present on the skirts of the sanctuary, always ready to reap the benefit of a pious thought, were very convenient to whoever wished to acquit himself of the Christian duty of charity. Poverty was too wide-spread to be possibly diminished; at least one did what one was called upon to do, leaving the rest to God.

The sick formed a more limited category of the distressed, and charity toward them was more efficacious. From the Merovingian epoch, St. Clotilde and St. Aboflède, the wife and sister of Clovis; St. Radegonde, the wife of Clotaire; St. Bathilde, the wife of Clovis II.,—are cited as founders of hospitals. The hospitals were usually annexed to a monastery, as was that of Bathilde to the royal abbey of Chelles. At the time of the Crusades, the valiant Knights of St. John prided themselves above all upon being Hospitallers. The diffusion of leprosy in the twelfth century brought about the creation of special hospitals —leper-houses. In the thirteenth century there were nearly two thousand of these in France. They were usually managed by Knights of St. Lazarus, another military order. Louis VII. established them at the end of the Faubourg St. Denis; their mother-house was the domain of Boigny. He also created at Saussaie near Villejuif a convent of women to care for lepers. The kings made large benefactions to these houses: when they died, their personal linen and all their horses, mules, etc., belonged to the leper-house of La Saussaie. When Jean II. died in England, so that the house was deprived of his horses, his son paid it an indemnity. Later, Charles VI. bought back from this convent for

twenty-five hundred francs the horses of his father Charles V. The knights showed themselves deserving of these favors by caring not only for the lepers, but for all kinds of invalids.

St. Louis was a Grand-Hospitaller. It was he who enlarged and endowed the Maison-Dieu (Hotel-Dieu) of Paris, who founded the Hospital of the Quinze-Vingts for three hundred blind men, who instituted the *hostelleries des postes* in the principal towns of the kingdom. Devout nobles followed his example; and in the thirteenth century Elzéar de Sabran and his wife are cited as having given everything — life and fortune — to the service of the sick.

The Church did not content itself with offering prayers for travelers. In the most difficult passes of the mountains, in the snows of the Alps, rose pious hostelries: those of St. Bernard, of St. Gothard, of the Simplon, of Mont Cenis, are of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The wars with the Saracens, the Mussulman piracy on the Mediterranean, peopled the markets and prisons of the Orient and Africa with Christian captives. Religious orders,— the Mathurins, founded in 1198, and the Fathers of Mercy, founded in 1223,— went with money to ransom Christian prisoners.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

FRENCH MEDICAL SCIENCE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

From the 'History of French Civilization'

The most celebrated physicians of antiquity were among the Greeks, Hippocrates of Cos, Galen of Pergamus, Herophilus, Erasistratus; among the Romans, Celsus and Cœlius Aurelianus. Their knowledge of anatomy was still imperfect; their physiology amounted to nothing, since they were not acquainted either with the circulation of the blood or the functions of the nervous system; their remedies were few, and often purely imaginary. The downfall of Roman civilization arrested the progress of this science. The Arabs succeeded. In a compilation of a certain Aaron Christian, priest of Alexandria, known under the name of "Pandects of Medicine," they rediscovered extracts from ancient writings. They seized upon these and made some progress. The most celebrated Arabian physicians were

Rhazès (850–923), and Avicenna (980–1037), both born in the caliphate of Bagdad; Avenzoar (1072–1162), and Averroës (1120–1198), both Spanish Arabs. Maimonides (1135–1204) was a Jewish rabbi of Spain. The 'Canon' of Avicenna, translated into Latin, was the medical work most extensively known throughout Europe. Thus Europeans seldom knew the physicians of antiquity except through a triple series of translations from Greek into Syriac, from Syriac into Arabic, and from Arabic into Latin.

For a long time the Christians abandoned the study of medicine to the Arabs and Jews. It was to these infidel masters that later the most daring went to learn the elements of the science.

Charlemagne in 805 had prescribed the study of medicine in the monasteries. About the ninth century, the school of Salerno in Italy began to be famous throughout Christendom. In the tenth century some Jews founded the school of Montpellier, which in the thirteenth became a faculty. In 1200 the University of Paris was founded, which was not until later anything more than a faculty of medicine; but already in 1213 there was question of professors of medicine. The Church showed little favor to this science, which seemed an evidence of distrust toward Providence. «The precepts of medicine are contrary to Divine knowledge,» wrote St. Ambrose: «they condemn prayers and vigils.» The councils of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries forbade the study of this art to prelates and archdeacons, and only permitted it to the lower clergy. No clergyman could practice surgery, because it sheds blood. Boniface VIII. menaced with excommunication whoever should dissect a dead body.

Anatomy being proscribed; the natural sciences, such as botany, mineralogy, and chemistry, being in their infancy,—one can imagine our medical science of the Middle Ages. It consisted of prescriptions often childish and incomplete; observations borrowed from antiquity or from the Arabs. The prejudices and superstitions of the time played an important part in it. The doctors, also called physicians or *mires*, were also alchemists and astrologers. They taught that the brain increases and decreases according to the phases of the moon; that it has, like the sea, its ebb and flow twice a day. The purpose of the lungs was to air the heart, the liver was the seat of love, the spleen that of laughter. They made use of formulas and cabalistic words; they ordered strange remedies, such as the liver of a toad, the blood of a

frog, a rat, or a goat; they sought universal remedies or panaceas; they bled people only upon certain days, and after having observed the position of the stars and the phases of the moon. Such-and-such a remedy was good for the noble but bad for the serf; the noble must purge himself with hyssop, the peasant with myrobolan. The one cured a fracture with an earth bolus; the other with the dung of his cattle.

Surgery was considered an inferior art. As the clergy was forbidden to exercise it, it was separated from medicine. It was abandoned to the practitioners who had not received degrees, and who were also barbers and even bath-keepers. Even in the seventeenth century, in 1613, there were corporations of surgeon-barbers. They shaved people, bled them, and bandaged their wounds. The surgeons traced their organization into a corporation back to St. Louis, but their Collège de Saint-Côme does not seem to date farther back than the fourteenth century. They were placed under the authority of the "king's barber," who had his delegates in all the towns of the kingdom.

Further, the doctors and surgeon-barbers served only the nobles and the rich. The people had their own therapeutics; in medicine, the remedies of wise women and sorcerers; in surgery, the bone-setters, who had charms and secrets for restoring broken limbs with ointments of their own composition, signs of the cross, and formulas. The bone-setter above all others was the executioner: since he understood so well how to break limbs, he ought to understand how to mend them. It was he who furnished a precious panacea,—the fat of the hanged.

They believed, too, that a donkey's breath expelled all poison. Aching teeth they cured by touching them with a dead man's tooth. To arrest hemorrhage or nose-bleed they dropped a key down the back. By spitting in the mouth of a living frog they stopped a cough.

Rather than apply to the doctor they had recourse to the apothecary, who, in spite of the prohibitions of the faculty, took a part in healing. Charlatans swarmed.

Religion too had its medicine, in which Christian beliefs were amalgamated with old pagan superstitions. Epilepsy was then called the sacred evil, the Divine evil. The epileptic was believed to be possessed by a demon; the only consideration was to drive out the evil spirit from him. Therefore the priest sprinkled him with holy water; and while the sufferer was rolling in

convulsions, read the formula of exorcism. It is known that nervous maladies are easily communicated to persons with sensitive nerves; thus the demon driven from one body often gave himself the pleasure of entering into the body of a spectator, who writhed in his turn. Sometimes in revenge he entered into the exorciser. The possessed were also cured by a pilgrimage to Saint-Maur near Paris, by a novena at the church of Bon-Secours near Nancy, or by touching the holy cerement at Besançon.

Heaven was peopled with healing saints. If one had sore throat he addressed himself to Saint Christopher; if dropsy, to Saint Eutropius; if fever, to Saint Pernella; if insanity, to Saint Mathurin; if the plague, to Saint Roque; if hydrophobia, to Saint Hubert, the patron of the chase and of dogs. At the monastery of Saint Hubert, near Liege, a monk touched the patient with the saint's stole, and cauterized him with "the key of Saint Hubert."

Often the choice of the saint was determined by a kind of pun. For scurf (teigne) they addressed to Saint Aignan (pronounced "Saint Teignan"); for trouble with the eyes, to Saint Claire; for gout, to Saint Genou (*genou*, knee); for cramps, to Saint Crampan.

Certain maladies were even designated only by the name of the saint who cured them: thus Saint Vitus's dance, a nervous disease which we now call chorea; Saint John's ill, which was epilepsy; Saint Anthony's evil, which was canker; Saint Eloy's evil, which was scurvy; Saint Firmin's evil, which was erysipelas; Saint Lazarus's evil, which was leprosy; Saint Quentin's evil, which was dropsy; Saint Sylvan's evil, which seems to have been a kind of eruptive fever.

The monks who practiced this medicine sometimes drew illicit profits from it. In the thirteenth century, those of Saint Anthony were accused of receiving into their hospitals only healthy people, upon whose bodies they painted apparent sores, and then sent them to solicit the charity of the faithful. Those of Saint Sylvan retained as serfs those who had recovered their health under the porch of their church. In order to increase the number of supplicants they forbade all competition. In 1263 they prohibited women from attempting "to heal those afflicted with Saint Sylvan's evil, with the exception of the lord and any of his family"; for these could not be reduced to serfdom.

Kings too cured by touching: the King of England cured epilepsy; the King of France scrofula. The King of England, when he had added to his title that too of King of France, also cured scrofula. The heads of certain noble families, like that of the house of Aumont in Bourgogne, had the same gift. The progress of royal power put an end to these feudal healings.

Yet never would a truly serious medical science have been more useful than at certain epochs of the Middle Ages, when diseases raged which have since disappeared, and when those which still exist attained an unequaled violence. Then they ignored or neglected the most elementary principles of hygiene. The peasant lived on his refuse heap, huddled in with his beasts, like the wretched Irish peasant of to-day; the townsman lived in the stench of narrow streets. The clergy, by preaching contempt of the body, indirectly encouraged neglect of the most necessary care of it. Until toward the middle of the fourteenth century hemp and linen cloth was little used, even by the upper classes; and woolen fabrics in direct contact with the skin must have irritated it. The peasant was poorly nourished, and by way of meat had scarcely anything but salt provisions.

Such a regimen naturally favored skin diseases. In the tenth and eleventh centuries a scrofula or gangrene raged, which loosed the members of the body joint by joint. Ulcers, tetter, scurf, the itch were frequent. The poverty of the blood increased the number of the scrofulous. Leprosy, which began with the first Crusades, and later developed enormously, lasted throughout the Middle Ages. In 1250 the army of Saint Louis in Egypt was decimated by dysentery and scrofula.

Nervous diseases multiplied, incited by terror of the wars, by the spectacle of tortures, by fear of the devil and of hell, by the isolation and monotony of life in castle and cloister. There were epidemics of Saint Vitus's dance, which seized upon entire populations and drew them into a mad round; frequent cases of epilepsy, the victims of which were thought to be possessed by devils; melancholia, or black sadness; lycanthropy, or mania of those who believed themselves changed into wolves, and who were called were-wolves; demonomania, which made thousands of unfortunates believe themselves in commerce with the infernal spirit; the mania of scourging; hallucinations taken for visions.

Small-pox first appeared in Gaul in the sixth century: from this disease, described by Gregory of Tours, died the children of

Frédégonde. The Oriental plague or bubonic pest began to show itself about 540.

The black pest, also a bubonic pest, ran over all Europe in the fourteenth century, and destroyed a large part of the population.

In the fifteenth century the whooping-cough appeared, which in 1414 killed many old people; and the English sweating-sickness, which made many ravages down to the sixteenth century, but which then became limited to England, and to Calais which was occupied by the English.

Medical science remained powerless before these scourges: often it let rule a superstition which it shared. Those believed to be possessed of evil spirits were exorcised; those who were asserted to be sorcerers were burned. The lepers recommended to Saint Lazarus were confined,—sometimes in isolated huts, sometimes in leper-houses, but always away from other people. They made them wear a striking costume,—a red blouse; they covered their hands with gloves; they supplied them with a rattle to warn those who passed. The priest, when lepers were brought to him, forbade them to go barefoot, or to go elsewhere than on the broad thoroughfares, lest they should brush against travelers; to enter churches, or to bathe in streams. He consoled them, however, by recalling to them that their spiritual communion with Christians still subsisted. Then he pronounced prayers, turned a shovelful of earth upon their heads as a sign that they were cut off from the living, and offered them the sole of his shoe to kiss. Lepers could associate only with lepers, and marry only with lepers; and when they died, their huts were burned.

In the fifteenth century there seems to have been a reawakening of medical science. At Montpellier, under Charles VI., the body of a criminal was dissected for the first time in France. In 1484, an ordinance of Charles VIII. fixed at four years the duration of apprenticeship in the corporation of the grocers and apothecaries of Paris; for pharmacists or apothecaries formed a single corporation with the grocers, which had obtained second rank among the trades of Paris. An ordinance of Louis XII. distinctly separates the two professions. These are the origins of French pharmacy.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

THE MIDDLE AGES

Character of their Civilization

From the 'History of French Civilization'

The Middle Ages were only considered by the historians of the eighteenth century as a period of ignorance and barbarism, unproductive and void. They are considered to-day in an entirely different light.

It was during the Middle Ages that new nations and new languages originated in Europe; among these the French nation and the French language. Institutions which would have astonished the Greeks and Romans were developed during this period. The ancients knew no other political life than the municipal life; they had only the idea of a city, not at all that of a nation; they did not believe liberty possible except within the walls of a town. As soon as the Romans had to govern not only towns but an empire, they believed that they could only govern by the most absolute despotism. On the contrary, the new nations found the means, in dominating vast regions, to harmonize the principle of authority with that of the liberty of the subjects. They outlined the system of representation, from which have proceeded the modern constitutions; they established the jury,—that is, the judgment of the accused by his peers.

Great steps were accomplished in social progress. Slavery, that curse of the ancient world, disappeared. The laborer in the field began to enfranchise himself from the servitude of the globe, which Roman law had consecrated. The sphere of woman was enlarged in the family and in society, not only by effect of law but by custom; and this feature alone was sufficient to distinguish in the strongest manner the Middle Ages from the ancient civilization.

In literature we remained in the Middle Ages far behind the classic perfection, but we created original methods and styles—epic poems, the "mysteries," and the lyric poetry of the south.

In the sciences, it is to the Middle Ages that we owe the modern system of numeration, algebra, the compass, the magnifying glass, gunpowder, the process of distillation, the discovery of gas, the most important acids, the first fulminating elements, and numberless chemical combinations.

In the arts, the Middle Ages were glorified by two grand creations: French architecture (Roman and ogival) and musical harmony. A more rational notation of music was adopted. Engraving was begun, and painting in oils made its début. If modern painting and sculpture owe to ancient art the perfection of form, the artists of the Middle Ages have preceded us in the choice of expression.

Besides the invention of printing, it may be noted that during that time were manufactured for the first time in Europe, sugar, silk tissues, plate mirrors, clocks, and watches. New conditions of life, comforts unknown to the ancients, such as body linen and chimneys, characterized the private life of the Middle Ages.

The world itself was enlarged. No Roman navigator had, like the Scandinavians, or perhaps the Basques, brought the ancient world in contact with America; no Roman explorer had, like Marco Polo and his emulators, revealed to his compatriots central Asia and the extreme Orient.

The majority of the weak points in the civilization of the Middle Ages are identical with those of the Roman civilization; for example, the barbarism of criminal procedure, the cruelty of torture, and the grosser superstitions.

Our old French civilization on only three points of view — the glory and the perfection of the arts, the liberty of thought, and the power of the scientific spirit — is perhaps inferior to the civilization of the Greeks, which was the mother of all the others, and which has remained incomparable as the initiative, original, and prolific. But assuredly our own old civilization is not inferior to the Roman civilization. Between that of the Romans and that of our ancestors there is a difference, not of degree, but of nature. A colder climate, instincts and needs peculiar to the Gallic and Germanic races, and the great influence of the religious sentiment, have contributed to this result. It is the civilization of the north contrasted with the civilization of the south. One cannot say that the France of the thirteenth century was barbaric in comparison with the Rome of the emperors; for amid the ruins of the Empire it regained all that it was possible to possess of political culture.

The Close of the Middle Ages

The close of the mediæval period is marked by the following stages: —

In the political order: The taking of Constantinople, and the establishment of the Turks in Oriental Europe upon the débris of the Greek empire; the fall of the papacy as the directing power of Europe; the succeeding of national wars to holy wars; the birth of the patriotic sentiment; the progress of the royal power; the new form taken by the power of the third estate, which is not the form of local communes, but the national form of general States.

In the social order: The emancipation of the rural classes; the enrichment of the middle classes, and their increasing influence.

In the religious order: The appearance of new heresies, notably that of John Huss in Bohemia, which appears to have prepared the way for the advent of Protestantism.

In the literary order: The end of chivalric poetry; the appearance of philosophy in history (under Comines); the decadence of the ancient theatre, the "mysteries" and the "moralities"; the first steps in the progress of printing; and the introduction in the Occident, after the fall of Constantinople, of new Greek and Latin manuscripts.

In the scientific order: The tendency of the sciences to free themselves from the yoke of scholasticism and theology through the resumption of the theory of the world according to Nicholas de Cusa; and by the revival of medicine in the times of Louis XI.

In the artistic order: The relaxation in the construction of ogival (pointed arched) cathedrals; the emancipation of the arts — sculpture, painting, and music — from the religious influence.

In the military order: The decline of the ideas of chivalry; the perfection of cannon and portable firearms; the establishment of permanent armies; the improvement of infantry.

In the economic order: The discovery of new routes of communication with the Indies; the development of navigation, and the first voyages across the ocean.

ALLAN RAMSAY

(1686–1758)

THE criticism which ranks Allan Ramsay with Theocritus and Tasso, as a writer of pastoral poetry, is to a great degree justifiable. The Edinburgh wig-maker resembles the singer of Greece and the singer of Italy in that his verse is redolent of the soil. In an age given over to the composition of artificial pastorals, of impossible Arcadias, peopled by Strephons and Chloes and Phyllises, Ramsay portrayed real shepherds in the actual country life of the Scotch peasantry. Instead of placing high-flown, impossible language upon their lips, he made them use the familiar Lowland Scotch dialect. He wrote a poem breathing of the fields, and full of the homely sights and sounds of rustic existence. His naturalness and his spontaneity in an artificial age constitute his right to be named as a worthy progenitor of Burns.

ALLAN RAMSAY

The author of 'The Gentle Shepherd' was born in 1686, in Leadhills, Lanarkshire, Scotland, in the heart of the Lowther hills. It is significant that the future poet, while born and bred among the peasantry, was far enough removed from them by a strain of gentler blood to be in the position of observer and critic, rather than in that of a comrade. On his father's side he was related to the Earls of Dalhousie, on his mother's to the great Douglas clan. Neither his father nor his mother were native to Leadhills, and between Ramsay and the rough mining population there could have been little sympathy. He remained in the bleak region until his sixteenth year, aiding his stepfather, David Crichton, on his farm; he was then apprenticed to an Edinburgh wig-maker, whom he served until 1707, when having received back his indentures, he began business for himself.

The Edinburgh of this period, deprived of its political prominence by the Act of Union, passed in 1707, which united England and Scotland under the name of Great Britain, gave itself up to certain literary and social activities, which took concrete form in a variety of

clubs. Of one of these, "The Easy Club," Ramsay was made a member; and it was through its encouragement and stimulus that his poetical talents bore fruit. He published occasional pieces — "elegies," as he called them — full of humor and insight into the life of which he formed a part. In 1716 appeared the poem which first showed him to be a master in the portrayal of rustic Scottish life. This was 'Christ's Kirk on the Green.' King James I. of Scotland had written a single canto under this title, describing a brawl at a country wedding. Ramsay supplied a second and a third canto, imitating so perfectly the spirit and form of the royal author's work that the whole appears as the work of one hand.

In 1725 'The Gentle Shepherd' was published. The immediate cause of its composition is said to have been an article in the Guardian for April 7th, 1713; which, taking Pope's 'Windsor Forest' as its starting-point of discussion, proceeded to describe the characteristics of a true pastoral poem. These differed essentially from the popular ideal, which regarded the "shepherd" of literature as a kind of Dresden-china embodiment of all the virtues; a silken swain living an exquisite life among beribboned sheep and dainty shepherdesses. Ramsay, with the instinct of the true poet, brushed this flummery aside, and following the prescription of nature as set forth in the Guardian, went direct to the "common people" to obtain material for his pastoral. 'The Gentle Shepherd' is a poetical embodiment of rustic Scotland. It is written in the language of the peasantry; it is an intimate reproduction of their life. The simple tale, told with such truthfulness of detail and sincerity of feeling, became at once popular with all classes. It found its way not only into the homes of the London and Edinburgh wits, but into the farm-houses of the country people, to whom it became a kind of Bible. Its maxims passed into proverbs; its many passages of beautiful verse found their true home in the hearts of those whose manner of life had been the author's inspiration.

It is through 'The Gentle Shepherd' that Allan Ramsay is chiefly remembered as a poet only second to Burns himself. Yet he claims recognition as one who did not a little for the literature of his country by the publication of the 'Tea-Table Miscellany' and the 'Evergreen,' — collections of ancient Scottish verse, which went far to revive interest in that golden age of Scotland's literature extending from the time of King James I. to the death of Drummond of Hawthornden.

The remainder of Ramsay's life was uneventful. He opened a book-store in Edinburgh, with which was connected the first circulating library ever established in the country. He continued to write until late in his life: many of his poems were issued in "broadsides,"

or quarto sheets, which were hawked through the streets of Edinburgh; their popularity was enormous. They have long since dropped into the limbo of obscurity; but 'The Gentle Shepherd' is read and loved in Scotland to this day.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

Prologue to the Scene

BENEATH the south side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

Sang

Tune—'The Wauking of the Faulds.'

PATIE

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,—
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,—
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;

And naething gi'es me sic delight
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,—
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome is't to see the rising plants,—
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

ROGER

I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate;
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great!
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins' blood,
But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

PATIE

The bees shall loath the flower, and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear!

ROGER

Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out of tune.
You have sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith old and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confused with mony a vexing thought.

Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's ee;
For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten;
And should, as ane may think, come farther ben.

PATIE

But aiblins! nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly with your cunzie part:
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

ROGER

My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoored,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Though scores of wathers perished in the snaw.

PATIE

Were your bein rooms as thinly stocked as mine,
Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

ROGER

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss;
Oh, may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench:
Till brised beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

PATIE

Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't,—and ne'er cry dool,—
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool!

ROGER

Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast;
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast.
I dreamed a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

PATIE

Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretense,—
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens!
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

ROGER

Indeed now, Patie, ye have guessed o'er true;
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,—
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint;
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombazed and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,—
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy looes,—Bauldy that drives the car,—
But gecks at me and says I smell of tar.

PATIE

But Bauldy looes not her. Right well I wat
He sighs for Neps. Sae that may stand for that.

ROGER

I wish I couldna looe her—but in vain:
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like:
Till he yowled sair she strak the poor dumb tyke;
If I had filled a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a cauldrife scorn.
Last night I played,—ye never heard sic spite:
'O'er Bogie' was the spring, and her delyte,
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speered
Gif she could tell what tune I played, and sneered!
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care:
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair!

PATIE

E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck,—

Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all houp:
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp!

ROGER

I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill:
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

PATIE

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whingin way;
Seem careless,—there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I served my lass I looe as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out;
Upon a dyke I leaned glowring about;
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me,—
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheek sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythsome I cried, "My bonny Meg, come here:
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew."
She scoured awa, and said, "What's that to you?"
"Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts; and e'en's ye like!"
I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack
She came with a right thieveless errand back:
Miscawed me first; then bad me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.
I leugh; and sae did she; then with great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.

Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb:
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

Sang

Tune—'Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.'

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcerned at her neglect;
For women in a man delight,
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse: then be not blate,—
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

ROGER

Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,—
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane! for now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherished me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine
(My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine):
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue;
With spraings like gowd and siller crossed with black:
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Redd up my raveled doubts, and cleared my mind

PATIE

Weel, had ye there! And since ye've frankly made
To me a present of your braw new plaid,

My flute's be yours; and she too that's sae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll take my advice.

ROGER

As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

PATIE

But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs were they sae wise
To season meat with health instead of spice.
When we have ta'en the grace drink at this well,
I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY*

O^H, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!
They are twa bonny lasses;
They bigged a bower on yon burn-brae,
And thecked it o'er with rashes:
Fair Bessy Bell I looed yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis's lap,
The hills with rays adorning;
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fou genty,
With ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, oh, wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her eyes like diamonds glances;

*The first four lines of this are from an old ballad,—see under 'The Ballad,' Vol. iii. of this work.

She's ay sae clean red up and braw,
  She kills whene'er she dances;
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
  She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae graceful still,
  O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
  Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between you twae,
  Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,—
  To ane by law we're stinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
  And be with ane contented.

LOCHABER NO MORE

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
  Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
  For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on wear,
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse!
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING

AN THOU were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou',
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, etc.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight;
Syne in saft whispers through the night
I'd tell how much I looed thee.
An thou were, etc.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
She moves a goddess o'er the green:
Were I a king, thou should be queen,
Nane but myself aboon thee.
An thou were, etc.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs should twine,
Formed hardy to defend thee.
An thou were, etc.

Time's on the wing and will not stay;
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of no delay;
Oh, let na scorn undo thee.
An thou were, etc.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae, there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, etc.

A SANG

Tune—'Busk ye, my bonny bride.'

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk, and go to the braes of Yarrow:
There will we sport and gather dew,
Dancing while lavrocks sing the morning;
There learn frae turtles to prove true:
O Bell! ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields;
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming:
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,—
Though on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.—
Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
Wha raised my hopes with kind relenting:
O queen of smiles! I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

THE Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco saucy;
Sae proud they never can be kind
Like my good-humored Highland lassie.

Chorus

O my bonny, bonny Highland lassie,
My hearty, smiling Highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
Wha makes their cheeks with patches motie,
I'd take my Katie but a gown,
Barefooted, in her little coatie.

Chorus.

Beneath the brier or breken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.

Chorus.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.

Chorus.

There's noane shall dare, by deed or word,
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.

Chorus.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.

Chorus.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE

(1795–1886)

LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the founder of the objective school of history, was born at Wiehe in Thuringia, on December 21st, 1795. He studied at the gymnasium at Pforta, famous for the excellence of its training in the humanities, and at the university of Leipzig, where he devoted himself to theology and philology. He took the degree of doctor of philosophy in 1817, and the year after became a teacher in the Gymnasium at Frankfort-on-the-Oder.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE

His reading as a Protestant student of divinity had aroused his interest in the history of the Reformation. He regarded the Reformation as the beginning of modern history; and its importance was enhanced in his mind by the fact that it illustrated in an admirable manner his theory of the unity of history. He held that European civilization was fundamentally a unit; and that it was made up of a mixture of Romanic and Germanic elements, represented by the French, the Spaniards, and the Italians on the one hand, and by Germany, England, and Scandinavia on the other. Accordingly, at Frankfort, he began that research into the history of the Reformation and of the counter-Reformation which occupied the better part of his life. His first book, which bore the title 'History of the Romanic and Germanic Peoples,' appeared in 1824; and in conformity with its author's conception of European history, aimed to exhibit in a single view the great religious and political movements that simultaneously agitated the Romanic and Germanic nations at the beginning of the Reformation. It opened with the year 1494, when all Europe met in the wars of Italy; and closed with the year 1514.

The 'History of the Romanic and Germanic Peoples' formulated the theory of the unity of history. It announced, besides, a new aim and a new method of history. Von Ranke maintained that the aim of history was, not to enforce preconceived theological or political views, but to narrate events as they happened, without regard to their moral worth. He denied that history was auxiliary to politics,

theology, or ethics; and insisted that it was an independent science. As the aim of history was to narrate the simple and unadulterated truth, it followed that the writer of history must divest himself as far as possible of his own opinions and prejudices. He must adopt the objective style of narration, and let the events speak for themselves. Literary art was not to be excluded, but it must be subservient to the facts.

This dignified conception of history demanded a new method of historiography. Hitherto writers of history had depended chiefly on the printed accounts of persons contemporary with the events related, such as memoirs and formal histories. Von Ranke showed the untrustworthiness of such sources; for even if the contemporaneous author had a personal knowledge of the events of which he wrote, and even if, in addition, he intended to tell the truth concerning them, it was not at all certain that he had appreciated their relative importance, or that he had narrated them clearly. Von Ranke therefore insisted that the true method of historiography was to rely upon primary sources of information, such as diplomatic correspondence and State papers generally; in short, on original documents. Succinctly stated in his own words, the aims and methods of history were «a critical study of the genuine sources, an impartial apprehension of their contents, an objective representation, . . . the presentation of the whole truth.»

The 'History of the Romanic and Germanic Peoples' took its place at once as a classic in German historical literature. In recognition of its extraordinary merits, Von Ranke, a year after its appearance, was appointed to a professorship of history in the University of Berlin. His personal history, aside from his scientific achievements, is devoid of incident. At the age of thirty he became a university professor; thirty years later he retired from the active duties of his professorship; the remaining thirty years of his life were devoted wholly to literary labors. In 1841 he was appointed historiographer of Prussia, and in 1865 he was raised to the rank of the hereditary nobility. During the years of his professorship he trained hundreds of young men in his own peculiar method of historical research; and most of the leading historians of Germany have either sat under his oral instruction, or have been influenced by his writings.

As to his works, the 'History of the Romanic and Germanic Peoples' was followed by a series of histories of the separate States in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in which the aim was to exhibit the special national aspect which the great religious and political movements of the period assumed among the several nations. This series included 'Fürsten und Völker von Südeuropa im XVI. und XVII. Jahrhundert' (The Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe in

the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries), 1827; 'Die Römischen Päbste, ihre Kirche und ihr Staat im XVI. und XVII. Jahrhundert' (The Roman Popes, their Church and their State in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries), 1834–36; 'Deutsche Geschichte im Zeitalter der Reformation' (German History in the Period of the Reformation), 1839–47; 'Neun Bücher Preuszischer Geschichte' (Nine Books of Prussian History), 1847–48; 'Französische Geschichte, Vornehmlich im XVI. und XVII. Jahrhundert' (French History, Especially in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries), 1852–61; 'Englische Geschichte im XVI. und XVII. Jahrhundert' (A History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century), 1859–68; 'Geschichte Wallensteins' (History of Wallenstein), 1869; and 'Zur Deutschen Geschichte vom Religionsfrieden bis zum Dreiszigjährigen Kriege' (German History from the Religious Peace to the Thirty Years' War), 1869. Other works dealt with the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

In his eighty-third year Ranke undertook a history of the world, the first volume of which appeared in 1880, when he was fourscore and five years of age. Thenceforward a new volume appeared each year until his death, which occurred on May 23d, 1886. The seventh volume, which was nearly ready for the press at the time of his death, brought the history down to the beginning of the Middle Ages.

The most typical, certainly the most popular, of all Ranke's works is his 'History of the Popes.' Macaulay speaks of it as the "work of a mind fitted both for minute researches and for large speculations." By way of introduction, it gave a rapid sketch of the rise of the papal power, emphasizing the characteristic features of the principal epochs or stages of its development, and frankly recognizing its importance as an agency of civilization during the Middle Ages. The body of the work discussed with admirable clearness, fullness, and insight the causes, political and religious, of the Reformation and of the counter-Reformation. In symmetry of plan, in animation of thought, and in directness of language, the 'History of the Popes' was a model of historical writing, and was no less notable as a contribution to literature than as a contribution to historical science.

THE FALL OF STRAFFORD

From 'A History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century'

THE King was still very far from giving up his own or Strafford's cause. On Saturday, May 1st, he declared that he would never again endure Strafford in his council or his presence, but that he thought him not deserving of death; and the Lords seemed of the same opinion. Equally little did it seem necessary to give way to the proposals against the bishops. On Sunday, May 2d, the wedding of the young Prince of Orange with the princess Mary of England — who however was but ten years old, and was to stay longer in England — was celebrated at Whitehall. Charles himself presided with address and good-humor over the wedding festivities, and seemed to be well pleased with his new son-in-law. Once more a numerous court crowded with the usual zeal around the highest personages in the country. Yet at that very hour the pulpits of the city were ringing with fiery addresses on the necessity of bringing the arch-offender to justice; disquieting rumors were in the air, and kept every one in suspense. The next morning, Monday, May 3d, Westminster presented a disorderly spectacle. In order to throw into the scale the expression of their will on impending questions, which already had been so effective once, thousands of petitioners repaired to the Houses of Parliament; the members of the lower House who had voted for the Bill of Attainder, and the unpopular Lords, were received on their arrival with insults and abusive cries. At the hour when the sitting of the lower House ought to have begun, — prayers were already over, — all the members remained in profound silence. There was a presentiment of what was coming: the attempt of the clerk to bring on some unimportant matter was greeted with laughter. After some time the doors were closed, and John Pym rose to make a serious communication. He said that desperate plots against the Parliament and the peace of the realm were at work within and without the country, for bringing the army against Parliament, seizing the Tower, and releasing Strafford; that there was an understanding with France on the subject, and that sundry persons in immediate attendance on the Queen were deep in the plot.

Pym might and did know that the French government was in no way inclined to take part with the Queen; and the Parliamentary leaders had already sent their joint thanks to Cardinal

Richelieu for preventing the Queen's journey. We must leave it in doubt whether Pym was notwithstanding led by the appearance of things and by rumor to believe in the possibility of an alliance between the French government and the Queen, or whether he merely thought it advisable to arouse the apprehension in others. His speech conveyed the idea that a plot was at work for the overthrow of Parliament and the Protestant religion, which must be resisted with the whole strength of the nation. The mob, assembled outside the doors, where vague reports of Pym's exordium reached them, certainly received this impression: a conspiracy had been detected, as bad as the Gunpowder Plot or worse, for massacring the members of Parliament, and even all Strafford's opponents among the inhabitants. The fact that the Tower, which commanded the city, was reckoned on for this purpose, caused an indescribable agitation. At times the cry "To Whitehall!" was heard: at others it seemed as if the mob would go to the Tower in order to storm it.

With these tumultuous proceedings were connected a consistent and systematic series of decisive measures taken by Parliament. The strongest motive for agitation in England as well as in Scotland was the danger to religion: and a similar attempt was made to obtain security on this point. A kind of covenant was devised in England also,—a Parliamentary and national oath, —by which every man pledged himself to defend with body and life the true Protestant religion against all Popish devices, as well as the privileges of Parliament and the liberties of the subject. Since in this oath the doctrines, if not the constitution, of the English Church were maintained, and the allegiance due to the King was mentioned, no great trouble was found in obtaining its acceptance by Parliament and the nation. Its importance lies in the connection it established between Protestantism and the interests of Parliament: whoever took it pledged himself to defend the privileges of Parliament. Amid the general agreement it was not forgotten that an eye must be kept on the immediate sources of danger. The undeniable needs of the army were provided for, and precautions taken against any possible movement in that quarter.

For several days the rumor of impending danger grew. The French ambassador was warned at that time, as if he or his government had a share in the matter, and it might still at any moment be carried out. But in truth the disclosure of the

scheme was equivalent to its defeat. Jermyn and Percy fled; other persons suspected or implicated were arrested; the Queen herself one day prepared to quit London. But she had nowhere to go: she could not but be aware that the Governor of Portsmouth, with whom she intended to take refuge, had caused the discovery of the scheme.

Little as her attempt to cause a reaction may have been matured, it had nevertheless the effect of doubling the violence of the previous movement. The royal power itself immediately felt the force of the shock. The King had sanctioned the proposal to strengthen his hold on the Tower with trustworthy troops: the number of men that he desired to introduce was not more than a hundred, but even this now appeared a dangerous innovation. The commandant Balfour hesitated to admit the troops; the tumultuous mob directed against it a more urgent petition than ever. The Lords were induced to make representations on the subject to the King; who justified the arrangement on the score of his duty to provide for the safety of the ammunition stored in the Tower, but in view of the popular agitation did not insist on its being carried out. The Lords further empowered the Constable and Lord Mayor, if necessary, to introduce a body of militia into the Tower; and thus the control of the fortress which might keep the city in check began to slip out of the King's hands. The measures taken for the security of Portsmouth, for the arming of the militia in several inland counties for this purpose, and for the defense of Jersey and Guernsey,—those islands seeming to be in danger from France,—were in effect so many usurpations of the military authority of the Crown, however well justified they may have been under the circumstances.

Out of the necessity for satisfying the English army arose an idea involving the most serious consequences. As the Scottish army must be paid and the Irish one disbanded, which was impossible without discharging the arrears due them, new and extensive loans were needed. Yet who was likely to lend money to the Parliament, so long as its existence depended on the resolve and arbitrary will of the King, with whom it had engaged in violent strife? As the only security for the capitalists, a provision was desired that Parliament should not be dissolved at the simple will of the King. On May 5th a motion was made to this effect: on the 6th the special committee brought the bill

before the assembled House: on the 7th it passed the third reading, and went to the upper House, where it was agreed to after a few objections of trifling importance.

The fate of Strafford formed the central point of all these movements in the nation and in Parliament; of the tumultuous agitation in the one, and the far-seeing resolutions of the other. For new loans and for the payment of taxes one condition was on all sides insisted on: that the Viceroy of Ireland should first expiate his crimes by death.

The Lords had alleged the troubles as the reason why they could not immediately deal with the bill of attainder: but the continued terror at length made all further opposition impossible. The sittings were now attended chiefly by those in whom government by prerogative, such as Strafford aimed at, had awakened from the first a spirit of aristocratic resistance. And when an opinion of the Court of King's Bench was given, to the effect that on the points which had been taken as proved by the Lords, Strafford certainly merited the punishment for high treason, all opposition was at length silenced: the bill of attainder passed the upper House by a majority of 7 votes, 26 against 19.

A deputation of the Lords went immediately to the King, to recommend him to assent to the bill on account of the danger which would attend a refusal. It was Saturday, May $\frac{8}{18}$: in the afternoon the bill, together with the one for not dissolving Parliament, was laid before him by the two Houses, with a prayer for his immediate assent to both. Two or three thousand men had assembled at Whitehall to receive his answer. To their great indignation the King deferred his decision until Monday.

The following Sunday was to him a day for the most painful determination; — for what an admission it was, to recognize as a capital crime the having executed his own will and purposes! The political tendency it fully carried out, obviously was to separate the Crown from its advisers, and make them dependent on another authority than that of the King; to make the King's power inferior to that of the Parliament. Charles I. had solemnly declared that he found the accused not guilty of high treason; he had given him his word to let no evil befall him, not to let a hair of his head be harmed. Could he nevertheless sanction his execution? Verily it was a great moment for the King: what glory would attend his memory had he lived up to his convictions, and opposed to the pressure put upon him an immovable

moral strength! To this end was he King, and possessed the right of sanctioning or of rejecting the resolutions of Parliament: that was the theory of the Constitution. But among the five bishops whom the King called to his side in this great case of conscience, only one advised him to follow his own convictions. The others represented that it was not the King's business to form a personal opinion on the legality of a sentence; that the acts which Strafford himself admitted had now been pronounced to be treasonable; and that he might allow the judgment without being convinced of its accuracy, as he would a judgment of the King's Bench or at the assizes. This may be the meaning of the doctrine attributed to Bishop Williams, that the King has a double conscience, a public and a private one, and that he may lawfully do as King what he would not do as a private man. But the constitutional principle essentially was that personal convictions in this high office should possess a negative influence. The distinction must be regarded as an insult to the theory of the Crown, implying its annihilation as a free power in the State. King Charles felt this fully; all the days of his life he regretted, as one of his greatest faults, that in this case he had not followed the dictates of his conscience. But he was told that he must not ruin himself, his future, and his house for the sake of a single man: the question was not whether he would save Strafford, but whether he would perish with him. The movement begun in the city was spreading throughout the country; from every county, men were coming up to join the city populace. From a letter of one of the best informed and most intelligent eye-witnesses, we gather that the idea of appealing to the Commons of the country against the King's refusal was mooted in the lower House. And so far as the assurances given to the Viceroy of Ireland were concerned, a letter from Strafford was laid before the King, in which he released him from his promise, and entreated him to avoid the disasters which would result from the rejection of the bill, and to sacrifice him, the writer, as he stood in the way of a reconciliation between the King and his people.

So it came to pass that on May 10th the King commissioned Lord Arundel and the Lord Keeper to signify his royal assent to the bill of attainder. The next day he made another attempt to return from the path of justice to that of mercy. Would it not be better to consign Strafford to prison for life, with the

provision that for any participation in public affairs, or attempt at flight, his life would certainly and finally be forfeited. He asked the Lords whether this was possible: they replied that it would endanger himself and his wife and children. For no relaxation was to be obtained from the universal disposition both in Parliament and in the city. Unless the King gave way it would be scarcely possible to maintain his government any longer.

At the news of the King's submission, Strafford exclaimed that «No one should trust in princes, who are but men.» The genuineness of his letter has been denied, it being supposed that others wrote it in order to remove the King's personal scruples; but a thorough examination of the fact removes every doubt. Though Strafford confirmed in his own person the experience expressed in the words of Scripture,* he himself with his last words gave, with high-minded forbearance, the opinion that it was necessary to sacrifice him, in consideration of the general circumstances and of the possible consequences.

Strafford went to the scaffold in an exalted frame of mind. On his way he saw Laud, who at his request appeared at the window of his prison. The archbishop was unable to speak. Strafford bade him farewell, and prayed that God might protect his innocence; for he had no doubt that he was in the right in fulfilling his King's will, and establishing his prerogative. He persisted that he had never intended either to destroy the parliamentary constitution, or to endanger the Protestant Church. He did not appeal to the judgment of posterity, as if he had been conscious that great antagonisms are transmitted from generation to generation: he looked for a righteous judgment in the other world.

Such moments must come, in order to bring to light the absolute independence of success and of the world's judgment which strong characters possess.

His guilt was of a nature entirely political; he had done his best to guide the King in these complications, undoubtedly in the belief that he was right in so doing, but still with indiscreet zeal. So also his execution was a political act: it was the expression of the defeat which he had suffered and occasioned, of the triumph of the ideas against which he had contended to the death.

*«Put not your trust in princes» was the exact phrase he used.

THE RISE OF THE JESUITS IN GERMANY

From the 'History of the Popes of Rome'

At the diet of Augsburg, in the year 1550, Ferdinand I. was accompanied by his confessor, Bishop Urban of Laibach. Urban was one of the few prelates whose opinions had remained unshaken. At home he often ascended the pulpit to exhort the people, in their own provincial dialect, to be constant to the faith of their fathers; he preached to them of the one fold under the one Shepherd. At this time the Jesuit Le Jay was also at Augsburg, and excited great attention by his conversions. Bishop Urban made his acquaintance, and from him first heard of the colleges which the Jesuits had founded in several universities. In order to rescue Catholic theology from the neglect into which it had fallen in Germany, he advised his master to establish a similar college at Vienna. Ferdinand eagerly embraced the project; and in the letter he addressed on the subject to Ignatius Loyola, he expressed his conviction that the only means of propping the declining cause of Catholicism in Germany was to give the rising generation learned and pious Catholic teachers. The arrangements were quickly made. In the year 1551 thirteen Jesuits, among whom was Le Jay himself, arrived at Vienna, where Ferdinand instantly granted them a dwelling, chapel, and pension; and shortly after incorporated them with the university, and assigned them the superintendence of it.

They soon after rose into consideration at Cologne, where they had already dwelt for two years, but had been so far from making any progress that they had even been forced to live separate; nor was it till the year 1556 that the endowed school, established under a Protestant regent, gave them the means of acquiring a more secure footing. For as there was a party in the city which was most deeply interested in keeping the university Catholic, the partisans of the Jesuits at length prevailed on the citizens to confide the direction of the establishment to that order. Their great advocates were — the prior of the Carthusians; the provincial of the Carmelites; and above all, Dr. Johann Gropper, who occasionally gave a feast to which he invited the most influential burghers, in order that after the good old German fashion, he might further the interests he had most at heart,

over a glass of wine. Fortunately for the Jesuits, one of their order was a native of Cologne,—Johann Rhetius, a man of patrician family,—to whom the endowed school could be more particularly intrusted. This could not however be done without very considerable restrictions: the Jesuits were expressly forbidden to introduce into the school those monastic rules of life which were in force in their colleges.

At the same period they also gained a firm footing in Ingolstadt. Their former attempts had been frustrated chiefly by the resistance of the younger members of the university, who would not suffer any privileged school to interfere with the private instruction they gave. In the year 1556, however,—after the duke, as we have already related, had been obliged to make important concessions in favor of the Protestants,—the duke's counselors, who were zealous Catholics, deemed it a matter of urgent necessity to have recourse to some vigorous measures for the support of the ancient faith. The principal movers were the chancellor, Wiguleus Hund,—a man who displayed as much zeal in the support of the Church as in the study of her ancient history and constitution,—and the duke's private secretary, Heinrich Schwigger. By their instrumentality the Jesuits were recalled, and eighteen of them entered Ingolstadt on the day of St. Wilibald, the 7th of July, 1556. They chose that day because St. Wilibald was said to have been the first bishop of the diocese. They still had to encounter great difficulties in the town and in the university; but they gradually overcame all opposition by the assistance of the same patronage to which they owed their establishment.

From these three metropolitan settlements the Jesuits now spread in all directions.

From Vienna they immediately extended over the whole of the Austrian dominions. In 1556, Ferdinand I. removed some of them to Prague, and founded a school there, intended principally for the young nobility. To this he sent his own pages, and the order found support and encouragement from the Catholic portion of the Bohemian nobility, especially from the families of Rosenberg and Lobkowitz. One of the most considerable men in Hungary at that time was Nicolaus Olahus, Archbishop of Gran,—of Wallachian extraction, as his name denotes. His father Stoia, in a fit of terror for the murder of a woiwode of his family, had consecrated him to the Church, and the success of his destination was complete. Under the last native kings he

filled the important office of private secretary, and he had subsequently risen still higher in the service of the Austrian party. At the time of the general decline of Catholicism in Hungary, he perceived that the only hope of support for it was from the common people, who were not entirely alienated. But here also Catholic teachers were wanting; in order to form them, he founded a college of Jesuits at Tyrnau in 1561, and gave them a pension out of his own income, to which the Emperor Ferdinand added the grant of an abbey. An assembly of the clergy of the diocese had just been convoked when the Jesuits arrived. Their first labors were devoted to an attempt to reclaim the Hungarian priests and clergymen from the heterodox opinions to which they leaned. They were immediately after summoned to Moravia also. William Prussinowski, bishop of Olmütz, who had become acquainted with the order when he was studying in Italy, invited them to his diocese: Hurtado Perez, a Spaniard, was the first rector in Olmütz. Shortly after we find them likewise established at Brünn.

From Cologne the society spread over the whole of the Rhenish provinces. We have already mentioned that Protestantism had found adherents, and had occasioned some fermentation in Trèves. The archbishop Johann von Stein had determined to inflict only slight punishments on the recalcitrants, and to oppose innovation by argument rather than by force. He summoned the two principals of the Jesuit college of Cologne to repair to him at Coblentz, and represented to them that he wished to have some of the members of their body with him; "in order," as he expresses it, "to lead the flock intrusted to him in their duty, rather by means of admonition and friendly instruction, than by arms or threats." He then addressed himself to Rome, and very soon came to an understanding with both. Six Jesuits were sent to him from Rome; the rest came from Cologne. They opened their college with great solemnity on February 3d, 1561, and undertook to preach during the approaching season of Lent.

Two privy-councilors of the elector Daniel of Mayence, Peter Echter and Simon Bagen, now thought they perceived that the introduction of the Jesuits was the only means of restoring the declining university of Mayence. In spite of the opposition of the canons and feudal lords, they founded for the order a college at Mayence and a preparatory school at Aschaffenburg.

The society continued to advance higher up the Rhine. What they more particularly desired was an establishment at Spires: partly because the body of assessors to the Kammergericht included so many remarkable men, over whom it would be of the greatest importance to obtain influence; and partly in order to place themselves in immediate and local opposition to the university of Heidelberg, which at that time enjoyed the greatest celebrity for its Protestant professors. The Jesuits gradually gained a footing at Spires.

Without further delay they also tried their fortune along the Main. Although Frankfort was wholly Protestant, they hoped to achieve something there during the fair. This was not to be done without danger, and they were forced to change their lodging every night for fear of being discovered.

At Würzburg they were far safer and more welcome. It seemed as if the exhortation which the Emperor Ferdinand addressed to the bishops at the Diet of 1559, imploring them to exert their strength at last in the support of the Catholic Church, had contributed greatly to the brilliant success of the order in the spiritual principalities. From Würzburg they spread throughout Franconia.

In the mean while the Tyrol had been opened to them from another point. At the desire of the Emperor's daughters they settled themselves at Innsbrück, and then at Hall in that neighborhood. In Bavaria they continued to make great progress. At Munich, which they entered in 1559, they were even better satisfied than at Ingolstadt, and pronounced it to be "the Rome of Germany." A large new colony had already arisen not far from Ingolstadt. In order to restore his university of Dillingen to its original purpose, Cardinal Truchsess resolved to dismiss all the professors who then taught there, and to commit the institution to the exclusive care of Jesuits. A formal treaty was accordingly concluded at Botzen, between German and Italian commissaries of the cardinal and of the order. In the year 1563 the Jesuits arrived in Dillingen, and took possession of the chairs of the university. They relate with great complacency how the cardinal, who, returning shortly afterwards from a journey, made a solemn entrance into Dillingen, turned with marked preference to the Jesuits, amidst all the crowd arrayed to receive him, stretched out his hand to them to kiss, greeted them as his brethren, visited their cells himself, and dined with them. He encouraged

them to the utmost of his power, and soon established a mission for them in Augsburg.

This was a most extraordinary progress of the society in so short a time. As late as the year 1551 they had no firm station in Germany: in 1566 their influence extended over Bavaria and Tyrol, Franconia and Suabia, a great part of the Rhineland, and Austria; they had penetrated into Hungary, Bohemia: and Moravia. The effects of their labors were already perceptible; in the year 1561, the papal nuncio affirms that "they gain over many souls, and render great service to the Holy See." This was the first counteracting impulse, the first anti-Protestant impression, that Germany received.

Above all, they labored at the improvement of the universities. They were ambitious of their rivaling the fame of those of the Protestants. The education of the time, being a purely learned one, rested exclusively on the study of the languages of antiquity. These the Jesuits cultivated with great ardor; and in a short time they had among them teachers who might claim to be ranked with the restorers of classical learning. They likewise addicted themselves to the strict sciences; at Cologne, Franz Koster taught astronomy in a manner equally agreeable and instructive. Theological discipline, however, of course continued the principal object. The Jesuits lectured with the greatest diligence, even during the holidays; they re-introduced the practice of disputations, without which they said all instruction was dead. These were held in public, and were dignified, decorous, rich in matter: in short, the most brilliant that had ever been witnessed. In Ingolstadt they soon persuaded themselves that they had attained to an equality with any other university in Germany, at least in the faculty of theology. Ingolstadt acquired (in the contrary spirit) an influence like that which Wittenberg and Geneva possessed.

The Jesuits devoted an equal degree of assiduity to the direction of the Latin schools. It was one of the principal maxims of Lainez, that the lower grammar-schools should be provided with good masters. He maintained that the character and conduct of man were mainly determined by the first impressions he received. With accurate discrimination, he chose men who, when they had once undertaken this subordinate branch of teaching, were willing to devote their whole lives to it; for it was only with time that so difficult a business could be learned, or the authority indispensable to a teacher be acquired. Here the

Jesuits succeeded to admiration: it was found that their scholars learned more in one year than those of other masters in two; and even Protestants recalled their children from distant gymnasia and committed them to their care.

Schools for the poor, modes of instruction suited to children, and catechizing, followed. Canisius constructed his catechism, which satisfied the mental wants of the learners by its well-connected questions and concise answers.

The whole course of instruction was given entirely in that enthusiastic, devout spirit which had characterized the Jesuits from their earliest institution.

Translated by Sarah Austin.

THE LAST YEARS OF QUEEN JOHANNA

From the 'History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations'

The old hereditary faction of the Nuñez and Gamboa, whose heads were Najara and the Condestable, had already again showed themselves among the grandees. What was next to come depended chiefly upon the Queen's state of health. The disease from which she was suffering first declared itself on Philip's journey to Lyons; that is, in the year 1503. After taking leave of him with many tears, she never more raised her eyes, or said a word save that she wished to follow him. When she learnt that he had obtained a safe-conduct for her also, she heeded her mother no longer; but ordered her carriage to proceed to Bayonne; thence — for horses were refused her — she attempted to set out on foot; and when the gate was closed, she remained, in spite of the entreaties of her attendant ladies and her father confessor, in her light attire, sitting upon the barrier until late into the November night; it was only her mother who at length contrived to persuade her to seek her chamber. At last she found her husband. She found him devoted to a beautiful girl with fair hair. In a momentary outburst of jealous passion, she had the girl's hair cut off. Philip did not conceal his vexation. Here — who can fathom the unexplored depths of the soul, see where it unconsciously works, and where it unconsciously suffers; who can discover where the root of its health or sickness lies? — her mind became overshadowed. In Spain her love for Philip, and in the Netherlands her reverence for her father, were her guiding passions: these two feelings possessed her whole being,

alternately influenced her, and excluded the rest of the world. Since then, she still knew the affairs of ordinary life, and could portray vividly and accurately to her mind distant things; but she knew not how to suit herself to the varying circumstances of life.

Whilst still in the Netherlands, she expressed the wish that her father should retain the government in his hands. On her return to Spain, she entered her capital in a black-velvet tunic and with veiled face; she would frequently sit in a dark room, her cap drawn half over her face, wishing to be able only to speak for once with her father. But it was not until after her husband's death that her disease became fully developed. She caused his corpse to be brought into a hall, attired in dress half Flemish, half Spanish, and the obsequies celebrated over it. She never, the while, gave vent to a sob. She did not shed tears, but only sat and laid her hand to her chin. The plague drove her away from Burgos, but not away from her loved corpse. A monk had once told her that he knew of a king who awoke to life after being fourteen years dead. She took the corpse about with her. Four Frisian stallions drew the coffin, which was conveyed at night, surrounded by torches. Sometimes it halted, and the singers sang wailing songs. Having thus come to Furnillos, a small place of fourteen or fifteen houses, she perceived there a pretty house with a fine view, and remained there; "for it was unseemly for a widow to live in a populous city." There she retained the members of the government who had been installed, the grandees of her court dwelling with her. Around the coffin she gave her audiences. . . .

In Tortoles the King met his daughter. As soon as they set eyes on each other, the father took off his hat, and the daughter her mourning-veil. When she prostrated herself to kiss his feet, and he sank on one knee to recognize her royal dignity, they embraced and opened their hearts to each other. He shed tears. Tears she had none, but she granted his desire; only she would not consent to bury the corpse. "Why so soon?" she inquired. Nor would she go to Burgos, where she had lost her husband. He took her to Tordesillas. Here the queen of such vast realms lived for forty-seven years. She educated her youngest daughter, gazed from the window upon the grave of her dear departed, and prayed for his eternal happiness. Her soul never more disclosed itself to the world.

THE SWISS ARMY IN ITALY IN 1513: AND THE BATTLE OF NOVARA

From the 'History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations'

THE four thousand Swiss who were in the country retired from place to place. When thus the whole country rose up in revolt, the French from the Castle of Milan again marched through the city as lords and masters, and the four thousand with their duke at their head fled to Novara, the very city where Lodovico had been betrayed,—all appeared to be at an end; and Trivulzio boasted that he had the Swiss like molten lead in a spoon.

But on this occasion he boasted prematurely. The Swiss replied to his attempts to persuade them, "With arms should he try them, and not with words." They all followed in this matter the advice of Benedict von Weingarten,—a man, according to Anselm, stout, upright, and wise,—who, though he unwillingly took the command, led them bravely. The French attacks met with almost more contempt than resistance. The gates of Novara were left open, and the breach-holes hung with sheets. Whilst thus the Swiss, by this show of unanimous bravery, wiped out the shame of Novara of fourteen years before, their confederates of the reserve crossed the mountains: the greater portion, the Waldstadts and Berne, came over the St. Gothard and down by the Lake Maggiore; whilst the smaller contingent, the Zürichers and Churwalden, crossed the Little St. Bernard and descended to Lake Como. A messenger soon arrived, asking "why they hurried? there was no danger;" a priest shortly afterwards made the announcement that "the duke and all the Swiss had been slain." But they collected, and resolved to find their comrades, dead or alive. Both forces hastened; the nearest road from the St. Gothard was chosen; and on July 5th the greater part of the force had arrived close to Novara.

On the same day the French raised the siege. On the road to Trecas, Trivulzio selected a rising knoll called Riotta, which, owing to ditches and marshes, was well suited for defense; they bivouacked here at night, mounted their guns, and intended the following morning to fix their iron palisade. Their good intrenchments emboldened them to await the coming of the six thousand lansquenets, who with five hundred fresh lances were already in the Susa Valley.

As soon as the Swiss appear in the field, their whole thought is battle. They have neither generals nor plans, nor yet any carefully considered strategy: the God of their fathers and St. Urs, their strong arm and the halberd, are enough for them, and their bravery shows them the way. Those who had arrived at Novara on June 6th refreshed themselves with a draught, an hour's sleep, and another draught; and then, without waiting for the Zürichers, they all — both those who had been there and the fresh arrivals — rushed in disorder, like a swarm of bees flying from the hive into the summer sun, as Anselm describes it, through the gates and the breaches, into the open. They were almost without guns, entirely without cavalry, and many were without armor; but all the same they rushed on the enemy, well intrenched as he was behind good artillery, and upon those knights "without fear and blame" in full cuirass.

They stood face to face with the enemy; the first rays of the rising sun flashed from their breastplates; they seemed to them like a hill of gleaming steel.

They first attacked the lances and cannon of Robert von der Mark. Here were engaged the smaller body, in whose front ranks stood with their spears the bravest heroes, — two Diesbachs, Ærni Winkelried, and Niklaus Conrad, all distinguished for their ancestry or the nobility of virtue: the greater body, almost more by instinct than intention, made in the midst of the smoke and the first effect of the hostile artillery a detour round a copse; it sought and found the lansquenets. As these latter were reinforced by artillery, the Swiss again separated. Some fought against the Black Flags; the greater part, however, threw themselves upon the guns. Thus they fought in three distinct places: the first against the knights, who often broke up their own ranks and appeared behind their flags, — but they always rallied and threw back their assailants; the next, four hundred men, wielding the halberd in both hands, fought against a company of Fleuranges's Black Flags, dealing blow for blow and thrust for thrust; whilst the third and greatest body were engaged with the lansquenets, who, besides cannon, had eight hundred arquebuses. But soon the rain of bullets ceased: only the clash of swords and the crash of pikes was audible. At length the flags of the lansquenets sank; their leaders were buried under a heap of slain; their cannon were lost, and employed against them. Meanwhile the Blacks also gave way. Robert von der Mark looked about

him: he saw his foot soldiery and his sons lost; in order to save these, he also retreated. He found them among the dead, among the victors, bleeding still from wounds, and rescued them. In vain did Trivulzio appeal to St. Catherine and St. Mark; he too, as well as Tremouille who was wounded, was forced to retire. The Swiss gave no quarter to the fugitives whom they overtook; they then returned, ordered their ranks for prayer, and knelt down to give thanks to God and their saints. They next set about dividing the spoil and burying the dead.

It was the second hour in the morning when the tidings of the issue of the battle reached Milan. The French, who in anticipation of victory had left the castle, immediately fled,—some back thither, others to the churches and their friends' palaces; the Ghibelline faction at once rose, and city and country returned to their allegiance to Maximilian Sforza. The Swiss undertook to chastise those who had revolted. They compelled the Astesans who had left their houses to pay one hundred thousand ducats; Savoy, which had gone over to the enemy, fifty thousand; and Montferrat, which had insulted their ambassador, one hundred thousand. This event enabled the Spaniards to hold their heads high. In Genoa they restored the Fregosi, who had been expelled for twenty-one days, and Ottaviano among them; they reconquered Bergamo, Brescia, and Peschiera, which also had revolted.

After this victory, the Swiss enjoyed far greater power in Milan than ever before. "What you have restored by your blood and your strength," wrote Maximilian Sforza, "shall belong for the future as much to you as to me;" and these were not empty words. The Swiss perceived that they were strong enough to attempt other achievements. "If we could only reckon upon obedience in our men," they were heard to say, "we would march through the whole of France, long and broad as it is."

MAXIMILIAN AT THE DIET OF WORMS

From the 'History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations'

In March 1495, Maximilian came to the Diet at Worms. He showed himself in his full chivalrous bearing, when he himself entered the lists with a Frenchman who had come to challenge all the Germans, and conquered him. He appeared

in the full glory of his regal dignity when he sat in public between the archbishops and his chancellors. On such occasions, the Count Palatine sat on his right and held his orb, on his left stood the Duke of Saxony and held his sword; before him, facing him, stood the envoy of Brandenburg with the sceptre, and behind him, instead of Bohemia, the hereditary cupbearer of Limburg with the crown; and grouped round him were the rest of the forty princes, sixty-seven counts and lords,—as many as had come,—and the ambassadors of the cities, and others, all in their order. Then a prince would come before him, lower his colors before the royal throne, and receive enfeoffment. One could not perceive that the mode of enfeoffment involved any compulsion upon the King, or that the insignia of royal power resided in the hands of the princes.

At this Reichstag the King gained two momentous prospects. In Würtemberg there had sprung from two lines two counts of quite opposite characters. The elder was kind-hearted, tender, always resolute, and dared "sleep in the lap of any one of his subjects"; the younger, volatile, unsteady, violent, and always repentant of what he had done. Both were named Eberhard; but the elder, by special favor of the Imperial Court, also governed the land of the younger. In return for this he furnished four hundred horse for the Hungarian war, and dispatched aid against Flanders. With the elder, Maximilian now entered into a compact. Würtemberg was to be raised to a dukedom,—an elevation which excluded the female line from the succession; and in the event of the stock failing, was to be a "widow's portion" of the realm to the use of the Imperial Chamber. Now, as the sole hopes of this family centred in a weakling of a boy, this arrangement held out to Maximilian and his successors the prospect of acquiring a splendid country. Yet this was the smaller of his two successes. The greater was the espousal of his children, Philip and Margaret, with the two children of Ferdinand the Catholic, Juana and Juan, which was here settled. This opened to his house still greater expectations,—it brought him at once into the most intimate alliance with the kings of Spain.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

(1822–1872)

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ gained some distinction both as poet and painter, and the picturesqueness of his verse suggests one who saw things with the artist's eye. This is perhaps the most marked characteristic of his poetry, which also possesses an easy flow and a felicity of diction which make it pleasing,—though it is rather the product of taste and culture than the independent inspiration of one compelled to song.

T. BUCHANAN READ

Read was born on March 12th, 1822, in Chester, Pennsylvania; and spent his youth there. When he was fourteen the family went to Cincinnati; Thomas entered the studio of the sculptor Clevenger, and after a course of study turned his attention to painting. From 1840 to 1845 he lived in Boston, busy with pen and brush, winning recognition as an artist, and contributing poems to Graham's Magazine and to the Boston newspapers. In 1846 he went to Philadelphia, spent the year of 1850–1 in Florence, and made several subsequent Italian journeys; residing mostly abroad, and only returning for brief visits in Philadelphia and Cincinnati. He came back from Europe in 1872, to die in New York May 11th of that year.

When Read began to publish his verse in Boston its merit was pointed out by Longfellow; and the young poet gathered his fugitive pieces together and brought out his first volume of 'Poems' in 1847. The contemporary criticism was kindly; in some cases what now seems extravagant in laudation. Poe called Read "one of our truest poets." Other volumes of verse followed: 'Lays and Ballads' (1848); 'Poems' (1852); 'Poems' (1853); 'The New Pastoral' (1855), —sketches of country life, the result of observation in Italy; 'The House by the Sea' (1856); 'Sylvia' (1857); 'Rural Poems' (1857); 'The Wagoner of the Alleghanies,' a poem of the American Revolution (1862); 'A Summer Story, Sheridan's Ride, and Other Poems' (1865); and 'Good Samaritans' (1867). A general edition of his poetical works appeared in 1860, and an enlarged edition in 1867.

His prose writings include a romance, 'The Pilgrims of the Great St. Bernard,' published serially in a magazine; and a critical work on 'The Female Poets of America' (1848).

From the various books of verse published by Read during his literary career, two or three poems have become popular favorites; a slender legacy, but one sufficient to perpetuate his name. This is true pre-eminently of the graceful and familiar 'Drifting,' which with its happy form and expression is imbued with the very spirit of dreamy revery, of sweet do-nothingness. It is the verse of the genial traveler who muses over rich foreign impressions. 'Sheridan's Ride' is another poem found in the anthologies. It is a ballad that uses to good purpose a stirring national theme. It bears the mark of being an improvisation, not a finished piece of ballad-writing, and hardly belongs in the class of ballad masterpieces. But it is decidedly effective. 'The Closing Scene' is an example of the blending of human interest with descriptions of nature. It is on a few of these lyrics that Read's reputation rests; and he has had the good fortune to strike an occasional note to which there was and is a response from many readers.

[The following poems are reprinted with the approval of the J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers.]

DRIFTING

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swings round the purple peaks remote;

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius's misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,—
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;

Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar:
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

UP FROM the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;

And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled;
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down:
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed:
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops:
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play

He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:—
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

THE CLOSING SCENE

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their lazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew —
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,

Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords,—but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene:
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

INEZ

Down behind the hidden village, fringed around with hazel brake,
(Like a holy hermit dreaming, half asleep and half awake,
One who loveth the sweet quiet for the happy quiet's sake,)
Dozing, murmuring in its visions, lay the heaven-enamored lake.

And within a dell where shadows through the brightest days abide,
Like the silvery swimming gossamer by breezes scattered wide,
Fell a shining skein of water that ran down the lakelet's side,
As within the brain by beauty lulled, a pleasant thought may glide.

When the sinking sun of August, growing large in the decline,
Shot his arrows long and golden through the maple and the pine;
And the russet-thrush fled singing from the alder to the vine,
While the cat-bird in the hazel gave its melancholy whine;

And the little squirrel chattered, peering round the hickory bole,
And, a-sudden like a meteor, gleamed along the oriole;—
There I walked beside fair Inez, and her gentle beauty stole
Like the scene athwart my senses, like the sunshine through my soul.

And her fairy feet that pressed the leaves, a pleasant music made,
And they dimpled the sweet beds of moss with blossoms thick inlaid:

There I told her old romances, and with love's sweet woe we played,
Till fair Inez's eyes, like evening, held the dew beneath their shade.

There I wove for her love ballads, such as lover only weaves,
Till she sighed and grieved, as only mild and loving maiden grieves;
And to hide her tears she stooped to glean the violets from the leaves,
As of old sweet Ruth went gleaning 'mid the Oriental sheaves.

Down we walked beside the lakelet: gazing deep into her eye,
There I told her all my passion! With a sudden blush and sigh,
Turning half away with look askant, she only made reply,
"How deep within the water glows the happy evening sky!"

Then I asked her if she loved me, and our hands met each in each,
And the dainty, sighing ripples seemed to listen up the reach;
While thus slowly with a hazel wand she wrote along the beach,
"Love, like the sky, lies deepest ere the heart is stirred to speech."

Thus I gained the love of Inez, thus I won her gentle hand;
And our paths now lie together, as our footprints on the strand;
We have vowed to love each other in the golden morning land,
When our names from earth have vanished like the writing from the sand!